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1908 - 1909

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THE CHANCELLOR, FACULTY AND STUDENTS,



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1908.

No. I

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

Commencement 1908

On Wednesday morning, June 17th, 1908, the sixtieth annual Commencement was held in St. Patrick's Hall, in presence of a large and distinguished gathering.

The programme included musical selections by the university orchestra and a cantata by the Choral society of the college. Before the presentation of medals an address was given by Rev. Father Murphy, the rector of the university, while the valedictories were read by Messrs. M. Doyle and H. St. Jacques. Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., and Mr. Francis Grey, recipients of degrees, also spoke.

In the rector's address the loss sustained by the university in the destruction of its buildings by fire, was referred to. He said the architect had been on the ground, and the plans were almost decided on for new buildings which would be among the handsomest of their kind. The money for the commencement of work was also on hand and all that was necessary to start erection was the consent of the heads of the order. He hoped to be able to announce probably after vacation that a decision had been arrived at in the matter.

Those on the platform included Rev. Fathers Murphy, Dauzois, Dewe, Sherry and Roy and Sir Elzear Taschereau.

THE DEGREES.

Degrees were presented as follows:

Honorary degrees:

Doctor of Laws: John S. Ewart, K.C.; Hon. Charles R. Devlin.

Doctor of Letters: Francis W. Grey.

Degree of Bachelor of Theology: Athanase Francoeur, O.M.I.; Joseph Caron, O.M.I.

Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy: Albert Couillard, James Connaghan, Edmund Byrnes, Marius Lachaine, Francis Higgerty, Philemon Bourassa, O.M.I., Alide Beland, O.M.I., Eugene Guerin, O.M.I., Alderic Fusey, O.M.I., Leon Plamondon, O.M.I., Ernest Jasmin, O.M.I.

Master of Arts: Rev. Patrick J. Hammersley, O.M.I., Mr. William A. Martin.

Bachelor of Arts: Lionel Joron, Henry St. Jacques, Matthew Doyle, John F. McDonald, Rev. Ludovic Larose, O.M.I. (extra-mural).

Mr. Devlin could not attend but sent a letter of regret and a telegram from Premir Gouin was also received to explain Mr. Devlin's unavoidable absence. Speeches, however, were made by Mr. John S. Ewart and Mr. Francis Grey.

DR. EWART'S ADDRESS.

Very Rev. Rector and gentlemen:

In acknowledging my very high appreciation of the great honour which the University has conferred upon me, and of the very kind words with which that honor has been accompanied, I may be permitted, for the sake more particularly of the students, to refer to some of the features of the great struggle between 1890 and 1896 in Manitoba.

In 1870 the population of the North West Territory was approximately one-half Catholic and one-half Protestant. No one knew the future, but there was a somewhat well-founded belief that French-Canadian Catholics would henceforth go to the farming west rather than to the manufacturing east, and that the North-West would soon be predominantly Catholic. Everyone, therefore, but especially the Protestants, were anxious to settle in advance what

had caused so much trouble in the older provinces—the school question—and thus, with completest unanimity, some clauses were inserted in the Manitoba constitution which everybody thought were sufficient for the protection of the future minority, whether Catholic or Protestant.

For twenty years Manitoba educationalists worked hand-in-hand. The Catholics had their schools and the Protestants had theirs. The principle that had worked so well in Ontario and Quebec worked well in Manitoba. But twenty years had given Manitoba a population overwhelmingly Protestant, and two men — Joseph Martin and D'Alton McCarthy—in 1890 raised the old-time appeal to religious intolerance. They succeeded. The constitutional agreement was repudiated, and the Manitoba legislature assumed the right to abolish the Catholic schools, and to compel Catholics to support what were called public schools, but were public schools only if Catholics were not thought to be part of the public.

It was the legal validity of this statute that constituted the first Manitoba school case. The Manitoba courts held it good. The Supreme Court of Canada said that it was bad. And the Privy Council declared that it was good. For our loss in the Privy Council, absurd as was the decision, we must not too strongly blame the Judges in London. The fault lay with our Chief Counsel, then Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alverstone—who declined to listen to a word of instruction before commencing his argument, and who consequently talked the merest nonsense and bungled every point in the case. If anyone doubts this assertion, the stenographic notes are still open to his inspection.

Beaten in our contention that the statute was invalid as being a breach of the constitutional compact, we then had recourse to the second safeguard supplied by the Manitoba constitution—namely, the right to appeal from the Manitoba legislature's statute to the Dominion Parliament. Success in subverting the plain meaning of the compact and in repudiating its plain purpose led to the denial of the right of appeal also, and consequently to the second Manitoba school case. This time the Privy Council decided in our favor.

Edward Blake acting as our chief counsel—and in giving judgment the Privy Council did all that it could to correct its previous error. Let me read to you some of their language—language which proved the incorrectness of the first judgment:

“The terms upon which Manitoba was to become a Province of the Dominion were matter of negotiation between

representatives of the Province of Manitoba and the Dominion Government.

"Those who were stipulating for the provisions of section 22 as a condition of union and those who gave their legislative assent to the Act by which it was brought about had in view the perils then apprehended.

"It was not doubted that the object of the first sub-section of section 22 was to afford protection to denominational schools.

"There is no doubt either what the points of difference were, and it is in the light of these that the 22nd section of the Manitoba Act of 1870, which was in truth a parliamentary compact, must be read.

"The sole question to be determined is whether a right or privilege which the Roman Catholic minority previously enjoyed has been affected by the legislation of 1890. Their Lordships are unable to see how this question can receive any but an affirmative answer."

Suggesting what ought to be done, the Privy Council continued:—

"All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system (the system of 1890) were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievance upon which the appeal is founded and were modified so far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions."

The power of the Dominion Parliament being now clear, the Manitoba Government was required to amend its legislation, and having refused to do so, a bill overriding the Manitoba statute was introduced by Sir Charles Tupper's Government, but had to be abandoned.

Upon Sir Wilfrid's accession to power in 1896, a compromise was made with Manitoba, and now owing to abatement in the dialectical temperature and to moderation in the administration of the law, Catholics enjoy, in all but the larger urban communities, a very large measure of that freedom which they consider necessary for the proper conduct of their schools.

My part in this six year contest was not merely professional for discussion was by no means confined to the courts. Newspapers, magazines, platforms and pulpits throughout Canada were constantly occupied with the debate. In this great struggle I led for the Catholics, and as some slight justification for my LL.D. I want

to show you the scalps of my chief antagonists—a scalp for every letter—those of Mr. Joseph Martin, Mr. D'alton McCarthy, and the Reverend Mr. Pedley, the ablest of my clerical opponents.

The same Mr. Martin who forced his chief, Mr. Greenway, to pass the Manitoba School Act in 1890, said this in 1894:—

“He himself was not satisfied with the School Act, and never had been so. He had made a strong effort to have public schools controlled by the government really made national schools, with religion obliterated, and he was now more convinced than ever that was the only School Act which could be justified as constitutional. They said that the state had no right to interfere with the different denominations, but had the right to interfere in the matter of religion; but he contended that they could not do the one without the other. It has been urged by satisfied supporters of the Act, that none could complain of the devotional element introduced as it was of the broadest nature. But they found that the Roman Catholics had the very greatest objections to this provision of the Act, and he was himself dissatisfied with it, and was glad many Protestants shared his objections. The Roman Catholics had honestly stated that in their belief the two forms of education should go together. The Protestants admitted on the other hand that it was impossible to have religious training in the schools, and only asked that it be recognized—insisting, however, on imposing their views on others in that respect, rather than that small amount of religious training should be done away with in the schools, the Protestants said they would prefer the old state of affairs. He would leave it to his audience to determine which was the more honest stand of the two.”

Mr. D'alton McCarthy, in his argument against me before the Governor-General-in-Council in 1895, was driven to the admission that Protestants did not object to the Catholic schools, but said (you will hardly believe it until I quote his language) that they required that the law should suppress such schools in order that afterwards Protestants might show how tolerant and kindly they were in permitting Catholics to break the law. He said:—

“In the provinces that are free we are told, and it is the best possible argument that can be urged, that so tolerant are the majority, so willing are they to yield rights which could not be legally claimed, that, to adopt the language of my learned

friend, we wink at infractions of the public school law, so that it almost becomes a separate school system. And they do it willingly. But it is one thing to compel people to do a thing, and it is another thing to leave it to their free choice."

Mr. McCarthy thought that I was most unreasonable in objecting to such a peculiar combination of law and winks, but Sir Herbert Tupper helped me with the interjection "I suppose that what you are afraid of is that it may be a long time between winks."

These two scalps may be labelled "L.L." for Legislative Lawyers, and now I pass to the D.—the Doctor—the Reverend Mr. Pedley. With him I had a most interesting public debate upon the platform of his own church in Winnipeg. So far as was possible to him he was fair and unprejudiced, and pressed with the fact of the constitutional agreement for protection of minority rights he unguarded for a moment and slipped out the following:—

"No doubt the French Catholic population of the country understood that in 1870 the Dominion guaranteed them separate schools. They feel that faith with them has not been kept."

With these words, Mr. Pedley's scalp came off. He worked manfully to fit on a wig, but need I say to you that he never felt quite comfortable with his attempts at readjustment.

Sometimes I hear attributed to Jesuits and others the doctrine that evil may be done in order that good may result. But I feel pretty sure that no Jesuit was ever so absurd as to suggest a breach of constitutional compact in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of winking at breaches of the law.

Here, then, for my LL.D. I present you with the admission of Mr. Joseph Martin that the Manitoba Catholics in opposing his statute took a "more honest stand" than did the Protestants in supporting it; the admission of Mr. D'alton McCarthy that if the law was good, evasion of it was better; and of Mr. Pedley that the statute was a breach of faith. At the same time I cannot say to you that the scalps are of very much use to you. They are rather dry now and were always somewhat too narrow for acclamation in the University of Ottawa.

Now let me turn to another subject. To-day, for the first time in my life, I raise my voice within University walls; and my admission to association with the higher education causes me to reflect upon my country's deplorable deficiency in the culture which education can alone supply. I know that we have excuses: We are

young; we are very much occupied; we have not the necessary leisure, &c., &c. Yes, I know we can give good excuses; but I should rather that they were not so necessary.

One of the chief charms of a trip to Britain or France is that one may there breathe the finer air of higher attainment. Closer political association with the old land may be impossible, but there are standards of action and intellectuality there that with closer social connection we might hope would be adopted in Canada. Examine each department here as you please, and the result is the same—we are rough, raw and democratic. I don't mind the democratic, but I do wish that our Universities could change the rough and the raw into the polished and the cultured.

Look at our newspapers, where our professional writers from day to day display not only their lack of literary taste, but oftentimes their unfamiliarity with the commonest rules of grammar. I can imagine a Londoner, accustomed to the well-turned phraseology of his daily paper, landing at Halifax, purchasing a newspaper there, and being amazed at the sentence which in large red letters appears at the top of the front page of its every issue:—

“The largest circulation of any morning paper in Canada east of Toronto, with one exception in Montreal.”

Does that sentence shock you, or are Canadian ears too well accustomed to the solecism? You may have a *larger* circulation than *any*, or the *largest* circulation of *all*, but how can there be “the largest circulation of any”—that is of one? And how can there be an exception from a class composed of one? Nobody on the staff of the newspaper seems to know enough to object to the headline, and I suppose that if anybody on the staff of any rival journal knew how disgraceful it was, he would long ago have taken some opportunity of pointing it out. Unless in Halifax there are at least five people who suffer a shiver every time they see that red headline, Halifax is fit for the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Then let my Londoner come on to Montreal and take a look at the “largest circulation” itself. One of the editorials may commence in this way:—

“The famous ‘Ontario conscience’ is once more *sitting up and taking notice*. Stirred to life by the action of the New Brunswick people at their late elections when they met together and agreed to obey the law, no matter if such unwonted strictures did hurt the party, the ‘Ontario conscience’ is beginning

to feel in spots that it can do no less. There are some consciences which would not need a special effort to reach the high resolve to keep the law of the land; but the political conscience—whether it be Ontario or otherwise—is not of this kind. The political conscience usually proposes to itself to break the law if it can do so in safety. It is a tough proposition, is the political conscience.”

Another editorial may commence in this way:—

“Mr. Aylesworth’s *explanations* of his bill to prevent the sale of tobacco to minors *looks* like a step in the right direction. It proposes to punish not only the sale but the purchase and the possession; and to give the police power to prevent smoking by minors *wherever they see it*. This ought at all events, to relieve us from the exasperation of seeing *putty-faced youths* with yellow-tipped fingers puffing disgusting cigarettes *along the sidewalks* of our cities. Every clean-souled man feels like taking the cigarette from the boyish fingers, and administering a rebuke which will be remembered; and now the police will have the power to do *just this*, the reprimand coming from the Magistrate.”

Some of the column headings in Montreal might be as follows:—

“Canada Olympic team to travel on the cheap.”

“Immigrants from Italy worked a wily scheme.”

“Another win at the Ball Yard.”

“Ahead of the game.”

“A mix up in Rimouski.”

Our Londoner proceeds to Ottawa, and observes the following:—

“Perhaps Hon. A. G. Mackay might *take his tongue in hand* and tell the Ontario electors a few facts and fancies about his dredging graft under the Federal Government.”

“The Provincial campaign has so far been very quiet, but from now until next Monday evening there will be something doing every minute.”

“Seeing that you can get sermons from stones, according to one W. Shakespeare, we enquire for to know why we shouldn’t have sermonettes from sticks like Hon. A. K. Mackay.”

Or a statement that

"It looks to be a *dead sure thing* now that he can't raise more than \$20,000."

Or headlines such as

"Boss Sullivan up against it";

"Ottawans advised to become busy";

"To stump the States for her father";

"The Tory Bluff called by the Government";

"He is out to whack Whitney";

"Tiger-bone, wine and big pill";

"Heaved out into the street";

"The world of fashion do move"; or

"Matheson's effort to stave off defeat."

Our visitor continues his trip to Toronto, and in one issue of a morning paper there he may see the following headlines:—

"Governor-General compliments upon their fine showing";

"He says you have graft; says Bergeron to Hughes";

"He fooled the boys"; and in another issue:

"The cow-punchers and the round-up."

Going a little further west our Londoner may read something like this:—

"If Superintendent Miller will only hump his humper, and dig in on the show, and gather in the dough, the trick is done. Just imagine how Hamilton would be all tore up, and what weeps of joy Gould and Roos would weep, etc."

Now, gentlemen of the quill, it is your turn to-morrow, but do not imagine that I have a special grudge against you. My own profession is no better than yours. We are lamentably defective. We have no men to compare in culture with the leaders of the English bar. Our doctors, too, are inferior, and probably it is upon the dentists alone that we must depend if we are to have a comparison of the professions. Their work is indeed excellent and wins applause wherever it is seen. For some years I have made a practice, when travelling, to carry a few samples of their work with me, and they are always admired whenever I have occasion to show them.

I do not want to submit our politicians, just yet, to international comparison. Sir, there are three ways of arguing a proposition: the lowest is with fists; the second with personal vituperation, and the highest and best with evidence and argument; and these

three methods correspond to the measure of the refinement and culture of those who employ them. Canada is not without politicians of the highest class, and that we are not insensible to their influence is shown by the fact that our Dominion party leaders are men who never descend to the level of the second class. But our average is low, and our Londoner would be apt to say of our party-politicians that either they were a lot of rascals (if the daily aspersion were true) or else a set of slanderers (if the allegations were false). He would be wrong. They are upon the whole, neither slanderers nor rascals. They are members merely of the second class of debaters. Let us be thankful that they are not in the third.

Now, why do I say all this? Because I am speaking in a University, to University professors and students; and it is to you and to your co-workers in other Universities that we must look for help in emergence from the rough and the raw. I want to leave with you one suggestion. Everybody agrees that we need culture. Some advisers content themselves with more or less general assertion of that fact. Others tell us that it is to be found in the study of the classics, in the study of philosophy, and so on. For my part, I would distinguish: The cultured man is not the man of mere well-furnished memory; nor he of great intellectuality; nor he of polished manners; nor he of fine literary instincts; nor he of nicest artistic tastes; but he who combines all these great qualifications.

I hold out to you, my young friends, no possibility, or at all events no probability, of your becoming the epitome of all the cultures. I know not your memory capacity, your faculty for argumentation, your powers, or your tastes; but I do wish to point out to you that the most distinguishing characteristics of a cultured gentleman are within the easy reach of every one of you—of easy attainment—because they do not consist so much in learning anything or doing anything, as in mere abstentions.

I know nothing which so quickly predisposes one man to another; nothing which conduces so rapidly to good opinion; nothing which makes so good an impression; nothing which so clearly indicates possession of gentlemanly instincts, as purity of speech. You pass from man to man, and from one you hear a light oath, from another a slang expression, from another offensive allusion—each one proclaiming himself second class, as clearly as if he carried S. C. on a button in the lapel of his coat.

I do not ask of you polished phraseology. All I ask is abstention from well-known deformity—from the speech which is ugly and

offensive. It may be that you do not know that "the largest circulation of any" is wrong; but you do know that my other newspaper quotations are coarse, and you can very easily abstain from

"You bet your sweet life";

"It is up to you";

"There's no kick comin'";

"I've no use for him";

"They turned him down";

and many other such common abominations.

I am well aware of the difficulty of remaining clean amid dirty surroundings; and I fully appreciate the intensity of the struggle that is necessary to refrain from coarse speech when so many around you employ it; but it can be done and every teacher ought to help his boys by precept and good example.

The other day I heard the Principal of one of the most important educational establishments in Toronto speak not more than half a dozen sentences, and two of them were these:—

"It's very hot *plugging* about two to-day";

"I don't want to *butt* in upon anybody."

How deplorably low must the standard-culture be in Toronto?

And let me point out to you the advantages to be derived from the cultivation of purity of speech. It is common observation that if you improve the appearance of one part of an old house, you become dissatisfied with the other parts, and are not content until the whole structure is raised to the new standard. You see the application. Improve your language—remove vulgarity from it, and not only will you recommend yourself to your fellowmen, but you will have raised your culture-standard and necessitated other improvements.

Were I to sum up in a word my idea of education, I should say the inculcation of higher and higher culture-standards or culture-ambitions. Students work hard at college, pass nervous examinations, afterwards reflect upon their college life, and their measles, as things which the inscrutable purposes of divine Providence have unfortunately provided as limitations upon youthful enjoyment. Give a boy some information, but give him principally a strong wish for more; give him eager desire for a post-graduate course which is to last, under his own direction, all his life; impress upon him, in a word, a high culture-ambition, and your University has done him an immense service, has given him an enjoyment of which nothing but death or brain-debility can ever deprive him.

The pleasures of this post-graduate course are indescribable. What realms of joy peopled with the greatest and the best of all ages, with whom if you wish you may live upon terms of the closest intimacy. Who is there for example (merely to mention one name) who would not wish to associate with Cardinal Newman.

If purity of language, if elegance of diction be your ambition, read Cardinal Newman.

If exactness of thought, if appreciation of word distinctions have any charm for you, read Cardinal Newman.

If variety in argument, if skill in debate interest you, read Cardinal Newman.

If as a lawyer you wish to acquire methods of precision and definition and comprehension, read Cardinal Newman. Study his "Grammar of Assent" if you would get a lesson in close reasoning. What do you think the Cardinal meant when he said: "They may argue badly, but they reason well"? There is much comfort in that sentence for many people.

If, as a Catholic priest, you desire enlightenment in the doctrines of your church; if you wish to appreciate more clearly the distinction between faith and knowledge, between faith and wisdom, between faith and superstition, and so on, read Cardinal Newman.

If as a Protestant minister—especially as an Episcopalian—you want to compare or contrast the Catholic religion with your own, read Cardinal Newman. You will get some new ideas, I think.

Read his Apologia; read his University sermons; read his Idea of a University; and if you cannot read all his thirty-four volumes, get Mr. W. S. Lilly's compilation of extracts from them and read that. If you are a post-graduate and have received any benefit from your University you will enjoy every word of it. Slovenliness of thought and slanginess of expression will leave you as you become habituated to the accuracy and refinement of Newman and the other great masters of language, and having, at first, made something of an effort to read and appreciate them, you will ever after be grateful to them for having raised you to a higher culture-standard than that in which they found you. Show me the man who enjoys such men—who can think, not indeed as they, but in the same plane as they; and I will show you a man who (apart from the consolations of religion) has the greatest capacity for pleasure and the easiest method of gratification. Such pleasure is within the reach of every student of their University.

May I suggest then the placing of your foot (if you have not already done so) upon the lowest rung of the ladder which leads to refinement, namely, the abandonment of slang and every coarse and exaggerated expression.

Do not wear S. C. buttons on your coats. Do not continually announce your deficiency to others. If you must use slang, do it when you are alone. If it slips out when anyone is present, apologize for it. It is unmannerly. Become ashamed of it. You are already a little more careful when ladies are present. You know perfectly well that refinement disapproves your language. Why should you not disapprove it yourself?

Now, my friends, you and I have had our first interview. I hope that it may not be the last. Had I flattered you rather than advised, perhaps you would have been more anxious to see me again. I have, however, spoken as one who has tasted most of the pleasures of life, and who, to those who are at the commencement of their careers, would wish not so much to give advice as to relate his experience—to tell what it is that, without the help of University education, has brought to him a certain measure of success, and a great deal of enjoyment. Whether, however, you adopt my methods or follow your own, allow me to wish for every one of you as much happiness and much greater success than have come to me. You have better chance of it than I had.

Before closing, I must express to the Senate of the University my grateful thanks for the great honour which it has bestowed upon me to-day. I appreciate it in itself, but I appreciate it principally because it comes to me under circumstances which compel me to recognize it not as an empty compliment, but as an acknowledgment and an approbation of good work, honestly done.

Sir, until we reach the millenium—until at all events our culture-standards are indefinitely raised above their present level, we shall always have difficulties attributable to religious intolerance. Let it be one of the objects of Catholic education to set a good example in this respect. As in the United States there was no colony more free from religious intolerance than Catholic Maryland, and as in Canada the Catholice Province of Quebec has more generously than any other accorded educational equality to its minority, so let the University of Ottawa proclaim that, while holding firmly its own faith, its own traditions and its own methods, it gladly concedes to all others the same freedom which it claims for itself.

DR. GREY'S ADDRESS.

Very Reverend Father Rector,

Reverend Fathers,

Gentlemen of the University of Ottawa

The honour which has just been conferred on me, while it increases, if possible, the deep and sincere interest I have always taken in the welfare of Ottawa University, will serve, I trust, as an excuse for my saying a few words on a subject which, I am convinced, is of vital import to the welfare of our Canadian nation. The fact that it is the subject of the formal thesis on which this doctorate of letters has been granted me, makes it, I cannot help thinking, the most natural one on which I can speak to you.

In the Providence of that Most High God, "Who ruleth in the Kingdom of men," it has been ordained that the population of this Dominion should consist, in the future, as in the past, of two main elements, each of which has its part to perform in the growth and upbuilding of our national life, each of which, acting and reacting on the other, is equally and indispensibly necessary to the being, as to the well-being of the nation as a whole. The only rivalry, therefore, that can lawfully exist between these two main elements, as between the individuals of which each is composed, is a rivalry of service, of good citizenship: of service to God and man, of citizenship, not of the earthly state alone, but of that *Civitas Dei* to which it is our highest honour and dignity to belong.

But it is your special privilege—a privilege for the right use of which you will, most assuredly, be held accountable, before God and man, that you should receive your training, for future citizenship, not only at the very heart and centre of the nation's life, but that each of you should be brought into daily, hourly contact with those of other speech, of other race than his own, and that as each element, in the nation's life, acts and reacts on the other, so everyone of you, in study, in leisure, in recreation, should influence those around him, in countless unperceived, unnoted ways, but with effects no man may presume to measure. It is in this constant intercourse that each of you may learn, if he will, to understand, to respect, to bear and forbear with his fellow-citizens, with those on whom, as on him, rest the hopes, the future of Canadian national life; to form friendships which shall last throughout his life, to realize his part, his share, and that of his companions, of whatever race or speech, in the

great God-given task of nation-building. It is an opportunity not given to many: *non fecit taliter omni nationi*, an opportunity that comes but once in your lives, in the formative, impressionable years, an opportunity for which, as I said just now, you will surely be held responsible: for "unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

This, then, is why I, on whom this undeserved honour has been conferred, who have watched, for many years, the conditions and problems of Canadian national life, have ventured to speak thus to you. It was a difficult subject to speak on, but I have, at least,—I trust—said nothing that can offend any one of you; something, perhaps, that may help you to realize how great are your privileges and opportunities, and how great, by an inevitable consequence, are your responsibilities; how exact a reckoning you will be called upon to give for the use you shall have made of them. Gentlemen, I thank you.

OBITER DICTA.

Men actively engaged in affairs have written great books—Xenophon, for instance, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Descartes, and Goethe.

True thoughts expressed in right words are as well-set jewels on the brows of fair women.

As an illumined mind spreads light, so a peaceful soul diffuses contentment.

Work is for man what wings are for the bird—the means whereby he raises himself above the earth and makes Nature his servant.

By four things is the world sustained—by the knowledge of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayer of the good, and the valor of the brave.

The more progress we make, the greater the ease and rapidity with which we are able still to advance.

To an ape the most attractive thing in nature is an ape.

Let old things which are true abide, and if the new are better, let them prevail.

To know and to will—that is the key which opens the door to every kind of success.

Education is not a product; it is a process.

SPALDING.

Four Eminent Irishmen

To-day while the world rings with applause at the wonderful achievements wrought by Celtic brawn at the Olympic Stadium, it may not be amiss to recall a few Celts who adorned the intellectual sphere, and though now departed have left behind them glorious monuments of integrity and stability of character. Men whose hearts ever beating fond and true to the dear old land of Erin, rendered valuable service to the persecuted and down-trodden of every clime. Their names may not be very familiar throughout this fair Dominion, but in the Celtic atmosphere of Boston, John Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick Collins, J. Jeffrey Roche and Thomas Gargan are household words, which never fail to arouse pride in the humblest of their race and creed.

John Boyle O'Reilly was endowed with rare qualities which he used to the betterment of humanity. "He was Irish and American, but more than both. The world was his country and mankind was his kin; often he struck, but he always struck power, never the helpless." Cardinal Gibbons eloquently expressed the general verdict on his character: "The country of his adoption vies with the land of his birth in testifying to the uprightness of his life, the usefulness of his career and example, the gentleness of his character, the nobleness of his soul."

What a soul-inspiring example for poor, suffering immigrant boys is the life of Patrick A. Collins, the silver-tongued orator, who was driven from home and began his humble career in Boston, without one friend but the soggart, yet by his honesty of purpose, by his integrity, by his undaunted courage, and by his powerful will and confidence in God won a host of friends and became the mayor of the greatest Irish city in the world.

James Jeffrey Roche, poet and editor, took up the weapons of O'Reilly, and devoted his pen and voice to furthering a spirit of fairness among men. He hated meanness and dishonor, and his whole life was noble and generous.

Thomas J. Gargan, lawyer and orator, was held in high esteem by friend and foe. He was loved for his honorable and charitable disposition; he was a true friend to the oppressed, always defended the weak and helpless; and was indeed "a man among men."

These four upright, wholesouled, brave-hearted Irishmen have passed away since 1890. Their lives were noble. They were model citizens and model catholics, true to their faith and their country, but they never allowed prejudice to weaken their respect and admiration for what is good in all races and creeds. Let us imitate their example.

Style.

THE PAST.

Time wends his untiring course. To-day is but an elongation of yesterday; to-morrow but one of to-day. And so he passes a youth, a man, a gray-haired sire. Hobbling off unnoticed, he leaves but a hoary shadow behind; a treasure of sympathy in weal or woe, to be looked back upon and termed, with the full heart and sad sigh of the Future, the Past. Then shall we value the now untreasured Present. Then shall we see Time in his best, yet saddest phase.

The Present passes unappreciated; the Future is a myth, uncertain, and, as it were, unavoidable; but the Past, in which we have anticipated and realized, however poorly, sunshine and shadows, envelops us through the months and years of our lives. It pictures a scene that might have fallen from the wandering brush of a crazed genius: A long vista frowning and smiling, by turns, its pathway running through turbulent streams, and stagnant ponds, humming pools, and deep-moving rivers. The whole, implanted in the brain, throws a ray of light on the Future as the setting sun surmises the coming morrow.

W. GRACE, '11.

Catholic Papers

Too few among the Catholic young men of the day recognize the necessity of reading Catholic papers. They fail to realize that the doctrines of their religion are little known, and, probably less respected by those of other denominations. Of course, to please the public, and Catholics form part of it, editors do almost anything in their power. At times, they even go so far as to tolerate sects opposite in belief to themselves; but, now and then, given expression to a sneer, a slight, a fabrication.

Let Catholic young men, consequently, spend more of their leisure hours in the study of newspapers that bring home to them the truths of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolical Faith. They will observe that many theories which at first seemed harmless, are absolutely dangerous; and many reports shamelessly false that took on all the appearances of veracity. Catholic editors make it a point to answer questions to remove doubts and to refute charges in matters of faith and morals, of history and tradition. The trouble is taken to produce facts and figures; to give authorities and references. Surely such knowledge must be of great value to a Catholic who has any license to call himself one. With sufficient information of this nature stored up in our minds, there can be little danger for us in reading the publications of outsiders.

It is true, there are few Catholic dailies; and, as a result, the current news must be sought in other issues. There is, however, no lack of Catholic weeklies. These papers picture our faith in a fair light; and, moreover, contain sound sense and profitable literature. The Catholic Record, Catholic Register, and Canadian Freeman, along with others may be had at little cost. The expense or trouble, at any rate, weighs nothing in the balance with the benefits to be derived from perusing them. A thorough knowledge of his ground is the greatest assurance of a Catholic's safety in religion.

E. B., '09.

Iste Confessor

(An English rendering by Francis W. Grey, Litt. D.)

Lo! the confessor, whom the faithful people
Praise, through the world, with joyous exultation;
Did, on this day, triumphantly attain the
Heavenly places.

(Or, if it be not the day of his death):

Doth, on this day, deserve, in highest measure,
Glory and honour.

Who, pious, prudent, humble, chaste and modest,
Soberly lived, throughout his span allotted:
Yea, while the life-breath, quickening his members,
Breathed in his nostrils.

He, by his merits, to the sick and feeble,
Who, in all climes, have sought his intercession,
Loosing the fetters of disease, hath given
Health and new vigour.

Therefore our voices, as is meet and fitting;
Tell of his glories, and his palms unnumbered;
That, by his prayers, till time shall be no longer,
He may assist us.

Praise be to Him, all glory, laud and honour,
Who, from His throne in heaven, most resplendent,
Guideth the course of all this wide creation,
God, in Three Persons.

Mass of the Holy Ghost

On Monday, Sept. 21st, five hundred Varsity students assembled in St. Joseph's church for the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost, to call down the blessing of the Almighty on the work of the present scholastic year. The celebrant was Rev. F. Jasmin, O.M.I., with Revs. W. Collins, O.M.I., and S. Murphy, O.M.I., as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, chancellor of the University, assisted at the throne, attended by Rev. Dr. Duvic, O.M.I., Dean of the Theological Faculty, and Rev. Dr. Poli, O.M.I., Vice-Rector of the University. The choral portions of the Mass were admirably rendered by the students' choir. After Mass the solemn profession of Faith was made by the entire Faculty.

Later on the student-body and Faculty assembled in the spacious rotunda of the Arts Building, where addresses to the Chancellor were read in English and French by Messrs. E. Byrnes and E. Courtois, and an inspiring Cantata was sung by the Glee Club, under the able direction of Rev. A. Lalonde, O.M.I. Replying to the English address, His Grace spoke as follows:— My dear young friends: The address just read is one of the best to which I have ever had the pleasure of listening. I am glad to hear, though I already knew, that the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to this institution and the Chancellor, which it breathes, are as strong to-day as in the past. You have expressed the conviction that I am with you heart and soul in your efforts to attain not alone the knowledge, but also the moral training and character-formation which constitute a solid Catholic education. Well, I *have* been with you heart and soul for 34 years as Bishop, for 10 years as Priest, for 6 years as Seminarian, and for goodness only knows how many years as a student! I doubt very much if there is present here to-day a student as small as myself when first I entered the portals of old Ottawa College in the year 1848. I was *very* small, but I did my best to grow tall, though the results cannot be called eminently satisfactory! You also must endeavour to grow tall, not so much in physical as in mental and moral stature. Take advantage of the grand lessons inculcated by the Oblate Fathers in this University, so as one day to stand high above your fellow-men in noble purpose and achievement, as Catholics and as citizens, whether in the great republic to the South, or in this the brightest jewel of the Empire, our own fair Dominion.

At the conclusion of this speech, His Grace was greeted with ringing cheers, and was visibly affected as dome and corridors echoed to the old battle-cry V-a-r-s-i-t-y.

Before departing, the Chancellor kindly consented to be photographed, surrounded by staff and students, on the steps of the Arts Building. Mr. Coupal, '09, the photographer, has given us a very striking picture.

An Alumni Gathering

On Tuesday, June 16th, of the present year, the Alumni of '02 and '03 gathered once again from far and near beneath the fostering care of their Alma Mater. Joyous was the meeting of the old true friends and classmates, happy the associations revived; yet there was a note of sadness that so many comrades of yore whose hands we yearned to clasp, were kept unavoidably absent by domestic sorrow or by the hard necessities of life.

The evening of the first day was marked by a dinner in the new and spacious students' refectory where the present joined hands with the past. Rev. J. J. Macdonnell for the class of '02, and Rev. J. H. McDonald for the class of '03, addressed the festive assemblage; and Mr. E. J. McCarthy, in reply, spoke a word of cordial welcome and congratulation on behalf of the under-graduates.

On Wednesday the Alumni in a body attended a mass of which Rev. P. Hammersley was celebrant. A day's outing in the city and vicinity was brought to a fitting close by a splendid banquet at the New Russell, at where W. J. Murphy, O.M.I., Rector of the University, was the guest of honor. The class of '02 was represented by Rev. J. J. Macdonnell of Cornwall; F. P. Burns, of Watertown, N.Y.; J. J. O'Brien, of Ottawa; Rev. A. H. Kunz, O.M.I., and Rev. P. Hammersley, O.M.I. The class of '03 counted Rev. J. H. McDonald, of Kingston; Rev. J. O. Dowd, of Cantley; Rev. J. Tibeau, of Ottawa; Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.; Rev. A. Veronneau, O.M.I.; Rev. S. Murphy, O.M.I., and W. J. Collins, O.M.I. Letters of regret were read from the Alumni unable to attend, also from J. E. Emery, O.M.I., H. Lacoste, O.M.I., N. Nilles, O.M.I., W. Kirwin, O.M.I., W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I. Rev. J. J. Macdonnell,

acting as toastmaster, contrived with his usual diplomatic skill, to afford every one the pleasure of hearing everyone else, discuss events incidental to the gathering, and expose views relative to the welfare of our Alma Mater. The preliminary steps for the founding of a permanent Alumni Association were taken.

Thursday was the final stage of the reunion. It was an ideal day for the excursion planned down the Ottawa River on the steamer Empress. The genial sunshine tempered by a refreshing breeze which left the gleaming waters to reflect unruffled the unequalled and varied scenery on either side, made the trip an unusually delightful one; so that the spirits of all were brimful of merriment and pleasure at many an old anecdote of college days and many an ancient song that reverberated the echoes of the pass.

Was the reunion a success? We think so. As we stood on the banks of the Ottawa that evening and bade one another farewell, the thought was uppermost in the minds of all: "the others should have come."

MONA.

Lake of the Woods Massacre

In the months of July and August of the present year important discoveries were made which have brought to a successful finish a search which began over a century ago. The site of Fort St. Charles and the remains of Father Aulneau and La Verandrye together with those of nineteen voyageurs, have been found in an inlet in the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods.

Expedition after expedition has endeavoured through the last century, particularly in the latter part, to locate the ancient fort and the burial place of young Verandrye, Father Aulneau and their dauntless companions who suffered death at the hands of the Sioux at an early period of Canadian history. The efforts of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface College, who have been very persistent of later years in the search, have been crowned with success and the bones of the martyred missionary together with those of La Verandrye and the voyageurs now rest in St. Boniface College.

The story of the massacre in the Lake of the Woods is a story of the hazards which faced the early French pioneers and missionaries of our country in their endeavour to bring civilization and the light of faith among the Indian tribes.

In 1732 *Sieur de la Verandrye*, of Montreal, led an expedition to the west. Father *Messaiger*, a Jesuit, accompanied them. The voyage was fraught with many dangers owing to the vast wilderness they were obliged to traverse, and the hordes of savages who inhabited them. Upon reaching the above mentioned inlet, they established a fort which they called *St. Charles*. They were fortunately treated with friendliness by the Cree Indians in whose territory the fort was situated, and they carried on trade with the latter. In the fourth year after their arrival, through various circumstances, they became pressed for the want of food, so they were compelled to send to *Michillimackinac*, at the head of Lake Superior, to get provisions. Some time previous to this, Father *Aulneau*, a young man of scholarly attainments, had joined the party at *Ft. St. Charles*. He was a linguist of more than ordinary ability, and had mastered several Indian tongues. He was engaged at the time in instructing the Crees in their own language. When *Verandrye* was about to send the voyageurs, nineteen in number, on their journey, Father *Aulneau* expressed the desire that he might accompany them, and also that *Jean Baptiste*, son of *Sieur de la Verandrye* might lead the party. The *Sieur* consented. On June 3rd, 1736, the fearless little band set out on what was an extremely hazardous enterprise. They were warned to take every possible precaution to avoid the Sioux, who were at the time at war with the Crees, and suspected the French of siding with the latter. The adventurers bade adieu to their friends at the fort, and that was the last time that they were seen alive. A few weeks afterwards the garrison received the dismal intelligence of the appalling massacre of their beloved ones. They learned that scarcely had the voyageurs left *Ft. St. Charles*, before they were set upon by the Sioux, who had been lurking in the neighborhood. *La Verandrye*, though greatly grieved at the disaster, refrained from any hostilities with the Sioux, and restrained the Crees, who had become infuriated at the terrible news, from wreaking vengeance on their foes. *Verandrye* directed his efforts towards the recovery of the bodies of his murdered friends. The mortal remains were found on an island a few miles from the inlet. Father *Aulneau's* heart had been pierced with an arrow, and young *Verandrye* had received his death wound in the sacrum. The unfortunate victims were found decapitated and scalped. The remains were given a temporary burial. Later on they were transferred to *Ft. St. Charles*, where they were interred beneath the chapel with the solemnities of the church.

A few years after this calamity, Ft. St. Charles was abandoned, and for over a century and a half all traces of it have been lost. In the early part of the last century, some attempts had been made to discover the site, but were unsuccessful on account of the scarcity of documents, and the crudeness of the map of the Lake of the Woods. During recent years researches in the Archives of Paris and Ottawa have brought to light some documents which give a clue to the location of Ft. St. Charles. Notes taken from these by Judge Prudhomme, together with some information given by an Indian chief, Audagnino Winoni, and some discoveries made in former exploits, in which Archbishop Langevin took part, have aided materially in locating the site of Fort St. Charles and the precious relics it contained.

On July 10 of this year, equipped with this information, a party of Jesuit Fathers from St. Boniface, led by Rev. Father Dugas, rector of St. Boniface College, undertook another expedition, which was by no means easy. After reaching the inlet, the probable vicinity of the much-looked-for site, the search was begun with diligence on the north side of the inlet. This continued for some time without much success. After a while, upon the advice of Father Paguin, who had been looking over the notes, the scene of operations was changed to the south side of the inlet. The shore was examined closely, and a small bay, answering the description in the notes, was found. Shortly after this, the efforts of the Fathers were crowned with success. The ground about the bay was examined; first, the bases of the chimneys which had figured in the descriptions, were found; then an old Indian cabin. Traces of a former habitation began to multiply, till finally the explorers had not only found articles used by civilized people, but also the location of the chapel and the line of palisades. Human bones buried in a heap were unearthed within the fort. A few days later, the search was continued, in which Judge Prudhomme took part. The skeletons of Father Aulneau and of Jean Baptiste de la Verandrye were found buried together, while the skulls of the other nineteen were near them, their bones being buried in a separate heap. Several small articles worn by priests of the period were discovered in close proximity, and other discoveries were made which identify beyond a doubt the remains of the missionary and the dauntless voyagers.

G. W., '00.

Science Notes

Aviation—

"The birds can fly,
An' why can't I."

Thus argued Darius Green before he tried his sad experiment, and thus, no doubt, have argued many of those who, either before or after him, have attempted to solve the interesting problem of flight. Birds still "beat us holler," as Darius had it, notwithstanding the amazing progress of modern times in arts and sciences, but the day seems to be dawning when aviation will become a reality and when man shall enjoy to his heart's content the much-envied mode of locomotion. The aeroplane is the machine that will carry us into the kingdom of birds.

When the first successful experiments of the Wright brothers were made known to the public, not over a year ago, scientists were very slow in accepting as positive the facts set forth in the daily papers. During the last few weeks, however, the success achieved by the Wright brothers and by Farman, both in France and in the United States, has been such that enterprising men are already discussing the problem of the practical usefulness of aeroplanes.

Thus, it has been shown that, for military purposes, the aeroplane would have many points of superiority over the dirigible balloon. It would enable the aviators to obtain full information of an enemy's dispositions and movements without much danger for the machine or for themselves. It is to be hoped that the accident sustained by Orville Wright at Fort Myers may not delay the development and progress of aviation.

Long-Distance Wireless Telephony

A. Frederick Collins, of Newark, N.J., has just completed a series of interesting experiments with his new system of wireless telephony. He has so far succeeded in transmitting spoken words through a distance of eighty-one miles, thus establishing a record on this side of the Atlantic.

A Human Ostrich—

On June the 22nd of the present year a man named Frank Durga entered the Mercy Hospital of North Bend, Ore., suffering from severe cramps in the stomach. Upon inquiring into his particular mode of life the doctors discovered that he had developed a freak appetite for glass and metal articles which he swallowed with apparent impunity. An operation revealed in his stomach a large mass which dragged down the membranes of that organ and formed a pouch, the contents of which could not easily reach the pylorus and be evacuated. The mass consisted of the following articles: 5 rifle balls, 3 jack-knives, 4 door keys, 17 horseshoe nails, 4 6-penny nails, 1 fish hock, 1 end from jointed rod, 15 dimes, 3 nickels, 4 ounces of glass. Weight, 1 pound 14 ounces. The man is said to have recovered.

Cyclones—

Cyclone stories are like fish-stories; everyone smiles at them, even when they are told by serious-looking and reputable teachers. If any one should be tempted to doubt that a twirling gust of wind can pick up, in a few seconds, and in a radius of about 300 feet, a 100 lbs. canoe, a tent and camping outfit, the roof of a house and a half-dozen chicken-boxes, raise all these about 150 feet from the ground and drop them pell-mell half a mile away, let him interview on the subject the three popular young students of Ottawa University who paddled from Ottawa to Quebec during the last summer holidays.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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No. 1

INTRODUCTORY.

The Editorial Board of '07-'08 gives place to that of '08-'09, and many familiar faces will be missing from the Sanctum. To the retiring editors the new staff extends, on behalf of the students, grateful thanks for work accomplished, together with the hope that their literary talents will not lie dormant, but acquire increased scope and vigor in that great world which stretches out towards mysterious and misty confines beyond the college walls. To the Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., must a special meed of praise be given for his untiring efforts during the past two years to maintain the Review on the high plane of excellence where its founders left it.

The new board assumes its duties with some misgivings. We realize that the part we have to play is no small one; we are the mouthpiece of a miniature world, registering its atmosphere, breathing its spirit, extending its influence, laughing in its joys, weeping

in its tears. Our doubts, however, are tempered by the reflection that good-will, hard work, and the hearty co-operation of the students, can perhaps make amends for our many deficiencies. Our old students, too, can do a great deal to help us, not alone by their subscriptions, but also by their interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of former times and men. The Review is theirs as much as ours, for did they not found it, and is it not still the organ of Alma Mater?

SALUTATORY.

To the graduates of '08 who have gone forth to fight life's stern battle we bid a fond farewell. May their youthful hopes soar ever higher, may success crown their efforts, may Heaven bless their work! To the students who have returned we extend the glad hand of welcome. We rejoice that they are numerically stronger this year than before. We feel that they are all imbued with the true Ottawa spirit: "Ubi concordia, ibi victoria" let that be also the motto of the Freshmen. Let us all live up to the noble traditions of the past, the present is ours, and the future will be what we make it. Strict attention to class-work, even amid the excitement and turmoil of the Football season, will ensure a continuance of that high standing in which O. U. so justly rejoices, namely *first place* in Canadian Classical Education.

TWO PIECES OF SILVERWARE.

There repose at present within the University halls two handsome pieces of silverware, which form a beautiful and harmonious combination, and materially enhance the classic charm of our already resplendent parlor. They are beyond all price, not indeed for their intrinsic value, but because they represent undisputed superiority in what is par excellence the college game, undisputed superiority also in the more spiritual yet none the less strenuous field of oratory and debate. All honor to the men of '07 who achieved such signal success, and brought to Ottawa for the first time the two cups, emblematic of the championship in Inter-Collegiate Football and Inter-Collegiate Debate. They are ours for such time and as long as we are worthy to keep them. Upon the students of '08 devolves the difficult but noble task of again bringing both championships to the

U. of O., and retaining the trophies that look so well beside those others which "the boys of the olden days" presented to Alma Mater with lavish hands.

Aspirants to the honors of the gridiron should remember that success depends upon the individual good-will of each member of the team. Of prime importance is a rigorous adherence to training rules, especially as regards divorce from "my lady Nicotine." The use of signals means that the intelligent efforts of fourteen men are directed towards one special object each time a signal is given; therefore each man should thoroughly understand his particular part of the signal-play and grind away at it under the direction of the coach, till it runs like a well-oiled piece of machinery. This, of course, entails faithful attendance at all the practices, *even after a victory has been gained*. Let each one, and especially those behind the line reflect, that the brains and the hands play just as important a rôle as the feet, and that he who runs, be it ever so little, towards his own goal with the ball in his possession, is defeating the very end for which he stepped on the field.

To the Debaters we would say: Graceful and forcible delivery, ingenious presentation of arguments, facility in seizing upon the weak points of an opponent's arguments and quickness at repartee—these are gifts not so much of nature as of art, qualities to be acquired by painstaking effort. Therefore let each member of the Debating Society cheerfully accept his share of the weekly debates; he will thereby increase his own efficiency and at the same time further the general good of the whole Society. In the next place the attendance of *every* member at *every* debate is imperatively necessary. It is said that walls have ears, but 'tis not to such that the average speaker would fain address his remarks. A well-filled hall is of the greatest encouragement to the youthful Demosthenes, and is the surest guarantee of success. Victory on the Inter-Collegiate platform is only to be bought at the price of assiduous preparatory training not only in the rôle of speaker, but also in that of intelligent and carefully observant listener. Finally let every member have a brief but "touching" interview with the Treasurer.

Exchanges.

It was particularly gratifying on entering the sanctum to find such a good number of Exchanges waiting for our perusal. The success of this column depends largely upon the amount of material at hand, and as there is no better means for those who wish to keep in touch with the work being done in other colleges than to follow closely the exchanges, we trust that the number this year will be larger and more varied than ever.

Farewell numbers are predominant among those at hand. The essays and orations treat largely of questions of the hour. These are remarkable not only for their evidences of scholarship, but for the comprehensive and masterful manner in which the subjects are handled.

The three orations in the "Viatorian" dealing with three phases of Socialism are particularly timely, and deserve careful reading. They set forth clearly, and without prejudice, the chief reasons why Socialism should be combated. By their readiness to face hostile critics, the students of this college have shown that they can not only theorize, but that they are ready to jump into the firing line and defend their theories.

The "Ivy Poem" in "Bate's Student" possesses more than ordinary merits. The conception is deep, the style easy with a facility of poetic diction. "Legislation and Public Opinion" in the same number is an able criticism of present day legislation in the United States.

The following taken from the "Collegian" is of particular interest now, when one hears so much about corruption and graft. "But bribery and graft are not modern innovations, for in all history they have been tests for the morality of the city and the state. We see Rome flourishing under goody rulers. Again we see her abounding in wealth and power about to conquer the world, when lo! the inordinate love of riches creeps in, gnaws at her roots, and, behold, the entire fabric, government and governed, sink into premature decrepitude."

The September number of "St. Mary's Angelos" is very attractive.

Book Review.

DEAR FRIENDS—by D. Ella Nirdlinger. Publishers: Benziger Brothers. Price 60 cents.

This is a pleasing juvenile story, charming in that it is not of the "goody-goody" order. It tells of the efforts of a Southern family of reduced means to retrieve their fortune in the North. A pleasant picture of their home life is drawn, and, after sympathizing with their many trials and disappointments, rejoicing at their final discovery of the silver lining, we lay down the book, with the feeling that perhaps this reward was due to their efforts to realize in their daily lives the full meaning of the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The present century is one of scientific researches; and no science has taken a stronger hold upon man's mind than that of Economics. Hence, welcome the book that will prove helpful to the student of Economy.

Such indeed is Father Dewe's recent publication on the subject: HISTORY OF ECONOMICS, by Rev. J. A. Dewe, A.M., Professor of History at the University of Ottawa.

At first perusal, one is struck with the clearness and conciseness of the style, and a careful study of the work convinces one of the correctness of the principles evolved. As collateral reading, in a class of Economy, the book should render much invaluable service to students and prove itself indispensable to professors.

But chiefly in advanced classes of History do we deem the work of Rev. Father Dewe a *desideratum*, so well does it show the influences of the science of Economy upon historical events; so well does it point out its power as a factor in the making of a nation's history.

The Reverend Professor did for English-speaking America what Levasseur did for France and Europe. It is then with much pleasure that we recommend the work, wishing it at the same time deserving success.

Among the Magazines.

In the Canadian Messenger for July, appears an article by Mr. Sadler, on the celebration of the Quebec Tercentenary, of particular interest to Catholics. The writer dwells on the great influence for good exerted by the Catholic laity, clergy and nobility, during the formation-period of Canada. The fame of such heroes as Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Mgr. de Laval, Lallemont, Breboeuf and a host of others, shall endure as long as the name of Canada itself.

In the Literary Digest there is an article entitled "Christians Hindering Christianity in India," in which the writer ascribes the slow conversion of the natives to the evil influences and example of the Christians in that colony. He expatiates on the good qualities and behaviour of true Christians, and the necessity of such in India, if that country is ever to take a place among the Christian nations of the world.

Dr. Jas. Walsh, LL.D., L.Ph., celebrated for his researches and lectures on the natural sciences, has contributed to the Ave Maria a very illuminating article on the Renaissance and Reformation Periods. He disproves the popular tradition that the Renaissance owed its origin to the Protestant Reformation. To prove his statements the writer cites examples of the most celebrated men of that period, chief of whom was Paracelsus, the brilliant German scientist, and physician, who, instead of being allied with, and fostering the Reform Movement, were staunch adherents of the Catholic Church. The article is an interesting and at the same time instructive one, and is recommended for the perusal of the Catholic youth.

Among the poems in the Rosary Magazine we notice "The Nature of Man," a translation from the celebrated Alaire de L'Isle, while in the General Chronicle are related many events both domestic and foreign, of unusual interest to Catholics.

The September number of the Messenger is particularly valuable for the learned treatise on Darwinism and the Social Sciences. The writer, Dr. Walsh, well known as a philosopher and scientist, is opposed to the almost universally accepted doctrine of Darwin. The hypothetical theories of this man, says the writer, have become so woven into the fabric of science that it is almost impossible now for the unbiased student to eliminate them. He demonstrates the

evil influences of many of these principles on the social sciences, and the absolute necessity of discarding them for the advancement of learning. Most of the foreign scientists are bitterly opposed to Darwinism, and it is only a sort of national pride that keeps us still in the ranks of the Darwinians. It is only fair now to ask, says the writer, that there be a halt in the process of Darwinizing popular thinking, and above all the social sciences, until the vanishing element of value in the Darwinian theory has been estimated at its true worth, by those who, because of their intimate relations with biology, are in a position to judge what is likely to be the ultimate significance of the very plausible and interesting speculations which came into biology just half a century ago, and have taken the observations of the intervening period to show their illusoriness.

J. M. J.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Canon Corkery, '76, recently paid Alma Mater a visit, and left in the Sanctum his annual contribution to the "sinews of war." Many thanks.

The Most Rev. A. Dontenwill, O.M.I., D.D., formerly professor at Varsity, paid a visit to his old home this month en route for Rome. The Review extends its respectful and hearty congratulations to his Lordship on his recent elevation to the Archbishopric of Victoria.

Rev. Jno. Dowd, '03, P.P. at Cantley, Que., was a welcome visitor to College halls during the month.

Rev. J. J. MacDonell, '02, has returned to his duties in Cornwall, greatly improved in health.

Rev. Jno. O'Gorman dropped in a few days ago to renew old acquaintances. Although the Rev. gentleman has been pursuing his studies for the past few years in Europe, he still says, "Canada is good enough for me."

During the month Alma Mater was favoured with a visit from Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, of Haileybury.

Among the "Old Boys" who, on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, dropped in to spend a pleasant evening visiting "Old O. U." were the following: J. J. Harrington, W. Dooner, H. Letang, T. Sloan, J. George, C. J. Jones, A. Reynolds, A. B. Coté, A. Houle.

Of last year's graduates, M. D. Doyle and Edgar Piché have entered the Montreal Seminary; Mr. F. McDonald has gone to take a course in pedagogy at Toronto University; Mr. L. Joron is at Laval University, Montreal, studying law, and Mr. Henri St. Jacques, is a student at Osgoode Hall.

Mr. Alex. McDonald called on his way to the Grand Seminary.

Mr. Austin Stanton has gone to join "the O. U. crowd" at Montreal Seminary.

Mr. J. McNeil, '01, has gone to Washington, D.C., to enter the Paulist Seminary there.

Mr. E. Theriault, a graduate of last year, has donned the cassock across the street at Divinity Hall.

Dr. J. L. Chabot, '89, is at present engaged in a strenuous political campaign. The popular doctor is presenting himself for election this fall in the Conservative interest. The Review is of no political complexion, but cannot refrain from extending its best wishes to "genial Jerry."

Personals

The Most Reverend G. Breynat, O.M.I., D.D., recently passed through Ottawa, on his way to Rome to attend the General Chapter of the Oblates. His Lordship looks well, despite the rigors of the frozen North.

On the departure of our Very Reverend Rector for Rome, St. Joseph's parish presented him with a purse, and students and friends saw him off. Father Murphy will meet two former officers of the University, at the Chapter, in the persons of Fathers Constantineau and Fallon.

Rev. A. Poli, O.M.I., Vice-Rector, is now acting Rector.

The annual retreat of the University Faculty was preached by Rev. Father Duhaut, O.M.I., a former professor at Varsity, and now parish priest at Notre Dame de Grace, Hull. His frequent allusions to the days of yore were very much appreciated.

In the absence of Rev. W. J. Murphy, Rev. T. P. Murphy is in charge of St. Joseph's church, ably assisted by Rev. Father Kunz.

Rev. Father Legault has resigned the direction of the Commercial Course to take up parochial work in Mattawa. The face of the

genial prefect has been a familiar one in the halls of Ottawa University for many a day, and his departure is keenly regretted by all. Rev. E. A. Latulipe replaces him.

Father Thos. Murphy, retiring from the Editor's chair, the Review is taken over by Rev. Dr. Sherry.

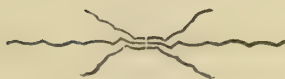
The friends of Mayor D'Arcy Scott are very pleased to hear of his appointment to the Railway Commission.

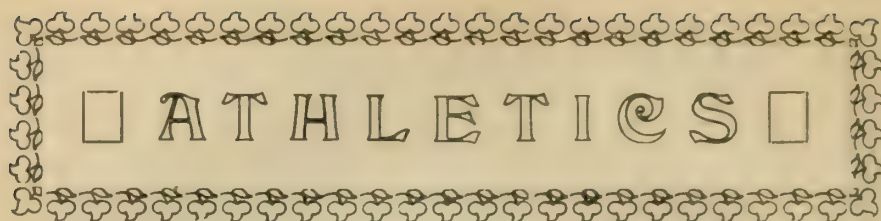
The position long held by the Hon. R. W. Scott, as Secretary of State, is well merited by Mr. Chas. Murphy, K.C.

Owing to the resignation of Archbishop Orth, our Holy Father has been pleased to appoint Dr. Alexander Macdonald, late vicar-general of Antigonish, to the See of Victoria, B.C. Mgr. Dontenwill, O.M.I., of New Westminster, becomes Archbishop of Vancouver.

Professor Adam Shortt, of Queen's, recently appointed Civil Service Commissioner, is eminently fitted for the position. To the distinguished ex-professor of a sister University, the Review extends its heartiest congratulations.

Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., LL.D., has received the appointment of counsel to the C.P.R.





ATHLETICS

At this season of the year the whole athletic world is aroused by the greatest of all sports, football. Everywhere the most intense interest is manifested, and thousands of teams are in action.

To this great round of interest Ottawa University lends a strong hand. The eyes of all Canadian sport-lovers are turned upon her team and are already wondering about her prospects. Let us then assure our readers that things seem exceptionally bright even at this early date. The championship team has returned with the exception of McDonald, Troupe and Joron. It is yet too early to make any comments or remarks, as the boys are just getting into consistent practice. There will be considerably more work to do this season, as two or three exhibition games are scheduled. We shall anxiously await results.

After a much enjoyed holiday, the University students have returned for another year. Let us glance backward for a moment on the closing days of the last scholastic year and see what success followed our athletes.

Owing to the fact that Canada's best athletes were competing in the trials for the great Olympic games, our Association had to decline the acceptance of the Canadian A.A.U. meet which that body had so graciously awarded; consequently most of our attention was turned to baseball; and with the very best results. We succeeded in defeating our rivals and usually by large scores. The schedule was not quite finished at the close of the academic year, so when the Fall term opened two games more had to be played. We are sorry to say both games were lost—the first, St. Patrick's, by a very large score, due to the fact that only two players of the old team were in the line-up. In the second game with O.A.A.C., we were defeated by a score of 4-3, playing only 5 innings. It is probable that we would have been victorious had the usual nine innings been played. These losses do not spoil our chance for the shield, as we are still the claimants to it.

Inter-Collegiate Schedule 1908.

Oct. 10—Queen's at Ottawa; McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 17—Toronto at Queen's; Ottawa at McGill.

Oct. 24—Queen's at McGill; Ottawa at Toronto.

Oct. 31—Toronto at Ottawa; McGill at Queen's.

Nov. 7—Ottawa at Queen's; Toronto at McGill.

Nov. 14—McGill at Ottawa; Queen's at Toronto.

Home games—Oct. 10, Oct. 31, Nov. 14.

Nick Bawlf, the fast full-back of the garnet and grey, is out practising faithfully every day, and seems none the worse for the injury at the Toronto game last season.

It will require some excellent figuring and ingenuity to pick the team of '08. Some at the beginning were inclined to be pessimistic as regards a championship team, but since we have had those workouts the old material seems better than ever, while most of the new players appear promising.

We shall certainly miss the absentees of last year's team: namely, Joron, Troupe, and McDonald. Joron and Troupe undoubtedly were two of the fastest and surest tacklers in the C.I.R.F.U. Eddie McDonald will be missed greatly in the line-bucking, for it was due to his fine work that many of the great gains were made. Reports have it that Joron is making good with Montreal.

Ryan, the find of the season, is improving every practice. When the opening game is played he will be versed in the finer points, and then we can expect something good.

The daily question: Is Dean coming? The plucky quarterback is a big man in the footfall squad even if small in stature. Hurry up, Bennie!

Fr. Stanton, one of the best coaches in Canada, is out with the whistle and is gradually getting the best results from the team. Fr. Fortier is imparting all his knowledge of the game to the second team, and his able direction is being shown by the team-work and the gains that are made.

For those who have never witnessed an American game of football, a treat is in store when St. Lawrence University of Canton, N. Y., play here. One half will be played Canadian style, while the other half will be American. This will give an opportunity to pass judgment on the American method of play.

Of Local Interest

On the evening of Sept. 15, Fr. Fortier called a meeting of the student body in the Science Hall for the purpose of explaining the different rules of the University. An agreeable hour was passed in which a few pleasantries and impersonal remarks were given about the student's likes and dislikes in regard to rules.

Before the meeting was adjourned, Fr. Fortier deemed it advisable to elect the officers of the reading room for the coming year. John Corkery, '09, was unanimously elected president, while Wm. Breen, '12, was chosen treasurer. After much dispute, "Jerry" Harrington and E. Courtois were elected librarians.

Fr. Fortier then appointed F. Otto Linke, '09, to collect the regular fee for the use of the piano in the recreation hall, after which he adjourned the meeting.

Wanted.—A position in a lumber camp by a man with experience. Have taken a large medal and watch by my skill at snaking logs. Address all correspondence

To "LOGGING-CHAIN."

Several inquiries have been received at the office the past week. The sum and substance of which is: why hasn't E. M— been out for football this year?

Oh! where Oh! where are our bob-tail twins, R-g-n and G-l-r?

S. W. has introduced a decided novelty in the hair-cutting line. It is designated as the porcupine cut. Did you notice it?

Sully, when are you going to buy that pipe?

New student:—What is that crowd on the corner?

Old student:—That's not a crowd, it is only W. O'B. and F. D-B!

Junior Department

The Small Yard has entered upon the academic year of 'o8 and 'og under circumstances that augur well for success, in and out of the class-room. All seem to be animated with the noble and commendable ambition of excelling in the acquisition of knowledge and of developing, on the football campus, sterling qualities of body and mind.

It was with deep regret that former students learned on their return the retirement of Rev. Father Turcotte from the prefectship of the Junior Department. The good wishes of all accompany him in the performance of his new duties.

The disciplinarians of the department for the ensuing year are as follows: Rev. Father Verroneau, first prefect; Rev. Father M. Murphy, second prefect, and Rev. Father Bertrand, third prefect.

The members of the Junior Athletic Association held their annual meeting on Saturday, September 19th, for the election of officers. The result was: director, Rev. Father Verroneau; president, P. Cornellier; first vice-president, L. Chantal; second vice-president, C. Brennan; secretary, W. Harris; treasurer, H. Leblanc; councillors, Voizard and Batterton.

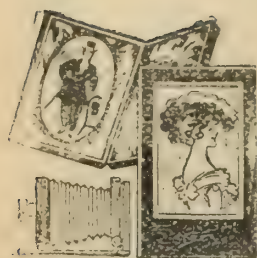
So far three or four practices have been held and great snap was put into the work-outs. Fr. Verroneau, the coach, is well pleased with the material, and expects to be able to pick out a good representative fourteen.

Remember that there also is a second team, and those who cannot make the first should try to make good for the second.

Fr. Bertrand has charge of the babies, and he says that there are amongst them the makings of some good players.

A conspiracy had been underway to kidnap certain diminutive urchins of the Senior Department, who are still wearing knickerbockers and whose tender faces have not yet been visited by the razor. Happily the scheme was discovered and squelched, much to the relief of the would-be victims.

Since the beginning of the year, the Small Yard has made great strides in vocal music under the directorship of Rev. Father Laronde. Moreover, what is the matter with our organist? Mike's all right.



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Right Rev. Augustin Doutenville, O.M.I., D.D.

Superior General

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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THE NEW SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE OBLATES.



ON Sunday, Sept. 20th, delegates of the Oblate Order from the four quarters of the globe met in solemn conclave in the Eternal City, to elect a successor to the Very Rev. A. Lavillardière, Superior General, recently deceased. By a practically unanimous vote the choice of the conclave fell upon Right Rev. A. Dontenville, O.M.I., formerly Bishop of New Westminster, and but lately elevated by the Holy Father to the Archbishopric of Victoria, B.C. Upon the new General devolve the gravest responsibilities. The Oblate Order is to be found at work in the missionary, educational, and parochial field under every flag on the five continents. Founded in France hardly a century ago by the saintly De Mazenod, they have extended their activity with incredible rapidity throughout the following provinces:—Northern France, Southern France, Italy, Great Britain and Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Eastern Canada, Northern United States, Southern United States, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Athabaska, Mackenzie, British Columbia, Jaffna, Ceylon; Colombo, Ceylon; Natal, South Africa; Orangia, S.A.; Basutoland, S.A.; Transvaal, S.A.; Cimbebasie, S.A.; Australia. Scattered throughout this vast territory is an army of three Archbishops, ten Bishops, and two thousand Priests and Religious.

The new General assumes his high office in the very prime of life, as he is now in the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-

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fourth of his priesthood. Augustin Dontenville was born in the year 1857 at Bischweiler, diocese of Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, and came to America while yet a boy in his teens to live with his uncle, a highly-respected priest of Buffalo, N.Y. He was immediately sent up here to pursue his classical studies at the University. At the end of a brilliant course he took his B.A. in 1880 and his M.A. in 1883. Feeling that he was called to the sacerdotal and religious life he entered the Oblate Novitiae at Lachine, P.Q., and was ordained Priest on May 30th, 1885. He then returned to the University of Ottawa as one of its professors. From 1885 to 1890 he was professor of Natural Sciences, was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Alumni Association, Director of the Scientific and Junior English Debating Societies. In 1880 he was transferred to New Westminster to take charge of St. Louis College. On August 22nd, 1897, he was appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Durieu and consecrated titular Bishop of Germanicopolis; and on the death of Bishop Durieu in 1899 he became Bishop of New Westminster, B.C.

The election will be hailed with delight everywhere the new General is known, but more especially in the University of Ottawa where he spent so many years as student and professor, gaining for himself a host of friends within and without the College walls. To show his extreme popularity here, may we be permitted to reprint the editorial which appeared in the pages of the November "Owl" 1889: "The departure of Father Dontenville from our midst, creates a vacancy upon the staff of this institution which, indeed, it will be difficult to fill. Summoned to relinquish his position here, he murmured not, but went forth to labor in other fields where, perhaps, his splendid talents are more urgently needed. He has left us with the assurance that naught can be said but what is commendatory of his labors as professor of natural sciences, which position he filled in the College, during the long course of twelve years. We do not venture to question the wisdom of his superiors in their decision, nevertheless, we cannot but regret that they could not find some means by which the necessity of his removal might have been avoided. His success as a teacher is universally conceded; the secret of that success may be found in the fact that he was earnest in whatever he undertook.

His appointment as director of the Oblate College of St. Louis, New Westminster, B.C., is a recognition of his zeal and administrative ability. We do not hesitate to say that, under his care the College of St. Louis will rapidly advance in popular favor. The love

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and good wishes of his former students attend him in his new home; and through "The Owl," they waft the expression of their sincerest hope that the future years may be for him years of happiness and contentment; and that, as they gradually unfold themselves, they will open to his gaze new success, and triumphs attained. We are not envious of you, friend St. Louis, but we would fain have Father Dontenville back among us. We do not desire to parade our pain, but we feel constrained to say that, much as it must have grieved Father Dontenville to leave a city and College where so many ties of friendship had been formed, the sorrow at the separation, has been, to us, keener, and the regret will be more lasting."

These predictions have been realized, these hopes fulfilled, and the Varsity professor now controls the destinies of all his great Order. In his hands, too, are the destinies of his Alma Mater, and we know he will let pass no occasion of furthering her interests and advancing her glory. Knowing as he does the grand work she is accomplishing, knowing also her trials and her difficulties, he will foster and increase her power, that she may ever go steadfastly forward, taking advantage of the admirable opportunities which her scope and position afford, till she stands at the very pinnacle of Catholic education in Canada, a University in the truest and widest acceptation of the word. We are eagerly awaiting the return of Archbishop Dontenville to this country and these halls, to manifest in no uncertain manner our heartfelt joy and thankfulness on his elevation to the supreme dignity of Superior General.

"May the Lord preserve him, and vivify him, and make him blessed upon the earth."

XERES.



Kindly Patronize Our Advertisers.

The Civilization of the 13th Century.



THE object which every student must propose to himself in entering upon a study of history, is not a knowledge of wars and dynasties, not a mastery of chronological tables, but rather a critical appreciation of the great movements in the economic, social, and religious condition of mankind which mark the different epochs in the life of the human race. Or, to put it more briefly, the end he has in view or ought to have in view, is an understanding of the world's growth in civilization.

In a lecture on Popular Culture given some years since by the noted scholar and statesman, John Morley, there is a simple word of advice which seems appropriate for us of the Twentieth Century, who are pretty much imprisoned in our time. It is this, "Learn not to be near-sighted in history, but look before and after." We are the mature age of the world; and hence, believe that we possess all the wisdom of the ages that have preceded us. Progress is our watchword; and to look to the past with any feeling akin to admiration, is oftentimes considered a tendency to retrogression. However, it is but a matter of simple prudence, that, from time to time, we should stop and take our bearings and see if that which we call progress is really progress, or if it is only drift.

It is my purpose, therefore, to direct your attention to a time when the world was seven centuries younger than it is to-day, and to give you as complete and faithful a picture, as I briefly can, of the civilization of the culminating years of the Middle Age—the Thirteenth Century.

Frederick Harrison justly remarks that he who would understand the Middle Age must make a special study of the Thirteenth Century. For in the Thirteenth Century is found the concentration of all that was best in mediæval life and thought. Hence a cursory survey of that century will enable us to catch something of the dominant spirit of the mediæval times—those times whose very name has been made to connote all that right thinking men must abhor in political, social, and moral life, until the more scientific method of historical research of our day has made it clear that they should be assigned a leading place in the story of the world's progress. Then again, apart from the fact that through this century we can see the whole of the Middle Age, the century itself is worthy of

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study as being perhaps the only one in all history that has a distinctive character of its own. It is, moreover, a century that can boast of an unusual roll of illustrious men of action, as well as of men who have created what is best in art, in literature, and philosophy.

But before coming to a view of the civilization of the Thirteenth Century, I think we ought to arrive at some definite understanding of what civilization really is. What does civilization really mean? We must confess that the term is extremely misty. It is one of those words greatly affected by popular speakers, particularly political orators, perhaps for the very reason of its delightful elusiveness. It will bear almost any interpretation one wishes to give it—the interpretation depending largely on one's religion, education and condition in life. To the rich civilization means luxury and ease. To those of the middle class it means a certain measure of external refinement together with comfort. To the industrious poor it means "good times," a fair share of amusements, and protection by law in existing rights and liberties. It has been said that the most popular idea of civilization is the veneering of barbarism: and barbarism means coarseness in manner and dress together with contempt for art and education. From this we might be led to infer that the proper measure of civilization is the actual possession or at least the appreciation of comfort and good manners.

With Cardinal Newman, I believe that "Civilization is the state to which man's nature points and tends; it is the systematic use, improvement, and combination of those faculties which are his characteristic, and viewed in its idea it is the perfection, the happiness of our mortal state." "And perfection," says Matthew Arnold, "is the harmonious expansion of all the powers that make the beauty and worth of human nature."

Civilization may be material, intellectual, and moral. The best civilization is essentially moral and only accidentally intellectual and material. Unfortunately this distinction is often lost sight of. Material civilization is the usual denotation of the word. There are men of gross immorality or men of slender mental equipment, who would become vehement almost to the verge of fury, if any one should question the superiority of our present day civilization. They have only a partial concept of the word's full content. I repeat, civilization may be material, intellectual and moral—and essentially moral. I merely state the distinction. Its justness, I am sure, will

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be readily admitted. With this distinction in mind, let us glance at the condition of European society in the Thirteenth Century.

We hear it from every platform, and read it in every pamphlet and magazine that ours is the great age of democracy, the era of the rights of man, and a period of general emancipation and enfranchisement. The first question that would likely come to the lips of the ordinary man of to-day, in speaking of the Thirteenth Century, is "what about the political, industrial, and social condition of men of that time?" Of course, I realize only too well that the generally prevalent notion is, but a hazy notion let us say, the echo of statements made persistently by writers of history, who, since the great religious convulsion of the Sixteenth Century, seem constitutionally unable to tell the truth in matters that concern the Catholic church. This prevalent hazy notion of the Thirteenth Century, as of all mediæval political and social conditions, pictures Europe as infested with a lot of swashbuckler knights whose caprice and passion constituted law, and the only question of politics dreamt of, was "who shall have the privilege of squeezing the most out of the common herd? the king or the barons?"

Let us see if the facts bear out this notion.

Towards the close of the Eighteenth Century, to be accurate, in the year 1789, there broke out in France a revolutionary storm unparalleled in the annals of history. This upheaval, as all men admit, was indescribably lurid and horrible, yet I am constrained to say that in many of its effects it was truly beneficent. When, after the subsidence of this revolution, the people of France searched through the ruins, they found buried under the debris of the reigns of the later Louis, particularly that of Louis the Fourteenth, the rights and prerogatives for which they had so savagely and inhumanly fought.

So the era of popular rights and representative government in France and in continental Europe generally, instead of having been begun by the French Revolution, as is commonly supposed, was simply revived and resumed after an interval of something like 500 years. And the Nineteenth Century had to go back and catch up the broken thread of civilization from the true epoch of freedom, the original epoch of representative government, the Thirteenth Century—the only age, perhaps, when there was an absence of despotism on the one hand and of demagoguery on the other.

The fiction of the dire oppression of the masses in the Middle Age—and the term Middle Age is often made to include all the cen-

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turies from the Fifth to the Fifteenth—this fiction has been so long and so persistently dinned into our ears, that even we who belong to the dominant organization of that time, have come to believe it. Surely De Maistre was right when he exclaimed that for three centuries history has been a conspiracy against the truth. And the most pathetic feature of it all is that those against whom the conspiracy was formed are oftentimes the readiest to fall in with it.

The dawn of the Thirteenth Century saw the beginning of the decline of that system of graduated government, called feudalism, a system which had tided Europe over the most critical period of all her existence and at the same time prepared the way for the organization of more permanent central government. Feudalism had accomplished its colossal work as no other agent conceivable by the human mind could have done. Like all human institutions that have served the purpose of their excellence, feudalism began to disappear. But in passing away, it left a marvellously rich inheritance, an inheritance that was shared by a centralized monarchy on the one hand and a resolute people on the other. What this inheritance was, we shall best perceive by seeing what feudalism was in its essence.

When the savage hordes from the North swept down like torrents upon Rome during the Fifth Century, the church saw herself face to face with the stupendous task of lifting them up from the depth of licentious and ferocious superstition, of taming their untutored nature and implanting in them the saving sense of law and order.

Fortunately, Providence raised up popes like Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, who were able to cope with this herculean task, until there came to lighten their labor towards the end of the Eighth Century, that almost superhuman genius Charlemagne. Charlemagne succeeded in marshalling the various tribes of Central and Western Europe and gave them a form of civil government and organized society. As a result of his administration, there arose the system of government called feudalism. In these latter days much has been said in condemnation of feudalism. Yet when one studies impartially the history of the years between 800 and 1200, he is constrained to admit that it was the only system adapted to save Europe from anarchy and barbarism. Feudalism was an hierarchical organization of society. To each man was assigned his due place and rank. The rights and duties of each were clearly and unmistakably prescribed. With every privilege there was associated a duty. The

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binding principle of the social body (which was at the same time governmental) was a sort of bilateral contract, "I will do something for you, and you shall do something for me." The vassal owed military service to his lord, but the lord owed protection to his vassals. The husbandman owed homage and a stipulated service to the baron, but the baron gave him security of life and home. Says Frederick Harrison, in his *Essay on the Connection of History*, "All became, from king to serf, recognized members of one common society. Thence sprang the closest bond which has ever bound man to man. . . . It ripened into the finest temper which has ever ennobled the man of action, the essence of chivalry." You will remember how Edward Burke so eloquently described it: "That proud submission, that dignified obedience . . . that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." When Burke said that the age of chivalry is gone, we can believe that he was correct only inasmuch as the knightly manner of the external features of chivalry are concerned. The really good in history cannot be altogether lost. The spirit of chivalry and feudalism is with us yet, we trust. We see it to-day in the growing sense that men have of a common brotherhood in God.

With the third Crusade, which set out towards the end of the Twelfth Century under those three intrepid warriors, Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip Augustus of France, and Richard the Lionhearted of England, the warlike spirit of the feudal barons had pretty well spent itself. Thenceforth they settled down to a more peaceful condition of life.

Gradually the old order of feudalism changed, giving place to the new system of centralized national government. But there was still preserved, as I have mentioned, the beautiful inheritance of feudalism.

Most of the nations of Europe as we know them to-day, — England, France, Spain, and several of the kingdoms of the German Empire—trace back their growth in nationalhood to the Thirteenth Century. Prior to that time, they were but loosely knitted duchies and fiefs. And in looking over the records of European history, we find that in that century there lived perhaps a larger number of great leaders and builders of nations than any of the other centuries of the christian era can boast of. In England, we find the

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great churchman, as able as he was pious, Stephen Langton, to whom the British owe the cornerstone of their liberties, the Magna Charta. In England again, was Simon de Montfort, warrior and statesman, the father of English representative government. In Germany there ruled the simple but heroic Rudolph of Hapsburg. In France, Philip Augustus, soldier and legislator, left to his heir a kingdom triple the size of what he had inherited. It was truly an age when statesmen worked only for the nation's advantage, and kings did more than wear a crown and enjoy the emoluments of their office.

But of all the rulers of that time there stands out pre-eminently one character, which alone would suffice to shed surpassing lustre on any time—Louis the Saint of France. To my mind St. Louis is the most perfect ruler that the world has ever seen. He is the king ideal. In him is found the most notable example in all human experience of the blending of a natural with a supernatural heroism, a union of the most robust martial spirit with a robust virtue and a robust spirit of faith. Historians one and all speak of him with reverent admiration, even the ribald, sneering, satanic Voltaire felt constrained to say that to every royal virtue he joined the piety of an anchorite. He was the angel of justice, righteousness and law enthroned for a time among mortals. So singular was his justice that even the meanest serf in all his realm found it sufficient check against an oppressor merely to say, "If the king but knew this, it would not go well with thee." Before his departure for the war of the Holy Sepulchre, we see him sending mendicant friars throughout his domain to find if any wrong had been done to even the lowest of his subjects, and if so, to repair it immediately at his expense. This meets our ears like the sound of a dream or fable; but if we could only catch the informing spirit of those simple holy times, we could well appreciate its reality.

In the simplicity of his heart, says the French historian Duruy, St. Louis did more to extend the royal authority than the wisest counsellors or than ten warlike kings could have done, because after his time the king seemed to the people the incarnation of order and justice. He gave royalty a sacred character.

Among the reverent sons of France, St. Louis is still enshrined in memory as fancy pictures him wrapped in a robe of blue, sprinkled with fleur-de-lis, sitting under the oak of Vincennes, administering justice to all that came to him. If men are the mirror of their times, how great must we think the Thirteenth Century.

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In the latter years of the Middle Age, owing to the blending of feudalism with the newly organized central government, there was a very noticeable absence of both despotism and demagoguery. This was, perhaps, the only time in the course of human government when there was something approximating a balance in the political scales, an avoidance of absolutism either of the king or of the people. Though, of course, the state was by no means thoroughly organized, there was a clearly defined political theory — a theory whose maxims of public right, buried for long years, were again brought to the surface of that violent cataclysm of the French Revolution. These maxims of Thirteenth Century government are the basic principles of our present public policy. We have come to think of them as our own creation; yet it is to that so-called period of darkness that we owe it that no tax can be imposed without the consent of the taxpayer; no law is valid unless accepted by those who owe it obedience; no sentence is lawful unless pronounced by the peers of the accused.

Partisan historians with pet theories to establish, regardless of the truth or falsity of the particulars upon which these theories rest, have created serious and lamentable misapprehension regarding the position of the mediæval church in the question of civil power. I am no theologian, and therefore will not have the rashness to enter a field where I might easily go astray. However, on the strength of my Catholic training, I feel warranted in saying this much; the divine origin of civil as of all power, has always been taught by the church; but the divine right of kings, never. Royal absolutism, or as Pope puts it,

“The right divine of kings to govern wrong,”

a theory of government which reached its highest development in Henry VIII. of England and the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. of France, a man who could stand up and say in all his autocratic pride, *L'Etat, C'est moi*; this theory, I say, was foreign to the spirit of the Middle Age. It was the result of those dynastic struggles, the struggles of power that gave a special character to the period between the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. So far from being an advocate of royal absolutism, we find that the church holds that the king or chief magistrate, whatever may be his title, is simply the executor of the will of the people he governs,—and furthermore, that if this chief magistrate should abuse his trust, and rule his

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people with injustice and tyranny, he could be lawfully dethroned and cast down from his place of power.

Some historians try to tell us that the Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century restored the unity of civilization broken by the Mediæval time. No statement could be more unjust and erroneous. Between the civilization of ancient Rome and that of modern Europe there can be possibly no comparison, for they are things of entirely different kinds. The periods embraced between the Fifth and Thirteenth Centuries, saw a new creation of every sphere of life on entirely new principles. The fact that some of the Greek and Latin poets of the old day received a new impetus at the time of the Renaissance, can in no sense mean a resuming of prechristian civilization.

The old Roman scheme of society recognized only two classes of men, slaves and citizens. But in the Thirteenth Century we see the conception, birth and growth of an entirely new order in human society—an order that could never have been evolved from the old Roman system—the great Middle Class. The birth of the Middle Class is one of the most momentous events in history. This new class of men was destined to control, and now actually does control the affairs of the world, for its power rests on worth and intelligence rather than on wealth or birth.

As a necessary consequence of the birth of the powerful Middle Class, there immediately rose popular representative government, the world's most cherished political treasure. And we owe it to the Thirteenth Century, that age of vast creative genius. Every school-boy knows well those two red-letter dates in the History of England, dates which mark the beginning of her greatness as a nation—1215, when Stephen Langton secured to Englishmen for all times that guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the Magna Charta; and 1264, when Simon de Montfort summoned two discreet representatives from each town and city and begot the English Parliament. What precious institution has England that she does not owe to the sons of her prereformation days?

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '02.

(To be continued.)

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“People Will Talk.”

You may go through this world
But 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go,
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For Meddlesome tongues must have something to do,
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If your dress is the fashion don't seek to escape,
For they criticize then in a different shape.
You're ahead of your means or you're tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made.
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind if you have one will then be at ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think it stops them—*it ain't any use.*
For people will talk.

ANON

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Canada's Manifest Destiny.



THE appeal made, this autumn, and on the verge of an election, by the Canadian woollen manufacturers, for increased protection, and their appeal—or was it a threat?—against the forcing of some thousands of men to adopt other means of livelihood; other, that is, than their present trade,—brings the question: Farm or Factory? to the point of a more or less immediate solution. This article, therefore, is, in no sense, political; or, rather, not in the narrow and technical meaning of a much-abused term, though it deals, none the less, with a question of national policy—also in the widest sense—and may, consequently, be, to that extent, deemed political. But it has, certainly, no reference to the various “manifest destinies” which, from time to time, have been assigned to this country, with annexation, independence, or with Imperial Federation. Each of these has had, and will, doubtless continue to have its advocates; but, whereas, each of them is, and must remain, largely, if not wholly, a matter of sentiment, the question above indicated, which forms the subject of present discussion, is, at least, practical, and, it may fairly be said, one not admitting of serious delay. It is a question, in other words, of the true welfare of the Canadian people, rather than of their national or political future. The two are not, by any means, inseparably connected, statesmen and others to the contrary notwithstanding. “All that a man hath will he give for his life.” Forms of government, political ideals, are not among his most valuable possessions.

Briefly, the matter may be stated thus: Is it Canada's manifest destiny to be an industrial, or an agricultural country? A land of many farms, or of a few overcrowded cities? In other words, is legislation to consider, chiefly, the interests of the manufacturer, or of the farmer? The answer to the former question, and, indeed, to the latter, depends, evidently, on certain very definite conditions, practically, on two: density of population, and facilities of transport, the last being the most important, by which, indeed, all the others are determined.

The specification of these two principal conditions does not, however, exclude those which may be defined as climatic and geographical; nor, of course, those laws of trade, supply, and demand, by which all industries must necessarily be governed. Of these, the

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geographical conditions, speaking generally, must, in the case of Canada, be taken into account as of hardly less importance than the first two, though the artificial conditions established by our tariff relations with our nearest neighbours should not be lost sight of.

Certain very definite laws, we are assured by the best authorities, govern density of population in the case of island communities, whether industrial or agricultural, laws from which those inhabiting continental areas are, in respect of facilities for expansion, at all events, largely exempt. The very conditions of trade, moreover, in the case of an island community, tend, inevitably, to a predominance of sea-borne over land-borne commerce, to an excess of exports over imports, and, consequently to industrialism, rather than to agriculture. A twofold condition of commerce, such as that in which Canada finds herself, wherein both means of transport are of equal importance, leaves the choice between industrialism and agriculture, to all intents and purposes—other conditions being taken into account—an open one. It is one which, however, in either event, depends chiefly, if not wholly, on facilities of transport. This must, therefore, be my excuse for a frequent reference to the point.

It is to this general law, we are further told, that we must look, not only for the primary and inevitable cause of the depopulation of Ireland, but also for Great Britain's equally inevitable position as, before all things, a manufacturing and exporting country; a position not merely indispensable to the maintenance of her dense and increasing population,—of which, indeed, it is both the cause and the effect—but one which, wholly independent of tariffs—"reformed," "reciprocal," or otherwise—must, in the very nature of things, become more exclusively industrial in the future. It is for this very reason that Great Britain cannot, in any true sense, be taken as affording evidence in favour of the tariff-theories of either free-traders or protectionists in other countries, the conditions being, in her case, absolutely without parallel.

But, if Ireland has suffered, and must, apparently, continue to suffer from the action of the law referred to,—aggravated, as it has been, by England's utterly selfish trade policy in her regard—so long, at all events, as she remains a wholly, or almost wholly agricultural country, it is no less true that Britain cannot hope to escape the racial and other penalties attendant on her industrial supremacy, must continue wealthy and powerful at the expense of the true welfare of her people. In regard to both countries, Froude, as an easily accessible authority, may be taken—making all due al-

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lowance for his limitations—as a fairly trustworthy one. Concerning Ireland, the reader may be referred to his two “Short Studies” on “A Fortnight in Kerry,” which do not, as it happens, readily lend themselves to quotation. There is much in them, of course with which one or another of us is certain to disagree; but his account of the causes and effects of emigration is not, for that reason, any the less worthy of careful attention. Nor must we reject his view of Irish agricultural conditions, and of Celtic characteristics, as prejudiced and Saxon,—to say nothing of his very evident religious bias. The conditions are, seemingly, the result of the law referred to; the racial failings and shortcomings, unquestionably, the result to an extent not easily determinable, of the conditions themselves.

In regard to Britain, the same writer’s “England and her Colonies” may be as unhesitatingly recommended, all the more because of his very decided opinions in respect of state-aided and state-controlled emigration. Nor does the fact that all three “Studies” were written nearly forty years ago in any way lessen their present value or applicability, since the conditions to which he refers have, on the whole, merely become intensified and aggravated during the period in question, and the hap-hazard policy of emigration — if it can be called a policy—continued, from that time to the present, with results that are sufficiently manifest. There have been, indeed, certain very definite, and not unsuccessful attempts to ameliorate the condition of Ireland, and the new patent law may, possibly, improve that of the English working classes, but the general state of both countries is, for all practical purposes, the same as in 1860.

Froude’s account, in the last named of the “Studies” referred to, of the effects of industrialism and of townward migration on the population of England, effects which have, of course, accumulated at compound interest, as it were, since he wrote, while merely, as one might say, a dissertation on Goldsmith’s text:

“Ill fares the land, to hast’ning ills a prey,

“Where wealth accumulates, and men decay”:—

is, none the less, of immediate and peculiar interest to Canadians, in its bearing on the subject under discussion:—Farms or Factories? The cost in human lives, human health, human happiness—not temporal, merely—of the crowded slums, the struggle for employment, the conditions of labour, inseparable, apparently, from industrial “prosperity,” is here shewn, with a measured, yet convincing clearness. It is a question, in its simplest terms, of profit and loss, and

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of which is which. Its more direct application to Canada consists, if I may be allowed to say so, in this, that a tariff, however necessary it may be held to be, tends, inevitably and invariably, to favour the growth of manufacturing, rather than of agricultural industries. In respect of the former, moreover, there must always be a further tendency to rely more on tariff advantages than on superiority of products; on a five-per-cent. increase in duties against the outsider—British or foreign—rather than longer and closer attention to business. Agricultural industries are, of course, not immune from a similar tendency, witness the Agrarian legislation of Prussia; but, its products being the primary necessities of existence, tend, of their very nature, to set at naught the artificial barriers of tariffs. Nor can there, in their case, be any factitious substitution of duties for quality.

Froude's further plea for the growth of men—Englishmen in the best sense—in the Empire beyond the Narrow Seas, should not pass unheeded in Canada. It is the old, eternal question of quality as distinct from mere numbers, of human happiness, as distinct from material wealth. But, while it is not a question of imperialism, and has no necessary connection with politics, it is a question affecting the destinies, here and hereafter, of the Canadian nation, of the Empire as a whole. In a word, the choice lies, for us in Canada, between a race of men and women, and a race of "operatives" and city-dwellers. The first, lords of themselves, and of the goodly heritage God has made ready for them here; the others, in plain terms, slaves; whether of employers or of 'labour "organizers" and "bosses"; slaves, most assuredly, of the vices and undesirable conditions inseparable, as already said, from all forms of industrial "prosperity." And, should any be disposed to accuse me of exaggeration and sensationalism, I would ask them to read, not Froude only, as above, but the statistics concerning life and labour in London, compiled by Mr. Charles Booth, statistics which apply, with equal, if not with greater force, to any large industrial centres; which may be verified by comparing the condition of the French-Canadian factory operatives in New England with that of the *habitants* still living on their farms in Quebec. The answer to the question: Is it worth the cost? will not, I am convinced, be, thereafter, difficult to give.

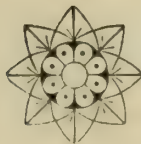
It may very possibly be objected, however, that there had been, hitherto, no serious city congestion in Canada, nor any excessive trend towards industrialism, to the detriment of agriculture. At the

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risk of seeming to trench on so quasi-political a topic as that of tariff legislation, I would again point out that our present fiscal system distinctly favours the manufacturer rather than the farmer. This may, or may not, be necessary, or even inevitable; the point with which we are here concerned is the result of this preference. There may, again, or there may not, be a detriment to agriculture involved in it; that is a question to be decided by those competent to do so. As material on which such a decision must be based, if it is to be in any way exact, a comparison might fairly be instituted between the city and the farm population of Canada using each term in its most accurate sense, of consumers and producers of the necessities of life. The proportion of each to the whole might, in such a case, be held to show a very decided preponderance in favour of the former, and might be taken as evidence that, from various causes, indiscriminate encouragement of non-agricultural immigration being not the least of them, we have built, and are building up our cities, with materials, good, bad, and indifferent, at the cost of the country as a whole. That is to say, we are accumulating wealth in a few centres, and in a comparatively few hands, without thought, not only of the possible political consequences involved in so marked a disturbance of the equilibrium of influence as between producers and consumers, farm and factory, but, what is far more fatal to our true welfare, without thought of what becomes of the toiling masses, with still less as to the latent resources of our real wealth, the untilled fields, and unploughed prairies.

F. W. GREY, Litt. D.

(To be continued.)



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MY FIRST SAIL ON THE SEA.



O the individual, whose privilege it is to enjoy his first pleasure trip on the sea, no matter how short such a sail may be, the voyage brings, no doubt, an emotion of awe and reverence for the Creator of all nature. There is, perhaps, no one who has not heard about this great element of creation. Since the beginning of civilization, poets and prose writers have vied with one another in their delineation of this great work of nature. But there are a great many people, and, perhaps, the majority of them, who have never seen the sea. Still less is the number of those individuals, to whom the opportunity has ever come of going aboard a sea vessel, and sailing out beyond sight of land, where naught meets the eye save the sky above and the sea below.

Not a great while ago the occasion was offered me of taking a pleasure trip on Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Provincetown, a small place, located at the extremity of Cape Cod, and now noted as being the first landing place of the Pilgrims. The morning of the day arranged for the sail dawned brightly, the sun rising over the city in all the splendour of the glorious summer dawn, and betokening an ideal day for a pleasure sail on the broad expanse of the waters of Cape Cod Bay. For those who were to remain in the city for the day, the weather man seemed, no doubt, to have little sympathy, for by nine o'clock, the time of our setting out, the mercury was speedily rising, and did not then evince any signs of discontinuing to do so for some time to come. But, for those who were to spend the next ten hours, or so, where they might fill themselves with old Neptune's ozone, the day could not have been better.

Perhaps not a better view of the City of Boston may be obtained than that, which unfolds itself to the spectator, as he stands on the stern of the vessel, now striking out for the exit from Boston Harbour. Our observation is first attracted to the water-front with its various wharves jutting out into the harbour, at which the numerous vessels of all species are anchored. Then casting ones' eyes upwards a little, there is seen to the left the majestic State-House, rearing its gilded dome above the surrounding buildings, and casting about its golden reflection of the morning sun. On the right appears the lofty and graceful Bunker Hill monument, sullen and dark in appearance,—quite a contrast to its contemporary on the left.

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Let us now proceed to the bow of the vessel, where quite a different scene awaits us. We are just at the channel which separates the harbour from Cape Cod Bay. Away beyond, as far as the eye can wander, stretches the illimitable eastern horizon. But what is this structure directly in front of us, seeming, as it were, a sentinel to guard us where we should not tread? From one of the deck hands close by we learn it is the historic Boston Light that, for so many years, has cautioned the mariner from trespassing on dangerous paths. Perhaps its own story will impart to us a better knowledge,—

“ Out where the waves of the Ocean
Thunder and break in their wrath.
Here on the outermost danger
Near to the mariner's path,
Standing on treacherous footing,
Towering over the sea,
Flash I my signal of warning
Of one—four—and three.”

Hardly have we left Boston Light when there is seen towering in the distance, beyond, the white figure of a second light house, Minot's Light. We look back to catch a glimpse of the city, to get a view of it from a distance, but it has disappeared, seemingly separated from us by the blue vault of the western heavens. We are now beyond all sight of land, and to those, like myself, who have never been in such a situation before, the feelings become those of one who has been forever separated from all that is dear to him. But our sentiments are not long such, for shortly there appears, straight ahead, the joyous greeting of land. We imagine ourselves in the position of the great Columbus, when, after so many months of perseverance and anxious waiting, he at last espied the land for which he had long sought.


Half our journey is now nearly over. As we approach the land ahead of us the various objects, before indistinct, begin to reveal themselves, and we feel ourselves to be in a new world. We are about to land at Provincetown. Although only a small place, it has its interesting features, chief among which is the imposing monument erected to the early fathers of American civilization. But our stay here is not very long. It is now almost three o'clock, and the return voyage is before us. The sail back brings us again to the scenes we have lately met; yet, on pondering over them, new

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thoughts visit us. After a sail of about four hours on the return journey, the sun is beginning to set, and everything appears new to the voyager. Boston Light, now that darkness is approaching, begins to show signs of life by flashing across the bay its signal of warning. Soon we see the distant lights of the city. How wizard-like it appears on this moonless evening, with its almost infinite number of lights! A breeze is just commencing to spring up, coming from the direction of the city. With it, now and again, there comes a breath of heat, just like the warmth from a furnace,—a sure proof of the hot temperature of the city. But we feel thankful that we were not compelled to stand it during the day; and, on embarking, we again give thanks that we have been delivered safely on terra firma, from which for a while we seemed to have been lost.

J. R. C., '09.

OLD STUDENT HONORED.

 HE following account, which we quote largely from the "Sault Express," will, we are sure, prove interesting, not only to our older graduates, but also to a large number of the students who have known the Kehoe brothers ('12), snatched from us by Death's rude hand, in all the vigor of their youth:

On Monday evening a large gathering of the parishioners of the Sacred Heart and Steelton churches assembled in O'Brien's hall for the purpose of tendering to Judge Kehoe on the eve of his departure for Sudbury a suitable testimonial indicating the high esteem in which he is held by his co-religionists in Sault Ste. Marie and Steelton.

The chair was taken at nine o'clock by Judge O'Connor, who explained that the object of the meeting was to signify their approval of the appointment of Judge Kehoe and to present him with a small memento of their esteem which as years rolled on would serve as a reminder of the many warm friends he is leaving behind. The chairman stated that the government had recognized Mr. Kehoe's ability at the Bar and his general good character by offering him a seat on the Bench. His long residence in Sault Ste. Marie,

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his active co-operation in every movement tending to advance the interests of the town, the church and the schools, his career as District Attorney and his recent sad bereavement were subjects which were duly dealt with by the chairman. He then called upon Dr. Robins to read the address:

To His Honour John James Kehoe, Judge of the Judicial District of Sudbury:

The members of the Catholic congregations of Sault Ste. Marie, and Steelton, have learned of your elevation to the high office which you now occupy with feelings of supreme gratification and satisfaction.

We take it that your advancement to the exalted position is not alone a recognition of your excellent legal ability, but it is also an honor to your friends and co-religionists, amongst whom you have lived for so many years. During those years you have won our respect and affection, your wise guidance and leadership have commanded our highest appreciation, and we cannot permit the occasion of your departure from amongst us to pass without this formal expression of our keen sense of the loss we are to sustain through your removal. Nevertheless, we offer you from our hearts most genuine and sincere congratulations, and pray that you may long be spared to grace the honorable office to which you have been called and for which you are so eminently qualified.

Before we say farewell to you, it is our desire that you accept at our hands this slight expression of the true and lasting friendship of your many ardent well-wishers.

Signed on behalf of the Committee.

Sault Ste. Marie, Aug. 24, 1908.

After the address had been read Mr. William O'Brien advanced to the platform bearing in his arms a magnificent Persian lambskin coat, and in a suitable speech informed Judge Kehoe that it was a present for him from a few of his friends and admirers from amongst the parishioners of the Sacred Heart and Steelton churches. The audience shouted "put it on," and Judge Kehoe did put it on, which was the signal for an outburst of applause and the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Judge Kehoe replied in a very earnest speech of about twenty minutes' duration. Its chief feature was the deep regret which he felt at parting with so many old friends and associates, many he saw before him, but others who were absent. He appreciated the high

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honor which the government had conferred upon him by elevating him to a seat upon the Bench, and hoped that he would be enabled to fulfil the duties of the office satisfactorily to the government and the people. As chairman of the Separate School Board he had for many years become closely identified with the educational interests of the town and formed many friendships which would be of long duration. His speech was characterized by a sense of earnestness and deep sorrow at parting with the friends and companions from whom he would now have to separate, but who would not be forgotten. At the close of his eloquent speech he was the recipient of a fresh outburst of applause.

Rev. Father O'Loane was then called upon, who paid a fitting tribute to Judge Kehoe, especially on account of his valued services in the cause of religion and education.

Mr. Moses McFadden, District Crown Attorney, made a very clever and decidedly interesting speech, which was duly appreciated, judging from the generous applause with which it was greeted. He paid a suitable tribute to the ability and integrity of Judge Kehoe, and stated that his appointment would have the approval and endorsement of the whole community, regardless of religion or politics. His pithy speech was received with rounds of applause.

The chairman next introduced the gentleman who sat at his left as the Hon. M. J. Doyle, of Menominee, District Attorney, formerly State Legislator, and an old time friend of Judge Kehoe. He came all the way from Menominee, a distance of 300 miles, to take part in the presentation to his former fellow student and comrade, Judge Kehoe. For upwards of half an hour, he held the attention of the audience, at times spellbound, by his marvellous flights of oratory. His portrayal of the sterling worth of his friend, the Judge, was of a character to make any man feel proud. His speech was one of the most brilliant ever heard in O'Brien's hall, and brought round after round of applause.

The proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Judge Kehoe took his departure for Sudbury at noon on Tuesday.

The Review takes great pleasure in offering to the Judge its hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long continuation of his honorable career.

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The Village of Witten.



As we ascended the brow of the hill, a beautiful panorama presented itself to our view. The prospect was worthy the brush of an artist. Away to the right stretched the wooded hills of Katengen in an unbroken and regular chain. To the left were the bleak, but wildly-beautiful Kraatsken heights, while away in the distance loomed up the purple peaks of Mount Taben. In front of us, stretched away a broad undulating plain, dotted here and there with farmers' cottages, and rich with the golden harvest.

In the distance we could see the pretty, rustic village of Witten, nestling against the mountain-side. It is a typical old European village, and travellers often resort to it on account of its simple rustic beauty and the surrounding scenery. As we approached nearer to the town, we could discern the tall tower of the village church, and, on coming still closer, what had appeared as bright spots in the distance, loomed up as substantial two-storey dwellings, gaudily painted, and presenting altogether a very pleasing appearance. Witten boasts a single church, a village council-hall (in the grocery store), a post-office, and the usual general store.

On approaching the church, we were struck by the massive Gothic architecture of the building, which, as we were later informed by the inn-keeper, had been built several centuries ago by an old baron who had his residence in the village. Two substantial oak doors opened onto the casement, and, above these, two majestic spires towered for a height of a hundred and eighty feet. The interior still further preserved the massive beauty of the middle ages. The high-arched porch, the solemn gallery with its heavy cornices of marble, and the dark walls, everywhere adorned with images and statues, might well impress the visitor, and carry him back in imagination four or five hundred years, to the time when the noble baron paid his homage to the Lord and Master of all.

In front of the church stretched the main street, a very pretty thoroughfare, adorned on either side by the comely houses of the villagers, and shaded by the cooling branches of oak, maple and chestnut. Here in the evenings the little children played and frisked about, and the mothers might be seen sitting by the door with their darning or their weaving, while the old men of the village

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gathered at the grocery store. Here it was their custom to assemble on evenings, and discuss the harvest and weather prospects, the coming elections, or the last newspaper.

• Leaving the elders of the village to continue their discussion of politics and other matters of interest, we passed by the grocery, and continuing on down the street, or rather road, for we had now reached that part where the dwellings ceased to adorn the sides of the thoroughfare, we proceeded toward the schoolhouse. A typical old village school! It was a single-storey brown frame building, displaying to the eyes of the traveller a very plain exterior. In front was a neat little porch, the gable of which was ornamented by some crude bits of handiwork; above this a small square window peeped forth; while, higher still, a bright scarlet-and-blue flag held the post of honor, and flaunted its gaudy colors in the face of the afternoon breeze. The sides of the school house displayed four windows—large square windows, composed of innumerable small panes, which seemed to radiate erudition in all directions. On peeping within, we perceived that the neat appearance of the exterior was still preserved in the interior. There, directly in front of us, gaunt and grim, stood the master's desk. A few books, a bottle of ink, and the inevitable birchen rod kept sentinel during the occupants' absence. To the right was the blackboard; to the left, a small geographical globe, which was the pride of the pedagogue, and the delight of the pupils. About the room the desks were arranged in neat order, and the aspect of the whole impressed us with the idea that the schoolmaster was a very precise and orderly man. Here for a hundred or more years, perhaps, the different generations of the rustic villagers had received their early classic training. Here their children had sat and conned their daily lessons, and here they had grown up, advanced in learning, and gone out to give place to others desirous of becoming initiated in the mysteries of book-lore. We could see, in imagination, the busy fingers plying the pencil, the attentive eyes glued to the book, the youthful delinquent, as he shambled up towards the master's desk, with uneasy pace and crest-fallen countenance, and, anon, the resounding reverberations of the birchen rod. All these are scenes attendant upon the rightful conducting of a school, and particularly of a country school.

On emerging from the schoolhouse, we retraced our steps, and proceeded back towards the village blacksmith's shop, where we were greeted by a quick glance and a smile from the busy smith. The appearance of the place accorded in every detail with the ideal

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of what a village smithy's shop should be,—the great fire-place, the high roof blackened by the continual smoke, the hissing metal, and the farmer's dozing horse awaiting the annual operation of shoeing.

This place ended our tour of observation, and we were well repaid for our long walk by an excellent meal at the village inn. From here we returned to the city by coach, well pleased with our journey, and bearing with us pleasant memories of the pretty little village of Witten.

J. CONNAGHAN, '09.

FOOTBALL.

Football! thou manliest of sports,
Once more we see thee played around
On College court and College ground,
As husky youth with youth cavorts.

Baseball is now of season past,
Still recollections fond abide
In hearts so true (*oh slush!*) and free from pride,
Void of a fear e'en to the last. (*Meaou!*)

High does the oval soar and bound,
And loud arises cry and shout,
As ball goes in and ball goes out
From man to man till he is downed. (*Hound!*)

At last, time's up; the game is won.
With one great cheer the people rise. (*Lies!*)
The victors get the hard-fought prize,
Which they indeed had earned. Well done. (*Lemon!*)

(Ed. Note.—The perpetrator of the above is still at large, and we regret it.)

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The Irish Leader.



WHILE we are busy singing the praises of party leaders, and every man vouches for the honesty and integrity of his chosen candidate, it may be difficult to turn aside from the heated arena and rest our gaze on the bold yet calm exponent of Ireland's rights, the able and eloquent leader, and chairman of the United Pledge Bound Irish Party in the British Parliament: John E. Redmond. Yet there is much that will prove helpful.

Fifty-three years have passed over the head of this extraordinary man, who has sacrificed his brilliant talents, glorious manhood, and the most precious hours of his career, to the uplifting and betterment of his oppressed brethren and his dismantled country. He has worked with a zeal which bespeaks honesty and loftiness of purpose. He has been an indefatigable toiler in defense of his beloved country, not only among the English Parliamentarians, but especially on the green hillsides of Ireland.

In Parliament he is without a peer as an orator and tactician. He speaks the rich eloquence of his great soul in rounded periods and unanswerable arguments. He is also extremely zealous in his attendance, being generally the first to arrive and about the last to depart.

But to see him surrounded by his family in his home, amidst the beautiful scenery of the Wicklow Mts., he is no longer the cool, keen, calculating Leader, looking for flaws and weakness in British rule, but a genial, sociable, and witty companion, a loving husband and a kind father. His exuberant spirits at times burst forth in praise of his home surroundings for he believes as Moore did, that "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, as the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

His knowledge extends to every rath and cairn, every glen and gully, every hillside and valley, where his countrymen "fought and bled for freedom's cause"; every incident of the "Tale of 98" is fresh in his memory.

His career as Leader of the Irish Party has been blessed by numerous successes, beneficial to his suffering countrymen; Landlordism, the curse and bane of Ireland, is gradually slinking away. Thousands of new cottages have been built for the laborers. The

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Land Bill has been amended. The University Bill is considered the greatest boon since Emancipation, and a great many other lighter affairs such as "The Arms Act."

May God grant that 'ere this dauntless leader's eyes close on his "fair and true land" he shall see the sunburst of Erin, Home Rule, not alone on the horizon but a striking reality.

Sizle.

THAT TRIP TO TORONTO

EVER travel from Ottawa to Toronto via C.P.R.? Yes? Well, then, you know the thriving towns of Smith's Falls, Havelock and Peterborough? What's that? Your home is in Peterborough? Poor old chap, you must have gone through a great deal of suffering and privation in your day. I shall never forget a recent visit to your home town. It was my first trip with the Ottawa University football team, and here is how it came about.

We left Ottawa Friday morning, October 23rd (a bad day to travel on) 1908, via the "Old Adage" route in our "Private Car." In training, as we were, it behooved us to improve every moment of our time, so when the "Old Cabbage" train pulled into "Smith's Falls" we donned our sweaters and played an imaginary team a practice game. And say, Listener, the way our team performed was a credit to our coach. Nothing could stop us from scoring, and it seemed criminal to pile up such a total on the boys from where Smith fell. The call of the whistle put a stop to an end run by Richards, which might have taken "the heart" out of Falls' team.

"How I caught it, where I found it, how I came by it; of what stuff 'tis made; whereof 'tis or 'twas born" was the subject of M. J.'s discourse to an attentive group for the next hour or more. This was followed by the sweet strains of "The Wild Colonial Boy" sung by our Genial Jerry, and a sigh of regret was heard through the "Private Car" as the bare-of-tone voice of the brakeman piped out "*Havelock! Havelock!*" and put an end to the sweet refrain.

Another work-out was in order, and as the boys were in fine

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fettle and spirits it seemed an easy thing to *have luck* over the home team. But let it be said right here that the young bloods of Have-lock are poor sports. Through our advance agent, Mr. Bawlf (whose ideas of advance kept him in Ottawa), we had planned an exhibition game with the home team—the proceeds to be given for the installing of a new town pump. But simply because they heard that we had an undertaker in our party, they refused to play us. It wasn't at all sportsmanlike, and the Town Clerk, the Reeve, and some twenty-seven spectators went home greatly disappointed. Our boys were very indignant, and one of them—I shan't mention his name—suggested that we drink all the water in the public well, and let them all suffer from a water famine. To this, however, our coach objected on the grounds that we were in training, and couldn't take any risk whatsoever. We did show our feelings nevertheless in a very decided manner by declining to give our College cry, and by refusing to buy copies of the "War Cry" from the belle of the town.

On to Peterborough we sped, and all the way we were treated to a flow of eloquence from the member from the town of Canada Flakes. His eloquence was indeed wasted, I assure you, for never since leaving my own home in Ogdensburg have I beheld a more desolate spot. It suggested, with apologies to Goldsmith — the following lines:

"Poor Peterborough, plainest village of the plain,
Ne'er waked from slumber but by the whistle of the on-coming
train."

Lovely area, Peterborough. Why we shouldn't have known that we had reached a station were it not for the shrill tones of the country *Herb* doctor, who, mounted on an empty Canada Flakes box, was advertising his favorite rub-down, liniment.

"Come on gents, get some! Only ten cents a gallon. It is the famous O'Sullivan rubber and it Heals bruises burns, bunion and Boyles. It is the only — but alas, the staple Canada Flakes box found wanting, for the first time, collapsed, and the eminent doctor was precipitated over the side of the station platform into the seething waters of the Trent Valley Canal. The cry of "get the hook" was never more timely, nor so sweet to the dear doctor's ears. No hook was forthcoming, however, but quick as a flash the village hero and cut-up Sanko was on the spot, and without even changing his summer straw hat dove into the angry waters, took "3 swallows," dried up the canal and saved the Queen's own.

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"All aboard!" precluded any attempt at a reception for the heroic "Sanko," so with one last long look, at what we knew we would soon see in our own dining hall, we jumped aboard, gave a lusty V.A.R. and left the peaceful town of Peterborough all fussed up over the day's excitement.

"Bed at ten sharp, mass at seven-thirty to-morrow morning," were the orders we received before leaving the train at Toronto.

SATURDAY MORNING 7 A.M.

"Where are all the hotel waiters going to?" was the query of a small newsboy, as eighteen able-bodied gridiron midgets headed by their Rev. Coach, and the only 'Dogan' on the other team left the hotel for Loretto Abbey. "Say, dem guys ain't waiters, dat's a football team going to pray dat Toronto won't kill 'em to-day," said the wise bell boy.

"Gee!" was the only reply of questioner, and he stood and gazed and wondered and wondered.

Loretto Abbey was never visited by a more sheepish-looking set of young men than those who invaded the place last October. We were very cordially welcomed, and ushered to one of the palatial parlors, where we removed our coats, and then repaired to a chapel that is a chapel. "Never felt so much like praying in my whole life," said "Mac" after Father Stanton had said mass and we were preparing to return to our hotel. But hold! the Rev. Mother Superior appears upon the scene, and in her whole-souled motherly way insists that we remain for breakfast.

Believing that it would bring us in spirit to our College board and following the principle that "It is polite to sing when asked to do so—if you know how to do so," we accepted the very kind invitation and endeavored in our humble way to do justice to the good things prepared for us. The convent girls, meanwhile, were earnestly engaged at work in their respective classrooms, quite unaware of our presence. It would, indeed, have been uncharitable to disturb them then, so on the advice of the committee in charge, Messrs. Dean, Harris and Whalen, we very politely declined the invitation to visit the different parts of the building, and with profuse thanks to the Rev. Sisters, coupled with a promise that we should reciprocate if ever they brought the young ladies to Ottawa, we formed ranks and directed our steps towards our hotel.

As we neared the Arlington, what was our surprise to see the same newspaper-boy plying Davis with questions about religious topics, and to note the puzzled expression on the genial trainer's

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countenance, as he attempted to explain the "Why and the Wherefore." Jack is a vegetarian.

What about the game? Ask me something easy. I know absolutely nothing about football terms, so I shall have to refer you to the sporting editor for information. If you hadn't interrupted me I might have told you of other amusing incidents in connection with the trip. Now I couldn't say positively whether it was a certain wing player, or one of our half-backs, but as I lay in my berth that night, wondering how it all happened, I heard one of the gentlemen exclaim between snores: "I'll certainly send my children to Loretto Abbey."

ONLY ME.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At the request of a number of graduates and undergraduates interested in the subject, we publish the list of Officers for the year 1890-1891, since when the Association has not been heard from.

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Science Notes

Statistics—

Many have doubted of the usefulness and of the reliability of statistics, probably because politicians and interested parties can juggle with them in such a way as to give them any aspect suitable for their purpose. Yet, as clear records of the past that enable us to get an insight into the secrets of the future, statistics are always interesting and they satisfy, to some extent, our natural appetite for exact knowledge.

Poets are born, and so are statisticians. I remember Jack Dickson, a bright country lad, who, coming home from school one day, announced with pride that he had just completed the chapter on Mensuration in Arithmetic. While his mother was cooking dinner for her family of fifteen children, Jack seemed to take an unusual interest in the thin circular buckwheat cakes which are the staff of life in that part of the country, and which were now accumulating in a huge pile in the middle of the table. He counted them carefully, measured their dimensions and recorded the numbers in his notebook. This he did before each meal, several days in succession, until one evening after supper, he took up his slate and, sitting near the large puffing stove, was soon lost in endless rows and columns of figures. His father had gone out to smoke a pipe with a neighbor; his brothers and sisters had retired to rest; his mother alone sat knitting in the ancient rickety rocker; and still Jack's pencil grated on the rough slate while his features were now and then brightened by a smile of satisfaction.

"Your exercises are very long to-night," said Mrs. Dickson.

"I am doing a little extra work," he answered.

An hour later Mr. Dickson came in.

"You had better go to bed, Jack," he said, "you are working your eyes out."

"Hurrah," shouted the boy in reply, "I've got it at last."

"What?" said both his parents.

"The number of square miles of buckwheat cakes we've eaten during the last five years."

* * *

May I give here a few statistics which are very instructive, though perhaps not as interesting as the above:—

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PAPER CONSUMED IN THE UNITED STATES — If you can imagine a solid roll of paper 830 feet high, 377 feet in diameter and weighing 2,730,000 tons of 2,000 pounds, you have a fair idea of the amount of paper used up in the United States for newspapers, magazines, books and writing-paper. Such a shaft of paper would be about three times as high as the central tower of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings and its base would be wider than Varsity Oval.

AROUND THE WORLD IN FORTY DAYS — The details of the following flying trip around the world have been compiled by a Londoner:—"Leave New York Saturday by the 'Lusitania'; land at Plymouth the following Thursday, reaching London in time to catch the evening train for Berlin. Leaving Berlin Friday evening, the traveler reaches Moscow Sunday morning. He would be at Vladivostock, on the Pacific, the following Thursday week; and, leaving there on the next Saturday evening, would be landed at Tsuraga, Japan, on the Monday following. Taking train across to Yokohama, he would catch the Canadian Pacific steamer, sailing the same day, and reach Vancouver twelve days later. Then taking the Great Northern Limited to St. Paul, the Northwest Limited to Chicago, and the Twentieth Century Limited for New York, he would reach his starting point at 9.30 on Thursday morning, having taken less than forty days for this 20,000-mile journey."

BACTERIA ON PAPER MONEY — If I said to you: "Beware of paper-money! It is a carrier of numberless infectious diseases! Don't have anything to do with it!" would you hearken to my advice? I doubt it. You might refuse infected water, infected meat, infected clothing, but infected money? I am almost sure you would take the risk of touching it and even of putting it in your pocket. And yet Mr. Warren W. Hilditch, of the Sheffield laboratory of bacteriology at Yale, assures us that there is an average of 142,000 microbes on a soiled bill. In order to soften the terrifying effects of his assertion, he hastens to say that money bacteria are gentle little fellows that would not harm even a guinea pig inoculated with them.

Aviation—

On October 11 Mr. Wilbur Wright made a record aeroplane flight of 1 hour, 9 minutes, and 45 seconds, carrying as passengers Mr. Painleve of the French Institute. The French are getting very enthusiastic over his performances.

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“Ah! my dear Monsieur Vilbeurre Vraïte,” they say to the inventor, “your aeroplaane is graande, splendide, mystérieuse. She fly like the great aigle on the drapeau américain. Vill you not make us the plaisir to fly across the Manche (English Channel) before us? Ve vill all be on the shore and applaud very much when you soar above the blue sea.” But Mr. Wilbur Wright seems to think that a prolonged sea-water bath would not improve his health just now; so after teaching three different men to operate the aeroplane, he intends to return to the United States.

ALEC.

TO LOVE BOOKS.

To love noble books is to share with statesmen and philosophers the pleasure on which they set the highest price. Time has made trite and common place the great saying of Fenelon: “If the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for books and the love of reading, I would spurn them all.” Goldsmith declares that taking up a new book worth reading is like making a new friend; a friend from whom we will never be separated by any of the melancholy mischances on which human friendships are so often wrecked. But good books will do more than this—they will awaken all that is best in our nature, and teach us to live worthier lives. They will do for us what we rarely permit the closest friend to do—they will teach us our faults, and how to amend them.—Charles Gavan Duffy.

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University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XI. OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 2

JUSTICE AT LAST.

As students who possess and appreciate the benefits of a Catholic University education, we are delighted to hear that the Irish University Bill has been passed; and that henceforth the Catholic youth of Ireland will be able to drink deep at the fount of higher education, without imperilling their Faith, or losing their self-respect. Up to the present year we have been confronted with the astounding fact that three-fourths of the people of Ireland have been deliberately deprived of the educational privileges enjoyed by the remaining fourth. And why? Because they did not happen to be of the same religious belief! Truly a sorry spectacle in an age which boasts its freedom and enlightenment! But now this has been done away with, thanks to the broad-mindedness and spirit of fair-play animating the leaders of thought on both sides of the Imperial House of Parliament.

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Particular credit is due Mr. Birrell, the framer of the Bill. As the Earl of Crewe remarked in the House of Lords, the road which Mr. Birrell had to travel with it was like a caravan road across the African deserts, strewn with the bones of those that have passed before. His sense of justice has given him the courage to face every difficulty, and the strength to surmount every obstacle, in order to bring the measure to a successful termination, and give to the great Catholic element of Ireland a state-endowed University, in which they may place the fullest confidence. For this great boon, Mr. Birrell, much thanks!

SURSUM CORDA.

To represent Alma Mater on gridiron, diamond, track or platform, to be one of the privileged few who wear the coveted "O," to carry her colors proudly in victory or to flaunt them defiantly in defeat, should be, outside the class-room, our highest honor and our proudest boast. Far be from us the day when any one shall think first of himself and then—of Varsity. Away with petty bickerings and petty strifes, and sordid considerations of self-interest and self-love. All this must be immolated on the altar of duty, loyalty to old O.U. This is what has made her invincible in the past, in this lies her future hope. We have our ideals. Let us live up to them. Sursum corda!

TURN ON THE CURRENT.

On another page will be found the list of officers of the Alumni Association for the year 1890-1891. To some, no doubt, it will be news that there ever *was* such an Association. And yet not even fire could destroy Father Tabaret's statue!

Is it not about time that something were done to revive this useful Society? No doubt many of those whose names appear above, are no longer with us, but there are plenty of others to fill the positions with honor and dignity. We would suggest that some of the graduates residing in or near Ottawa get together and talk the matter over.

Possibly a banquet might not be out of place, and we venture

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to say that scores of "old-timers" would hail with delight such an opportunity of meeting former companions and "waxing reminiscent" of the pleasant days they once spent in O. U. To get an idea of how successful such a re-union would be, one has but to read the account of the banquet held by our New York State Alumni at the Hotel Marlborough, New York, in July, '97. We shall be only too happy to give space to any communications which may reach us in connection with this matter. Turn on the current!

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS.

In the editing of any College Review, there are two great difficulties to be surmounted: the lack of material, and the lack of funds. Contribute to the columns of the Review, and patronize its advertisers." How often has this appeal been made to you, and how often with but little success! Students should realize that it is not a heavy punishment, a dire imposition to write for the Review. You should regard it more as an honor to have your name connected with a paper that ranks among the very best of University Magazines.

The Advertisements pay four-fifths of the cost of issuing; but it is not usual for men to advertise through pure kind-heartedness. They mean to reap some benefit, as from an investment, and if the University students do not patronize the advertisers there is no benefit to reap, and later on no advertisements for the Review!

So when you have some "shopping to do," remember the College paper. Buy from the advertisers, from those who are interested in the school you go to, and you will benefit yourself, the advertiser, and the Review.

MONEY TALKS.

May we be permitted to remind our numerous friends who have not yet paid up their subscriptions, that "we need the money," and hence rely, as usual, upon your generous support. We are making an honest effort to improve the general appearance of the Review, not only in a literary, but also a material way. This, of course, entails extra expense; for printers are not usually philanthropists. A Dollar Bill (or more), neatly folded, is "a thing of

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beauty and a joy forever" in the eyes of the Business Manager, and the most eloquent expression of your interest in us. We are trying hard to be not merely respectable, but even genteel—you can help us. Why not do it now?

Exchanges.

The October number of "St. John's University Record" contains a strong plea for the formation of a Catholic Press. The minds of Catholics are being poisoned with the sensationalism and immorality of secular dailies. The effects of Catholic education are being vitiated. One solution is urged, viz., the establishment of a Catholic Press. "Let every home be a subscriber, let all of us support it both in spirit and materially, and soon in addition to our weeklies, bi-weeklies, and monthlies, we shall have great Catholic dailies, who will spread broadcast the glad tidings of a new and stronger generation."

The same number has a treatise on the labor question. It asserts that "in this profit sharing idea lies the solution of the whole difficulty." Profit sharing has not been successful either in England or America. In Germany where Old Age Pensions forms an element it is more popular, for the future as well as the present is looked to. The German system of compulsory insurance, wherein the government, employer and employee, each contributes a share, contains the principles involved in the other systems and at the same time encourages thrift.

The "Xavier" is a very pleasing monthly. An article on Garcia Morena is its leading feature for October. The other contributions are rather light, and border on the grotesque. Probably the editors have taken to heart the advice given in the first of "Letters to the Editor."

Owing to its uniform excellence both in prose and poetry, we have learned to look forward with keenest anticipation to the arrival of "Bates Student." "Soul Lines," and the poem, "When All Is Said" are well up to its standard.

The "Young Eagle" is essentially a bright publication. "Going Blind" echoes beautifully the pathetic condition of its Rev. Author.

To trace similarities between Milton and Tennyson would appear at first sight a bold undertaking. "St. Mary's Messenger,"

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following in the footsteps of Dr. Vandyke, has accomplished the feat. Were these two bards yet within the range of mundane criticism, how varied would be their emotions! Tennyson would no doubt feel flattered; and Milton, in spite of any ire he might care to show, would, deep down beneath it all, possess a sense of elation that, at last, his works might now share some of the popularity of the younger poet.

The following two excerpts are taken from the "Niagara Index": "The Infinite Being that preserves, governs, and disposes all things in our wonderful universe, surely sets forth an ever-present example of what a value He places upon activity, energy, labor properly directed." And again, "The fault is not that we have too much of the ideal, but rather that we use too little of it. Cultivate ideals religiously. Don't be scrupulous about day-dreaming—indulge it as much as you will, but let your dreams be noble."

It is not often that a college journal enters the political arena. The "Solonian" has made the venture, and in no half-hearted manner. It has our best wishes for success. We doubt, however, that Wm. J. Bryan "is invincible, and the principles of which he is today the Great Apostle will carry all before them, like a flood which brooks no impediment."

The "Assumption College Review" and "St. Mary's Angelos," are among the exchanges which we have read with interest. Both are exceedingly neat in their general make-up, and the matter shows much painstaking care in its preparation.

Book Review.

The Catholic Home Annual, published by Benziger Brothers, New York, commends itself, in a particular manner, to all Catholic parents. No journal of its kind could be more suitable for their children or themselves. Special attention is given to facts about church services and ceremonies. Moreover, it contains stories of much excellence, everyone having a good moral to give the proper finish. The issue for 1909 is of an artistic nature and proves the fine literary taste of the editors.

The Contemporary Review for the month of October has two articles in it full of timely information about troubled questions of

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the day. One, "The Proportional Representation of the Belgian Parliament," shows the rapid advances this country has made in politics during recent years. The franchise regulations place merit on a footing with wealth and property. The case differs greatly in England. All males of twenty-five have votes. A man of property cannot have more than three. Married men of thirty-five are given an extra vote; while gentlemen of position and education receive the same recognition. Again, a plan has been adopted of allowing proportional representation to the different political parties, and has been found a success. The other article, "Poor Relief In Switzerland," explains the system in that country of assisting those in poverty and distress. The authorities will not tolerate drunkards. They are made to work and support those under their care or are subjected to the rigours of the law. The state would rather make men out of them than let them grow to be paupers. It is a case where severity proves more charitable than leniency. The poor in Belgium are fortunate, indeed, in comparison with those in England; and, also, few in numbers.

The Very Reverend Lawrence F. Kearney, O.P., the Provincial of the Dominicans of the Province of St. Joseph in the United States, has secured all and singular the rights to an English edition of the monumental work of the lamented Dominican scholar and historian, Rev. Henry Denifle, O.P., on "Luther and Lutheranism." The translation will be made by Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., a priest of the Province of St. Joseph. Father Reinhart has already begun the work, which will be pushed steadily to its completion.

This will be glad news to all English scholars, who since the appearance of Father Denifle's great work in German have been wishing for an authoritative English translation.

The Shadow of Eversleigh, by Jane Lansdowne (Benziger Brothers, \$1.25). The story of a Catholic family during the religious changes of the sixteenth century, excellently told, by a member of the household. What the "shadow" was that for so long dwelt about the ancient manor-house of Combe Eversleigh, readers must discover for themselves; to tell anything about it would be to tell the whole tale. It is well worth reading, and the author is to be congratulated on having presented a faithful picture of the beliefs and manners of Catholic England, at a time when it was soon to cease to be Catholic.

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Among the Magazines.

The October number of the *Ave Maria* contains a particularly valuable and interesting article entitled "St. Francis in Art and Literature." The writer dwells on the great refining and elevating influence of the holy man of Assissi on the art and literature of the twelfth century. What more fitting subject for a painter's brush than the events of such a career! "It was not his physical attractiveness alone, but his 'inexpressible sweetness,' his intensely human sympathy; his brightness; the pathos and romance of his perfect selflessness, and rigid poverty in the midst of a luxurious and pleasure-seeking world,—these things inspired men's brushes and pens." The age, says the writer, was an age of worldliness, luxury and pleasure-seeking; morality was at a low ebb; the very foundations of religion were shaken. It was inevitable that literature should be corrupt under such conditions. And then St. Francis came, with his bright sunny smile, his poetic soul, and his great love of God and man, and unconsciously, though none the less surely, raised the literary standard of his day.

The Spread of Spiritism, also in the October number of the *Ave Maria*, explains the rapid growth of a belief in the Spirit world, during the last few years, and the astonishing changes it is likely to produce in the modern sciences.

The "Canadian Messenger" for 1908 contains a very interesting and useful series of articles on Moral Training. In the October number the writer dwells on the great benefits derived from experience, and on the necessity of its teaching from early childhood. From experience we are enabled to form a conception of our own abilities and qualities, of our courage and energy, our firmness and perseverance, which are so necessary to the faithful performance of duty. The article is an instructive one, and worthy the perusal of young and old.

An interesting statement of facts re the Civil Service question is contained in the September number of *The Civilian*. The writer handles the question in a very precise and to-the-point manner, and suggests some very practical hints towards the solution of the question. In the same Review, we find a very illustrative comparison of the postal service of Canada today with that of the early days. It is perhaps interesting to know that the first postal delivery in Canada was initiated during the reign of Queen Anne. From that time

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it has gradually increased, and improved, till at the present day Canada boasts of one of the most efficient mail-services in the world.

The three October numbers of the Ave Maria contain an excellent little serial entitled, "The Coin of Sacrifice." It is a story of the unselfish love of a mother for her son, and of the great sacrifice she offered in order that God might protect him from an impending evil. The force of her example ultimately won the conversion of her son, and for herself consequent happiness.

There are many items of interest in the Rosary Magazine for October, chief among which are "Venerable Mother Barat" and "Convert Sons of Harvard." Of the short stories, the "Apparition at Glenora Priory" is conspicuous for its beautiful descriptions. The General Chronicle is up to its usual standard, containing as it does many interesting articles on events both foreign and domestic.

The Messenger is particularly valuable for an excellent article on the Jubilee of Pius X. The writer sets forth, to the best advantage, the many distinguishing traits and characteristics of Pope Leo's successor, and his success in dealing with the most difficult of ecclesiastical questions. In order to have an adequate idea of the Holy Father's abilities and virtuous devotion, our readers would do well to peruse this excellent contribution.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

J. B. McDonald, second wing of the Toronto Varsity fourteen, renewed old acquaintances when up with his team.

Among the spectators at the recent Ottawa-Queen's game were noticed Rev. V. Meagher, '04, and Rev. R. Carey, '02, and Rev. J. Keeley, '02, formerly of the editorial staff.

P. P. A. Smith is in business at Toronto.

John J. McGrath, Attorney at Law, of the class of '99, was recently married in Ogdensburg to Miss Gervais, niece of Rev. L. Gervais, O.M.I., formerly Vice-Rector at Varsity. The Review extends to the young couple its best wishes.

F. Johnston, V. Guilfoyle, R. McDougall, L. Joron, and W. S. Golden were among the number of our "old boys" to give the College team a hearty welcome on its recent trip to Montreal.

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Dr. W. Kennedy, the famous third wing of the Ottawa and Queens teams, is at present House-Surgeon at Water Street Hospital.

Dr. Herb. Sullivan, who was House-Surgeon at Water Street Hospital last year, met all the boys at Peterborough, en route to Toronto. He expects to soon "hang out his shingle" in Hamilton. "Sancho" McDonald, '08, was another one to meet the boys at the station at Peterborough and wish them good luck.

Among the list of our "old boys" now in Toronto, who extended a welcome to the team, on its recent visit to that city, were V. McFadden, J. Lajoie, B. Slattery and N. Fleming.

"Fatty" Courtois, of last year's fourteen, paid the College a short visit when up with the Grand Trunk football team of Montreal.

We were very pleased to receive the other day a letter from Rev. John J. Macdonell, '02, one of our former Editors. "Mac" is staying in the Adirondacks to restore his impaired health. The Review thanks him for his kindness, and most earnestly wishes him a speedy recovery.

We got a letter last week from Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I., '96. The Doctor is still Rector of the Cathedral, New Westminster, and says he is delighted with the people and country on the Pacific Coast.

J. K. Foran, Esq., Litt. D., '94, has recently been promoted to an important position on the Hill. Congratulations, Doctor.

We have had a visit from Ald. Church, of Toronto, a graduate of Ottawa University. "Tommy" is a great friend of the boys.

OBITER DICTA.

The child is father of the man; and wiser. Children never do foolish things. Only men do.—Ruskin.

Wisdom is habited in plainest garb, and she walks modestly, unheeded of the gaping and wondering crowd.—Spalding.

That which befits us embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.—Emerson.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.—Ruskin.

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Let a man but have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring. — Spalding.

In six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength no vestige is left but fallen stones that encumber the fields and impede the streams.—Ruskin.

When, indeed, we look backward through long years of life, lost opportunities rise before us like mocking friends crying: Too late, too late; Nevermore, nevermore.—Spalding.

We once taught our youths to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated.—Ruskin.

Those whose ideal is athletic are in danger of not looking higher than the prize-ring.—Spalding.

Wherever it is possible to live, it is possible to live well. — Marcus Aurelius.

Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.—Ruskin.

Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it.—Gibbons.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.—Ruskin.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Chas. E. McRae, parish priest of Moose Creek, diocese of Alexandria, died recently in the Catholic Hospital at Cornwall. R.I.P.

Rev. J. J. Collins, parish priest at Carleton Place, died on Oct. 18th. Fr. Collins came from Ireland about twenty years ago, and has filled many important positions in Kingston diocese. R.I.P.

Dr. Daniel Gilman, first president of John Hopkins University, is dead at Norwich, Conn.

The death of Miss Louisa Connolly, daughter of Mr. P. Connolly, 143 Wilbrod street, and sister of three former students, Peter and James and Joseph, has been deeply felt by a large circle of friends. The Review extends its sincerest sympathies to the family.

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Personals

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel has returned from St. Boniface, where he attended the blessing of the new Cathedral.

Cardinal Gibbons arrived at New York by the Caronia Oct. 7. His visit to Ireland was a most welcomed one.

Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., may leave Rome about Nov. 1st. Owing to the weighty subjects discussed, the Chapter has lasted longer than was at first expected.

Mother Filiatriault, Mother General of the Gray Nuns in Canada, shows by the journey she has set out upon to the Mackenzie River district, a noble self-sacrifice very becoming to her position.

Brother Raymond, formerly Prince Carl zu Lowenstein, was ordained sub-deacon, by Cardinal Fischer, a few weeks ago at Cologne.

The English sermons of the students' annual retreat were given by Father Leacy of Ogdensburg. Rev. Father Georget, O.M.I., preached to the French division.

Rev. A. B. Roy, O.M.I., has returned from the Second Annual International Tax Convention, held in Toronto. Canada was well represented, and so was the United States, having among its members governors, judges, and professors of the leading educational institutions. Father Roy will have a paper to read before the next convention which will meet at Atlanta, Georgia.

Prof. Goodwin, of Queen's University, has been in Ottawa for a few days.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the great missionary of the West, is about to open a Home for Aged Women at Fish Creek, near Calgary.

Rev. Geo. W. Bailey, of Taunton, Somerset, England, has visited his nephew, Rev. G. O'Toole, of the Seminary.

Father O'Gorman, of Spencerville, and Father John Maher, of Kemptville, passed through the city to attend the funeral of the late Father J. J. Collins, of Carleton Place.

One of the preachers of St. Joseph's Parish retreat will be the Rev. W. G. Morgan, of Buffalo.

Rev. M. P. O'Gorman, of Buckingham, who was ordained in September last, has gone to Rome to continue his studies.

Father Gauvreau, O.M.I., at one time on our educational staff, and now Provincial Procurator of the Oblate Order at Montreal, was a recent visitor.

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Rev. R. D. Best, whose golden jubilee was celebrated on October 10 at Brompton, England, is the last surviving pupil of Father Faber.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian of Ancient Rome, is expected to deliver a few lectures at The Columbia University before he returns to Italy.

On October 21st Miss Catharine (Kitty) Quinn, of this city, and Mr. Francis Shaughnessy, of Amboy, Ill., were united in marriage. Miss Nellie Murphy was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank McCarthy groomsmen. The popular young bride has gone to live with her husband in the south. Shaughnessy is remembered here as the man who struck the longest "homer" ever seen on the college diamond.

Athletics.

Just one short month ago appeared the first number of our Review. Its athletic pages were replete with expressions of praise for football warriors, of hope for their future success, and predictions of a series of glorious victories. And what has the month really brought us? alas, four defeats! How idle were our praises! How vain our hopes! and how false our predictions! The position we now hold in the Intercollegiate Union is indeed most regrettable, and one which "*most of us*" feel keenly. To drop from the highest rank, where all praise and glory is showered upon one, to the very bottom of the ladder and receive harsh criticism, is indeed most embarrassing. We know it and we feel it. But the one question is, "what is the cause of this great downfall?" "How many different answers there are to this all-important question, would be difficult to say. Many "wise ones" have been heard, all of which struck wide of the mark. It is really amusing to hear the remarks and suggestions of "some" who are entirely unfamiliar with the circumstances, who know little or nothing about the game itself, and who are incapable of judging. The "I told you so" suggestions are always welcome before the game, but never after, for then everybody knows. Those who have followed the team in all its games have really seen and have offered some good reasons for its defeats, although before the first game everybody was of the opinion that the team was better and in better condition than last year.

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It is far from our intention to make excuses for the team's reverses—we merely desire to state a few facts which in a great measure answer the question. Our average weight is 152 lbs. Queen's our first rivals 173. Some difference, you see. McGill's weight is 164, and Toronto's 167. Need we say more in this respect.

We have lost the toss for choice in every game, and in three of the four games winning the toss meant scoring first, and Ottawa College with a lead in score is a hard aggregation to overcome. Did you ever stop to consider how easy it is to do everything when things are coming your way. The football field is the place of all places where this holds true.

Think it over and ask yourselves, Have we ever had the better of the officials? Does that matter very much in the result of a game? Be honest with yourselves, and you can't but admit that there are at least some allowances to be made. Now let us glance hastily over each game thus far in the season.

GAME NO. 1:—QUEEN'S—OTTAWA. 14-7.

Defeated after a close and exciting contest. Weight proved a great factor in Queen's favor, but be it said to their credit they played a very consistent and effective game, and deserved the laurels. College led at half-time by a score of 5-3.

The officials, though earnest and perfectly impartial in their rulings, were, nevertheless, very lenient regarding offside interference, which fact materially helped to give Queen's the victory. After the game, experts said, "Queen's for the championship, for College is too light."

GAME NO. 2:—OTTAWA—McGILL. 9-11.

The subject is a painful one. The less said about the game the better — for McGill's sake. We were the victims of some high class "Raffles" work, and if the C.I.R.F.U. decides to sustain the high-handedness and somewhat weird rulings of one Benjamin Burland, then with such a precedent established we fear for the future welfare of the Union. Let it be noted, however, that Ottawa College gave three lusty cheers for the McGill players before leaving the campus. Understand well, for the McGill players—not for "the official," or the McGill touch-line judge.

GAME NO. 3:—OTTAWA—TORONTO. 18-29.

Weather conditions played an important part in the game, and

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unfortunately for us in Toronto's favor. We lost the toss and played uphill against an aggregation of heady and heavy men. The slippery condition of the field, coupled with the inexperience of one of our wings gave Varsity a lead of twelve points in the first half. College, nothing daunted, played a wonderful game in the second half and at one time it looked as if we would win out. We did not, however, but went away satisfied that we had lost to a better team which had a little the shade of the luck.

GAME NO. 4:—TORONTO AT OTTAWA. 14-9.

Another defeat, and once more, let it be noted, we lost the toss when losses count. With a gale blowing seventy miles an hour, Toronto scored 14 points in the first half. We scored nine points in the second half after we got things going, and then the whistle blew. Everyone said, "If they only had a little longer to play." The game was, however, most interesting to watch, and though we did not give our supporters the opportunity of cheering a glorious victory, we did favor them with an excellent exhibition of clean, scientific football. The officials, Messrs. Lailey and McArthur, both Toronto men, are without exception the fairest officials holding the whistle to-day. The offside interference was worked on several occasions in the game, but it was quite evident that they were unaware of it. Though Toronto had a bigger and, hence, a better team, they had to work for every point they got.

TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Mike Smith, in his old position of second wing, has done very effective work this year. He is playing the game of his career, and has the unique distinction of scoring 5 out of 6 touchdowns made by O. U. so far.

* * *

Oct. 31, 1908, was the 23rd anniversary of the first meeting on the gridiron of Toronto Varsity and Ottawa College. On that date, 1885, O. U. defeated Toronto on the old field by a score of 19-2.

* * *

Toronto Telegram:—"If the Argos had Ottawa College's brains, or the College the Argos' weight, there would surely be a championship team in Ottawa or in Toronto."

You can't win all the time, but you can be good losers and likewise good sports.

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* * *

The Citizen (before the first game):—"The smoothest little aggregation playing football."

* * *

Harrington and Higgerty have played winning football in every game; although their work is not of the spectacular sort, it is of the kind that counts.

* * *

Toronto Star:—"Though the College lacked weight they were game to the core. They have the football knowledge and the brains, but not the physical strength to put them into execution."

* * *

One reason for inquiring friends:—The average weight of this year's team is 150 lbs. The lightest senior team in the history of Canadian football.

* * *

Bennie Dean met with his first serious accident in Toronto, compelling him to retire from the game. Up to this time he had been playing splendidly both in tackling and running. Dean, without doubt, is the best tackler on the team, and has shown himself such in every game he has played.

* * *

Ritchie of the Torontos, after the second game with College: "Oh, that we could come by the spirit of Ottawa College and not dismember College."

* * *

Toronto Globe:—"In Conway, College have a real find. He is undoubtedly the best left middle wing that the Collegians have had for years."

* * *

It was no easy task to fill the vacancies made by the graduation of Joron, McDonald, Troupe and Courtois. The other vacancies were more easily filled.

* * *

A total of nine minutes for penalties speaks well for the character of this year's team.

* * *

Although beaten in every game so far, Ottawa College have been the most consistent of the losers in senior football this year.

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A glance at the scores will show that they made their opponents travel at top speed as well away from home as on the O. U. grid-iron.

* * *

Let Shakespeare speak for us to our post-game advisors:—
“If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages had been princes’ palaces.” Our scribe supplies “and Ottawa College had been twice champions.”

* * *

The Kennedy Bros. who played on the half line for Toronto last year when College won the I.C.R.F.U. championship, are doing brilliant work for the Ottawa City team this year.

* * *

Be good sports, boys, and remember you can’t win all the time. Don’t go around “knocking” those who have tried hard but who have had hard luck. Rest assured they have done their best, and if they could have won for you they certainly would have done so.

* * *

McCarthy’s action in jumping into the first game at a moment’s notice, though seriously handicapped by a sprained wrist, was a proof of his loyalty to Alma Mater and the team. Would that we had more Macs. *Intelligenti pauca!*



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Of Local Interest

A student once feeling forlorn
Said I wish I had never been born,
But he soon changed his tune,
Along about noon,
For he hadn't eaten since morn.

Prof. of Latin: They called him Jupiter Indiges. What does that mean?

Le—cy: Jupiter's Indigestion.

Fl—m—g: Well, I'll certainly put my foot down on it.
Sarcastic one: It should cover it.

Ha—t has a wonderfully developed pair of arms with a remarkable reach—at table.

Prof. of Latin: If you met Mr. Wh—l—n, how would you address him, Ave, salve or vale?

Le—cy: I wouldn't recognize him.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary. What is the argument Ch—p'r

Free shines at Hackett's Parlors. Open all hours.

Sully, we still have that tobacco to sell.

Prof. of Physics: "Give an example of centrifugal force."
Prompter to Shorty—"swinging."
Shorty (misunderstanding): "Singing."

Go it Gr—ce. Whoa! Awful speed to start in on.

Levi has decided to resign from the Jockey Club. Farewell, a long farewell to all thy greatness!

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Are you going to run this year Algy 17?

Mike has found a shady spot!

Where?

Under Sam's table.

" 'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes." Care
ne R—an.

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.

Lam—t—e, have that misplaced eyebrow amputated before
hunting ducks.

How is the speed and weight, G—n—a?

O'K—f—e has hibernated for the winter. Sleep on Mac Duff
and don't let Ken—dy cry enough.

That noble stog is pausin' noo.

The following is a list of the attractions for the coming sea-
son:

Levi Bo—le in The Wolf.

Con—han in Little Nemo.

Le—cy in Wildfire, The Great Racing Comedy.

Ro—d—n in Paid In Full.

S—th in Strongheart.

O'G—ra in The Stroke Oar.

O'K—fe in Asleep At The Switch.

W—bs in Adrift In A Large City.

MacDon— in Bonnie Brier Bush.

McCar— in The Power Behind the Throne.

E. G—n—a in The Music Master.

D—an in Nearly A Hero.

H—rt in A Knight For A Day.

W. B—e—n in Our New Minister.

C. G—r—an in A Cure For A Cold.

Du B— in The Girl Behind The Counter.

De— in Rep., A Servant In The House.

and "17" or The Sprint For Fame.

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Ha—k—t and Sully in The Great Divide.

Wh—l—n in A Night Off and The Morning After.

L—nk— in A Modern Othello or Mislike Me Not For My Dark Complexion.

W—er in The Merry Widow.

Ba—lf in When I Was King.

Ch—tr—nd, Co—t—l—o and O'Br— in The Three Twins.

Ha—r—gton in The Yiddish Cowboy.

Hu—on and O'Le—ry in Babes in Toyland.

J. O'Br— in Brewster's Millions.

The Coach: Equip them like hoplites with heavy armor.

Manager: How can they *hop light* dressed that way?

The Professor searched for the cause of distraction, and found it to be a pencil. Quoth he: "I thought it might have been a hairpin as I am looking for a *cue*."

Tragedy in one act:—

"Bijou," the College pup.

Laurier Avenue.

Honk, honk.

Sausage.

J. M. J.

Junior Department

The Executive of the Junior Athletic Association, shortly after its election to office, held a meeting for the purpose of forming different inter-mural leagues and of drawing up schedules. They divided the largest boys into three teams—A, B and C—comprising the First League; the intermediates into three teams—A, B and C—comprising the Second League, and "the babies" into two teams—A and B—comprising the Third League. According to the schedule arranged, the games were to be played on Wednesdays and Sundays—two games, but from different leagues, being always fixed for the same afternoon.

There is no use looking for the scalp of the Junior Editor, for he is a mysterious personage, and his peregrinations in quest of

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news are always made *incognito*. Please remember this, F—B—.

Most of the games of the inter-mural leagues have been worked off without a hitch. Good-will and enthusiasm has not been lacking on the part of the players. In the First League, the B team gained the championship by three straight wins. The champions' line-up was as follows: full back, Brady L.; half backs, Leblanc, Carleton and Cross; scrimmage, Fink, Quinn and Lebel; and wings, Cornellier, Landriau L., Chartrand J., Chantal (cap.), Clark and Sullivan. Team A carried off the honors of the Intermediates. Petitclair, Nevins, Quain, Ribout, DesRosiers, Lahais, Desjardins, Steers, Rattey, Lally, Degagne, Quinn F., Fortin, and Belisle were the ones that made up this lucky fourteen. The Third League, when we went to print, were still in the heat of a stern struggle for superiority, with odds slightly in favor of B.

How much better that cap of Bobby's fits since he had a haircut!

On October the 8th, a meeting was held in Ottawa University for the purpose of forming a Junior City League. Messrs. Graham and Venning represented the Collegiate; Rice and Broadbent the Buena Vistas; and Poulin and Brennan the Small Yard. The following executive was chosen: Hon. president, Dr. Nagle; hon. first vice-president, B. Ahearn; hon. second vice-president, Prof. Headley; president, Mr. Graham; first vice-president, Mr. Venning; second vice-president, Mr. Rice, and secretary, Mr. Poulin.

The Unexpected. "Try and tackle Milot," cried out the coach with some heat. Thus imperatively spoken to, the player addressed made a dive for the coach's ankles.

Schedule for the Junior City League:—

October 10—Small Yard vs. Buena Vistas.

October 17—Collegiate II. vs. Small Yard.

October 24—Buena Vistas vs. Collegiate II.

October 31—Collegiate II. vs. Small Yard.

November 7—Small Yard vs. Buena Vistas.

November 9—Buena Vistas vs. Collegiate II.

Remember, boys, that sports should not take the first place in your college life, but first and foremost and before all come your studies.

In the opening game of the Junior City League the Small Yard tallied a win against the Buena Vistas by the score of 13 to 1. The Buena Vistas had the advantage of weight, but the college lads won

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out by their knowledge of the game, their speed, their headwork and their superior punting. The Small Yard players were: full, Cornellier; halves, Harris, Leblanc and Poulin; quarter, Nagle; scrim., Murtagh, Gascon and Laroche; wings, Brennan, Fournier, Lebel, Chantal (cap.), Tobin and Batterton. Father Veronneau acted as referee to the satisfaction of both teams.

On October 17th, Small Yard lost to Collegiate II. by the score of 5 to 3. The plucky fight our men put up against such weighty opponents made us feel proud of them even in their defeat. There is no "kick" coming. The Collegiate play good clean ball.

A very interesting and closely contested game was played against the students of the Juniorate—the score standing 12 to 11 at full time with Small Yard the winners.

"Philip" is the best punter in the Junior City League.

The Junior Editor is not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but yet he foresees in our genial J-ck T-b-n a coming football coach. He knows the game to a nicety with tackling as a specialty. He delights in refereeing and can express a whole book of rules in a single trill of the whistle. He has been seen, time and again, giving pointers to small boys on corner lots. To say that all the little fellows are in admiration of his genius would be putting it mild. It has been observed that upon his departure they would pitch their little caps into the air as if they were trying to hang them on the horns of the moon and cry out: "We are going to make Jack our coach."

Who said the second team played a game? Well, did they win? Don't mention it.

STANDING OF J. C. L.

	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Collegiate... ..	2	0	2
Small Yard	1	1	2
Buena Vistas... ..	0	2	2

The goods our men have to handle are generally done up in large packages.

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TELEPHONE 1352

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J. N. BROWNLEE, Proprietor.

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Head Office : Ottawa, Ont.

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which interest will be allowed at cur-
rent rates and added to Principal
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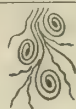
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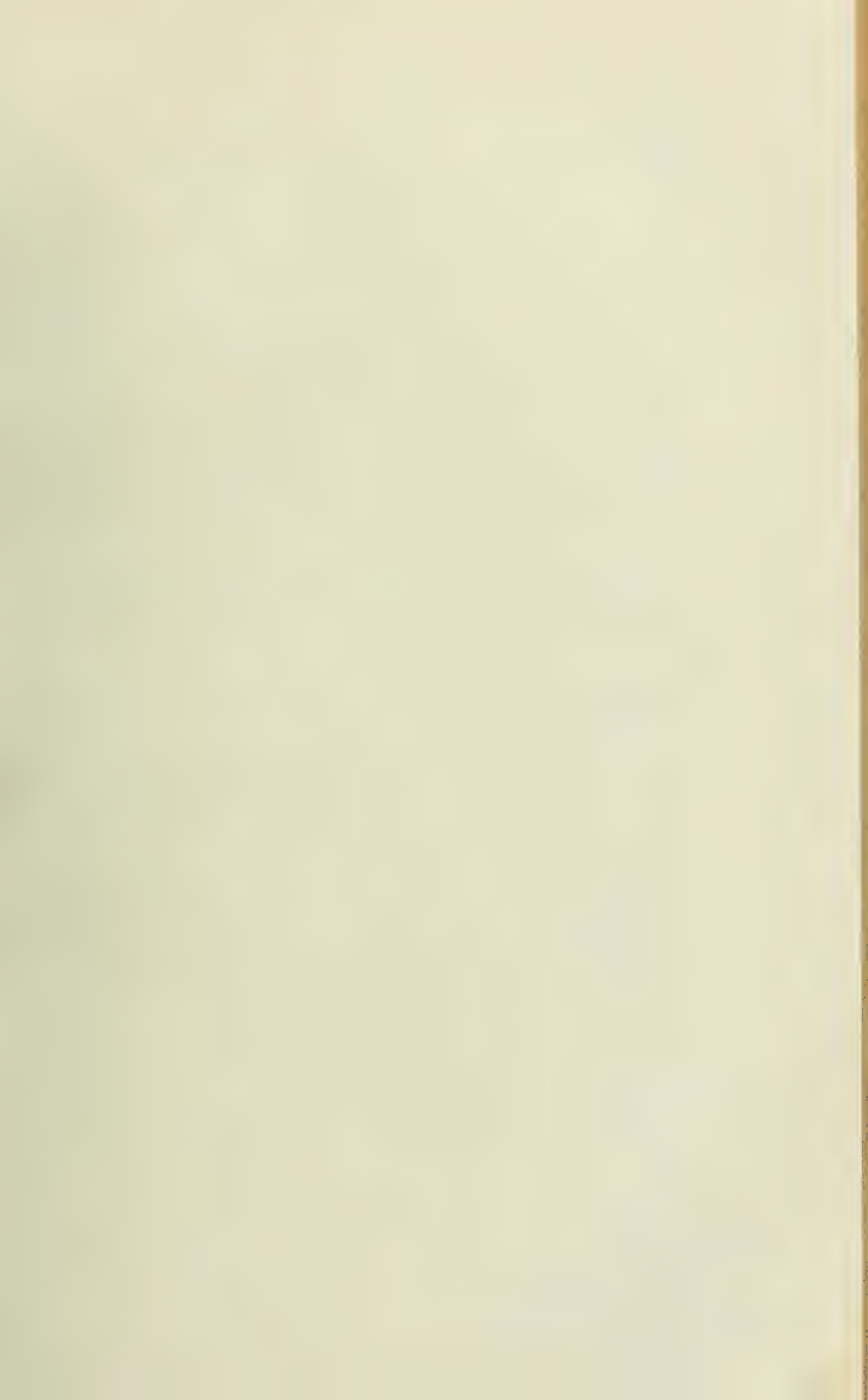
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When Dealing With Advertisers Please Mention The Review.

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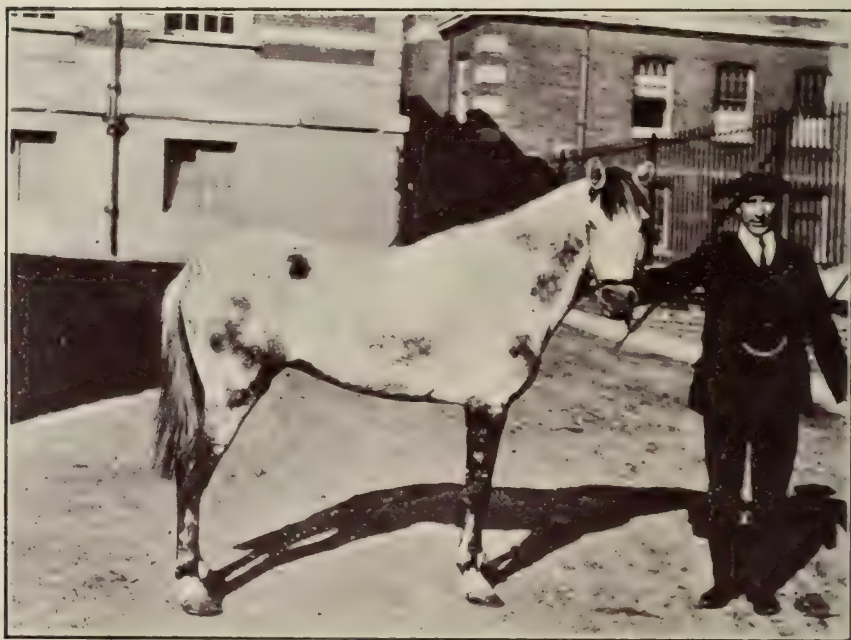
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"Sewi" dying. Sierra Leone, 29 December, 1907.



"Sewi" cured. London, 30 August, 1908.



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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No. 3

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

PISTOR: DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

An English rendering, by FRANCIS W. GREY, Lit.D.

A Child is born in Bethlehem,
Rejoice! Rejoice! Jerusalem.

Here in a manger He is laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

The stalled beasts before Him fall
And humbly own Him Lord of all.

The Kings of Saba, journeying, bring
Gold, myrrh, and incense to their King.

And, entering, humble homage pay
The New-Born Prince of Peace, to-day.

Born of a Virgin Mother, He
Flesh of our flesh is pleased to be.

Sinless, and free from ev'ry stain,
He comes to set us free again.

Man among men, to men akin
In all things—saving only sin.

That, as He deigned our flesh to wear
We in His Godhead might have share.

In this Day's glad festivity
Al' praise to God the Father be;

To the Most Blessed Trinity
All thanks and honour render we.

The Civilization of the 13th Century.

(Continued.)



WE are living in an age of industrial reform. Day after day the workingman is coming into a more equitable share of the wealth, in the production of which his labor contributes. It is something less than a century ago, however, that England, the foremost country of Europe in the progress of popular rights, removed the parliamentary restrictions that prohibited the combining of craftsmen for the purpose of bettering their wages. With the removal of those restrictions, there sprang up the labor unions which constitute the army of the craftsmen to-day.

But trades unions are no latter day novelty. Far back in the days when that perfect type of Pope, Innocent 3rd, occupied the papal chair, the Church organized the laboring men into honorable, chartered corporations, and in every way encouraged and assisted them in their pursuits. In those days when the Church was powerful and when she was free to exercise her beneficent and civilizing mission, and to mould social institutions according to her ideals, she bestowed on workingmen the most precious privileges and immunities. Trade guilds sprang up under her sanction in every city and quickly advanced to large power and influence. In the city of Florence at this time the *arti* or craftsmen became so powerful that it was impossible even for a noble to secure any public office unless he was enrolled among some of the major or minor arts.

President Eliot of Harvard, high minded and zealous social philosopher, as I believe him to be, has tried to preach to workingmen the gospel of love of work. But he is only echoing the counsel of the ancient Church. The men of the Thirteenth Century seemed to have applied themselves to their work in a spirit of love. We know, at all events, that they were contented with their lot, proud of their craft, satisfied and happy.

Europe in the Thirteenth Century was not Utopia. Misfortune, poverty, and oppression were no more extirpated then, than they were before or have been since. But poverty was regarded in a somewhat different light then. It did not make men the objects of ridicule and sneers. Moreover, they bore up with greater fortitude

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under the ills of adverse fortune, because they were more robust morally, and knew the use of that universal anodyne for all human ills, the abiding faith and hope in a hereafter. We have changed much of this. But have we found in the loss a gain to match? In the mediaeval world, the Church did not indulge in dreams or vaporous talk about humanity and the uplifting of the masses. Cold, systematized philanthropy was to her unthought of. She worked with individual men. She knew, as she always knows, that it is her sacred office to extend charity to all—to protect the poor against the ravages of poverty and disease and to shield the weak from the tyranny of the strong. In the Middle Age, the State or private individual never had to care for the poor. That sacred office was assumed by the Church. Wandering paupers and State-cared-for unfortunates were to be found only after that disastrous event of the Sixteenth Century which broke the unity of Christendom and interfered with the benign functions of the Church.

As I have remarked, organized central governments came into existence in the Thirteenth Century. But in order to prepare the ground for their establishment, the dignity of the individual and the family had to be raised. This work the Church accomplished by preaching the equality of all men in the eyes of God, by establishing the sanctity of marriage, and elevating the condition of woman.

That woman enjoys a position of social equality with man to-day and is not in the state of utter debasement and degradation in which she was in the old days of Rome and Greece, she owes to the Catholic Church of the Middle Age, and to the Catholic Church alone. Throughout all heathendom, Voluptuousness was worshipped as a goddess. But by Catholicism, maternity was made sacred, and the relationship of marriage sanctified. As a necessary consequence the position of woman was elevated.

In the Thirteenth Century, we find that many women rose even to large political and intellectual influence. Who is there who does not know that masterful woman, Blanche of Castile, who ruled the kingdom of France during the minority of her son Louis IX.; and the brilliant Isabella, who was unfortunately tied to that craven, King John of England? In the literary world of that time one of the brightest names is that of the famous writer of lays, Marie de France. There were no shrieking feline suffragists storming parliaments and legislatures in those days. Women gained respect and reverence by virtue of those gentle graces that make them the worthy objects of chivalry.

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Woman had her apotheosis about the Thirteenth Century. The reason of this is to be found in the words of a poet of that time, "It must be accredited to all women that the Mother of God was a woman." Women rose in esteem according as devotion to Our Lady increased, for the ardent devotion and veneration that was felt for her naturally extended to the sex of which she was the perfect type and exemplar.

Social philosophers may write ponderous and learned articles about the emancipation and elevation of woman, but the philosophy of it all is summed up in these few words, the Mother of God was a woman.

Summarizing in a few words the chief items of the world's political and social inheritance from the Thirteenth Century, we have an organized State preserving the spirit of feudalism, the Great Middle Class and the associated fact of town life, popular representative government, and the emancipation of woman.

It is a widespread notion, but a notion we are glad to say, which is gradually melting away in the sunlight of scientific historical inquiry, that the time from the Fifth to the Fifteenth Century was one long, dreary night of fetid gloom, intellectual torpor, and sterile inaction; and the first blush of the returning day of enlightenment was seen in that revival of classical literature of the Fifteenth Century, the revival that is commonly known as the Renaissance. But, as Emerson remarks, the darkness of those times arises from our own want of information, not from the absence of intelligence that distinguished them. It is only the most superficial student of history that fails to recognize in the Middle Age a period of immense intellectual activity.

The so-called Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century, was, no doubt, a period of unusual intellectual and artistic activity; but it had in it the seeds of moral, religious, and social anarchy. And after all, what was it in its most boasted features but a recrudescence of the decadent paganism of Greece and Rome?

The beneficent effects of the Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century have, to my mind, been magnified and exaggerated beyond reason. As I have said, it was a recrudescence of decadent paganism more than a revival of christian society. An error into which historians commonly fall is to attribute everything that may happen at any time to whatever movement may then predominate; for example, the marvellous Italian painting of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries is attributed to the Renaissance. In my opinion,

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it was simply the natural outgrowth of the life and thought of the Thirteenth Century rather than a result of the Renaissance.

The most noted feature of the Fifteenth Century movement was the revival of those poets who flourished in the later and decadent days of the Roman Empire. The great Latin masters, Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, were read and taught, and appreciated, infinitely more than they are to-day, in the monastic schools of the Middle Age. Those who say the contrary simply betray a profound ignorance of the mediaeval schools. But then ignorance never deters some historians from spreading themselves in ink. It is often amusing to hear those lamentations over the base neglect of Virgil and the other Roman writers during the long years of the Middle Age. I wonder how many of those historical Jeremiahs, who wail these lamentations, could read Virgil. How many of the graduates of our classical schools to-day can read ten consecutive lines of Virgil or any of the Latin poets within an hour, without running to a dictionary for every second word? It might be more pertinent to ask how many people read our own great master, Shakespeare, once they have left school. Why not weep over the neglect of Shakespeare? It would certainly be more justifiable and infinitely more to the purpose.

Any effort after a new life, which we take a renaissance to be, in order to be truly beneficent, must be constructive, must be philosophic, must be spiritual. All this the revival of the Thirteenth Century undeniably was. Whereas the humanist movement of the Fifteenth Century was, as its warmest admirers must admit, destructive, contemptuous of philosophic guidance, and pagan.

In the christian Renaissance of the Thirteenth Century, minds that have no superior in all the records of human endeavor, were co-operating not for a revival of things which the world could only too well spare, and which, it was to the world's shame, had ever lived; but were putting forth all their forces in art, poetry, philosophy, and religion towards the permanent organization of society on Catholic lines. That their ideals were cast aside by succeeding generations, is one of the most lamentable things in all history.

A mere cursory glance at the intellectual life of the Thirteenth Century will give one some idea of what a vastly superior world this would be, and what a purer and more spiritual civilization we would now enjoy, if the work of that time had not been frustrated by the distressing events of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

We of this day and country lay the flattering unction to our

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souls, that intellectually we are far and away beyond our ancestors. Self-depreciation is hardly our ruling passion. However, we may have some reason for our opinion. Let us see.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, writing in the *Cambridge Modern History*, says that the most striking characteristic of the United States to-day is its superstitious devotion to education. No matter where we look, we see majestic educational institutions. The finest buildings in this country are devoted to educational work. The means of education are countless and within the reach of everybody. But we fail to make an important distinction. Possession of means is one thing, and proper use of means is another and quite different thing. Some philosophic historian of the future may some day set it down against us that in our absorbing worship of means we were blinded to ends. Palatial buildings do not mean schools, much less do they mean education. It was said of Mark Hopkins, the eminent educator, that with him at one end of a log and an eager, intelligent pupil at the other was found a university. The remark is quite true. For what, after all, is education, in its nature and process, but the intimate personal influence of the mind formed upon the mind forming?

Education was, without doubt, less widespread in the Thirteenth Century than it is to-day; but I am inclined to think it was more genuine. Even at the risk of being thought reactionary and obscurantist, I state it as my conviction, that, if we were to throw away the art of printing, we would find that we have far less appreciation of genius, of wisdom, of poetry, and of art, than had the people of Europe in the days of St. Thomas, Roger Bacon, Giotto, and Dante.

The Crusades, those great movements of men, were, as the French historian Duruy remarks, followed by a great movement of ideas. This movement of ideas found its chief instrument in the universities. The Thirteenth Century must be regarded as the great age of universities; for, although a few of them existed prior to this time, it was only now they reached their full stature and were given definite charters and constitutions.

As can be readily imagined, they became the controlling force in philosophy, literature, and politics. But apart from that, they subserved a more important purpose; they continued and completed what was, no doubt, the most real, lasting, and beneficent result of the crusades—the engendering among those who took part in them of a spirit of christian fraternity and a sense of the common interests of all the people of western Europe.

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Feudalism had in it much of isolation. Each fief, barony, and kingdom was something apart by itself. The universities counteracted this isolation, for even the smallest of them were European rather than local. The cosmopolitan character of the student-body and the community of scholastic pursuits created an intellectual kinship which made brothers of all nationalities, so that a Frenchman was as much at home in Oxford as he was in the Latin Quarter of Paris. To the universities, therefore, next to the crusades, must be credited the Europeanizing of Europe.

Then, again, the universities were the democratizing and leveling agents of that time,—the greatest democratizing agents that had thus far appeared. Every one of them was a free commonwealth; the only pass-port required for admission, was the ability and desire to learn. They allowed no distinction of class; prince and peasant were on exactly the same footing. The only aristocracy recognized within their walls was the aristocracy of brains.

In the universities of those days, there were not, of course, so many faculties as we find in our institutions to-day. As a rule, each school devoted itself to some one department of knowledge—liberal arts, medicine, law or theology. The system of teaching was simple, almost exclusively oral. But what more effective teacher is there than the living voice? There was no attempt made at giving the student the whole sum of knowledge before he left the college walls. They aimed at a severe training of the intellectual powers. They realized, what modern makers of educational systems sometimes forget, that if the student has the root of knowledge, the branches and fruit will come of experience.

Primary schools were no novelty in the Thirteenth Century. They had already been in existence for many years. And in spite of the calumnious statements of the enemies of Rome, the church urged, even from the pulpit, the attendance of children at these schools. In the city of Florence in the Thirteenth Century, we find that out of a population of 90,000, twelve thousand were attending the schools. And yet those times have been called ages of ignorance and mental bondage!

Of course, there was a pretty wide prevalence of illiteracy in the Thirteenth Century, but not nearly so great as it was in subsequent centuries down to the Nineteenth. But then, illiteracy is not necessarily ignorance. Illiteracy, moreover, is not quite as extinct as the Dodo. We have a form of illiteracy to-day that is far more reprehensible than that of the olden time. It is "educated illiteracy"—

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the illiteracy which consists in bidding a final farewell to books and literature the very day one graduates from school. The illiteracy of the slums is bad enough. But of all the deplorable shapes of illiteracy, the illiteracy of the supposed cultivated man is the most tragic. To have the means of knowing the best that the choicest minds have seen, and felt, and thought, and not to know it, is surely mental destitution. May God protect the land the illiterate cultivated high school boy, or the illiterate college graduate is let loose on to drag it down to the prosaic, narrow level on which they themselves are doomed to live.

William D. Howells says that he has never been able to see much difference between what is called literature and what is called life. This was, indeed, true of the Thirteenth Century. Literature then was life. The people lived in the very atmosphere of poetry. Their times may not have been quite so safe as ours, but they were at least more picturesque. If a poor French peasant of those days should come back to life in one of our dismally prosaic villages or commonplace commercial cities, I think he would lose no time in quitting earth again.

One of the commonest sights of those days was the itinerant poet, or the gaily clad minstrel, singing snatches of lays as he wandered along from hall to castle. Every place he went he was welcomed with hospitality, even at the table of the king.

Literature and life are not so intimately connected now, I believe, as they were in the Thirteenth Century days. Ours is a world that reads and writes. It has been said that we take our literature like deaf-mutes. It is simply a matter of pen and eye. The world of the Thirteenth Century was one that sang and listened. And surely words were made for tongue and ear. In those times, too, the common man had a large share in imaginative art. To-day the literature worthy of the name is of the few and for the few.

Let us glance just for a moment at the literature of the Thirteenth Century. The Catholic hymnal is, without doubt, one of the most glorious anthologies in all literature. The Thirteenth Century saw the production of some of the most notable of its masterpieces: the *Dies Irae*, that soul-stirring cry of terror, and guilt, and prayer for mercy; the *Stabat Mater*, the sublimest of all elegies. I say this though mindful of the surpassing excellence of Milton's *Lycidas*, Grey's *Elegy*, and Shelley's *Adonais*—the *Stabat Mater* even after the thousandth reading, does what they can never do, send a thrill of exquisite pain through the heart. Then there are the glorious

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hymns of St. Thomas, the Pange Lingua and the Lauda Sion. Why is it we do not appreciate these hymns more? Even in English translation we get a great deal of their power and their charm. It cannot be, I hope, that use has made them stale.

In the realm of profane poetry, every subject worthy of literary art was sung by the poets of the Thirteenth Century. A very large part of our imaginative literature, both prose and verse, has taken its themes from these two great cycles of songs in which is concentrated the highest poetry of Catholic ages—the Carolingian cycle of epics and the Arthurian cycle or stories of King Arthur and the Holy Grail. Then, again, we have the famous poetical romances, the chansons de geste of the Trouveres, and the love songs of the Troubadours in France and the Minnesingers in Germany. In Spain, we find the appearance of those poems that go to make her national epic, the Cid. And Germany produced her Iliad in the Nibelungen Lied. Finally there appeared in the last half of the century, the greatest of all poets, Dante Alighieri. Born in 1265, it was only “in the midway of his mortal life,” in 1300, that he commenced the writing of his Divina Commedia. Yet it really belongs to the Thirteenth Century. Of course the Divina Commedia is a world-poem, and in its spiritual theme—the story of human nature sinning, struggling against vice and making towards perfection through knowledge and grace—in this spiritual sense it belongs to all times and ages. Yet it is in an especial manner the song of the Thirteenth Century. It is the picture of the life, the embodiment of the spirit, the record of the deeds, thoughts and aspirations of that closing century of the Middle Age.

When Carlyle says that Dante was the “voice of ten silent centuries,” he goes on to add, “The Divina Commedia is of Dante’s writing; yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante’s.—Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by stands here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him—The noblest idea made real hitherto among men, is sung and emblemed-forth abidingly by one of the noblest men.” Surely the Divina Commedia was a most glorious crowning of a splendid era.

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '02.

(To be continued.)

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SUNRISE.

O'er yon dim hills I see a silvery grey
 Lining on the border of a cloud—
 Black as the inky texture of a shroud
 Enveloping its soul-abandoned clay.
 Note how prophetic glimmerings faintly stray
 Illumining the east, like reason's dawn,
 Upon a mind from which its light has flown.
 Now lo! Behold the Monarch of the Day,
 Clad in majestic radiance, in his hand
 Such scepters as no earthly kings adorn,
 Shedding in rich profusion o'er the land
 His liquid rays to cheer the rosy morn.
 Taste you the bitter cup?—Then understand
 'Tis from the womb of Night the Day is born.

SUNSET.

O for a brush to paint the gorgeous west
 Resplendent with the sun's declining ray!
 O for a tongue with power to portray
 The manifold emotions in my breast
 As on this scene my sated eyes now rest!
 A conflagration's tamed to tenderness;
 The devouring flame's subdued till Heaven's dress
 Is ruby, emerald, sapphire, amethyst.
 Imagination bodies forth for me
 A mermaid with her tresses to the breeze
 And wanton Naiads sporting merrily
 Round faery islands set in silvery seas.
 Is this a memory of my infancy
 Or but a dream?—Behold! It vanishes like these.

A. G.

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His Double Loss.

THE angel of death drew nigh. With what pangs of grief did the father watch by the bedside of his only child, a girl of sixteen years. Others of the household were gathered around, answering, with bowed-down heads and in sorrowfully expressed words, the prayers for the dying. From the death-bed came the weak voice, almost a whisper, of the one who was so soon to hold communion with the angelic choirs. Her face, radiant with smiles, though wan, was turned towards the parent, who gazed at her in almost an adoring manner. She was lost to him now; but, was she not going to a brighter place, that abode of celestial happiness, where only God's children enter? He seemed to see her surrounded by angels, singing the glad Hosannas in honor of Him, who gave up His life-blood for wayward sons. Oh! how he wished he could go with her now, and be a participant in all the heavenly joys! How poor and insignificant must this material sphere of ours be when compared to that eternal Paradise! Happy, indeed, is he who has for his reward that home of the just and the righteous.

As he looked back at the past, those sixteen years seemed but an infinitely short time. But a few years earlier, he had led his smiling bride, her mother, into her new home. What magnificent plans had he laid for the future; but, alas! too soon were they to be broken. On a lovely morning in May, when the trees were resplendent with blossoms and the birds were singing their most blithesome songs, she was called away. A daughter had been born to her, and sorrowful was she to leave this fair creature unprotected, and far from the watchful eye of a mother. She died, and was buried in the little village graveyard, where many of her ancestors had been laid before her. Every spring, from the time the child was able to walk, did the father and daughter visit that grave of their loved one. Flowers, they strewed everywhere; planting, besides, two tall lilies, those sweet emblems of purity and modesty. In the winter, while the cruel wind blew the snow into high drifts and swayed the tall elms by the roadside, at the hearth they would sit for hours, while he repeated, to the great satisfaction of the child, the story of her mother.

Years flew by. Babyhood was soon left behind, and in its place was maidenhood, full of hope and gladness. Day by day she grew more like her mother, both in features and in manners. Sometimes

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in reverie, he would call her by his wife's name, thinking, no doubt, that her death had been but a dream. As of yore, these two were inseparable, and she naturally made him her playmate and confidant. In summer their pleasures were many. First, they would repair to the graveyard; and, after bedecking the mound with flowers, they would stroll off through the meadows, spotted here and there with daffodils, daisies, and buttercups. Pleased would she be when they rested by some babbling brook, where myriads of shadows of variegated colors could be seen darting in every direction as the busy stream sped onward. At other times, when their destination was some neighboring hill, she would always seek the highest and most jutting point, where a clear view of the village and of the country could be had. There they would sit for hours in the happy contemplation of Nature in all its grandeur and lordliness.

Summer changed to Winter. Once more the ground was covered with its pure vast mantle of snow. The forest trees looked blanch and stark as the wind whistled through their boughs. Cold, indeed, was it, but what care people for this, when, muffled up in warm clothes and furs, they drive through the drifts to the merry sounds of the sleigh-bells. With winter comes Christmas and all the joys of that holy season. This Christmas seemed a most pleasant one for the father and daughter. Why should they not be happy at that auspicious moment when centuries before the Christ-child had been born in the humble stable at Bethlehem? Needs there be a greater cause for joy and good-will? This happiness is redoubled, when, on Christmas Eve, we are called to prayer at the signal of "those merry, merry bells of Yule."

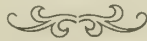
"The times draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

With thoughts like these did those two spend Christmas. Though the child was happy, the parent was sad. Something kept continually telling him that this blessed season would never be again seen by one of them. What if she were called away like her mother was! The thought was unbearable. However, as winter crept on, she contracted a cold. All medical aid was called in, but none seemed to have a cure for it. As spring came with its blossoms and flowers she was fast fading away, an image of her former self. The father was distracted; every doctor had the same verdict,—helpless.

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One fine Spring morning, another such as the one on which her mother died, it was evident that her hours were numbered. Seeing that the inevitable had to happen, he left her to God's care, for He who gives has power to take away. The prayers ended, the child said good-bye to those present; and, locked in her father's arms, she gave her parting sigh. They placed her by her mother in that little graveyard, where, summer after summer, was seen that dear old parent, now bent with age, wending his way to pray by those two lonely graves. Not long afterwards, he, too, received his reward, and joined those happy ones who had preceded him.

ONONO.



WASHINGTON CLUB ELECTIONS.

The Washington Club, which is composed of all students from across the line, held its first meeting of the year a few weeks ago for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

The meeting was quite a success, but when the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Hammersley, called the meeting to order, it was noticed with regret that the assembly was not as great as that of last year. Yet the new members made up in spirit what they lacked in numbers.

The results of the elections were that Mr. F. Otto Linke, '09, was unanimously elected president, while Mr. F. J. Whalen, '12, was in like manner chosen vice-president. For the office of treasurer there was a little excitement, and Mr. E. L. Ginna, '13, was elected. Mr. B. G. Du Bois, '10, was chosen to fill the secretaryship.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the Rev. Moderator expressed a desire to resign his office as Moderator of the club, but the new executive, well aware of the good the Rev. Father has done for the club since its organization, prevailed upon him to continue in office.

Before the meeting adjourned, the members were favored by short addresses from the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Stanton, and Mr. E. McCarthy, the retiring president.

Judging from the interest taken in the election, and by the enthusiasm of the members, this year promises to be a very successful one. The present executive appear to be endeavouring to their utmost to make the Washington Club a brilliant success.

E. G., '13.

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GAME OF LIFE LIKE BASEBALL.

Life's little play and a baseball game
Are about the same;
In Life we struggle for Big League fame
Just about the same.
We'll risk our necks for a grand-stand play—
We're after our hits in the same old way—
And the Umpire's voice has the final say
Just about the same.

We must "run 'em out," if we hope to win
Just about the same;
And we're in there hustling for the "tin"
Just about the same.
We must be right there with the sacrifice
And the little bunt we must not despise—
Yet we need our long-range batting eyes
Just about the same.

We must keep our eye on the ball throughout
Just about the same,
And swing at the good ones with a clout
Just about the same;
When the right one comes it is foolish to wait
For the swing is lost that is made too late—
You can't hit the ball that has crossed the plate
In either game.

If we win—we're heroes, true and tried,
Just about the same;
If we lose—we're hoboes on the slide
Just about the same,
And some are bound to the big Show trend,
While others back to the Bush League wend—
But we'll all be "has beens" in the end
Just about the same.

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An error rarely deserves abuse
 Just about the same;
 But a dumb play never has any excuse
 Just about the same.
 But in the scrap for the Flag of Fame,
 Whatever our measure of praise or blame
 We will all get there if we play the game
 Just about the same.

G. RICE.

FINIS.

Smile and the world smiles with you,
 Knock and you knock alone,
 For the cheerful grin
 Will let you in
 Where the knocker is never known.

WASHINGTON CLUB SMOKER.

The Washington Club held the first of a series of Smokers on Tuesday evening, December 1, 1908.

A very pleasant evening was spent. A nice little programme was prepared and carried out. The first item was, of necessity, "the feed." Then followed a sort of amateur vaudeville night in which each member contributed five minutes' entertainment for his fellow-members.

Such a galaxy of songs, speeches, dances, has never been given off the vaudeville stage.

Fathers Hammersley, Stanton and Finnegan enraptured the members with their songs, while Father Kunz refreshed us with a short natty speech.

As is the custom, two new members were chosen to be initiated. The favored ones were Messrs. D. Harrington and Jones, who willingly accepted the inevitable Crash-Bang.

A word must also be said of the orchestra — which contributed the accompaniment to the songs, and also furnished the music for dancing, which was superfine. The orchestra was composed of Pres. Linke, Hip-Hip. After smoking until the lights were clouded, the meeting adjourned.

F. W., '12.

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A HORSE CURED OF "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

(The following remarkable narrative was written for "The African Mail," and is here published for the first time on the American continent. M.S. and photos were graciously lent by Dr. F. W. Crey, of Ottawa. Ed.)

THE people in this country (England) who regard Germany with suspicion bordering on, if not actually amounting to fear, may be right or wrong; it is certain that there are very many of them. "Such people dislike the Germans, while admiring their system, their discipline, and their achievements; to them, the Teuton is invariably right and always ahead of the uneducated, unsystematic laissez-faire Briton who, slothful in business, is enthusiastic only for flannelled fools or muddled oafs." To all such pessimists there comes to-day a crumb of comfort, a lightening of their wonted gloom; the idle, slack, unscientific Britisher has achieved that which for years the best state-aided brains of the Fatherland have striven to solve and striven in vain; for two Englishmen, without any outside assistance, have succeeded in effecting the cure of trypanosomiasis or "sleeping-sickness." And even the hosts of Germany can scarce forbear to cheer.

Those who know Tropical Africa are aware that there are many, perhaps twenty, kinds of "sleeping-sickness"; and the two Englishmen referred to have so far cured only one kind. Nevertheless, what is sauce for the goose may well give a line towards ascertaining what will best suit the gander. Possibly the same will do for both; that remains to be seen; the important point about this particular cure is that it is the first authentically recorded, and that there have been innumerable failures. Those who know Tropical Africa know also that trypanosomiasis is, from the economic point of view, by far the most deadly disease in the dark continent. Whether or not inherent in the blood of wild animals and obtained solely (at first) from them, it is now communicated by the indefatigable tsetse fly from every infected man or beast, to every healthy being, human or otherwise, in its vicinity. The tsetse fly itself increases and multiplies, and thus every fresh case of trypanosomiasis becomes a new centre of distribution. So great have been the ravages of

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trypanosomiasis within the last few years that it has entirely depopulated parts of Central Africa; and the German Professor Koch having failed to cure the disease by injections of atoxyl, it was seriously suggested that the countries affected should be abandoned and that crocodiles and all big game should be killed out, as a possible means of eliminating this pestilence. In pursuance of this policy, it is the case that in N. E. and N. W. Rhodesia, infinitely greater facilities are given for shooting in districts infested by the tsetse fly, than in uninfected districts. In fact, quite lately it was reported that one party of Boers killed 67 elephants and obtained about a ton of ivory in a few days in one of these tsetse-fly-infected areas. Plainly there are four courses open in dealing with such a matter. One may admit oneself defeated and abandon the country; one may endeavour to eradicate the suspected sources of origin of the complaint (in this case, the wild game); one may attempt to prevent its dissemination by exterminating the tsetse fly; or one may try to cure the disease itself. All four have been tried tentatively, but so far entirely without success, until this year; and now a cure has been effected by Major Smeaton and Captain Fred Harvey, the patient being a pony belonging to the former. The story is worth telling, for its sequel bids fair to revolutionize Tropical Africa.

The trypanosome commonest in Sierre Leone is that known as "dimorphon," which for some unknown reason does not appear to affect human beings. Domestic animals, however, it kills off ruthlessly, though some are able to hold out against it longer than others. Thanks to the assiduous distribution of the dimorphon trypanosome by the tsetse fly, domestic animals may be said to be almost non-existent in Sierra Leone; horses and cattle die so certainly and so soon as to make it not worth while to employ them economically and all the work of transport, cultivation, etc., carried out elsewhere by domestic animals, is there done by men. It follows from this that the guns of Major Smeaton's battery were carried on men's heads instead of mules' backs; and the great extra expense thus involved first turned that artillery officer's attention to the subject. On his return to West Africa about a year ago, he met his friend, Captain Frederic Harvey, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was Specialist Sanitary Medical Officer in Sierra Leone last year; and Captain F. Harvey explained that he believed he could cure trypanosomiasis. He frankly admitted that he had tried many times and had not once succeeded; but he seemed confident that he had found the cure at last; and he was particularly anxious to try to cure a horse.

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There are very few horses in Sierra Leone, and most of them belong to native chiefs, who keep them more to enhance their own dignity among their tribesmen, than because horses are of much or indeed of any use there, under existing conditions. These horses are imported usually from Senegal or the Gambia. Some of them live for years, some die at once; some have the disease so slightly that it seems to become chronic and they linger on for a long time; others get it violently and die immediately; but they all get it eventually and they all die of it, sooner or later. Now, Captain Frederic Harvey had spent nearly a year in experimenting and investigating in Sierra Leone; it seemed hard that he should have to leave his data behind for some other man to reap the fruits of; yet what was he to do? The Army Council look with displeasure on officers who remain over a year at a time in Sierra Leone, and Captain F. Harvey's year was all but finished. Moreover, the experiment bade fair to be a costly one, and he was unable to bear the expense which it must involve. Therefore, he spoke to his friend, Major Smeaton, about it, knowing that he was interested in the matter from an economic point of view, could well afford the expense, and having just arrived from England, had a year on the West Coast in front of him. So these two settled it between them; Captain F. Harvey agreed to find all the scientific knowledge, while his partner found the money and agreed to carry the work to its conclusion when the man of science should have retired to Europe at the end of his tour.

On the 18th November, 1907, they bought a pony from the local Timiny chief, the Alimamy Momodu. This pony is called "Sewi," which word means a horse in the Timiny tongue; he was then apparently 11 years of age and had been some years in the Colony. He exhibited all the usual symptoms of trypanosomiasis, which he seemed to have in its mild form, and which symptoms he had certainly shown for some months back. The Alimamy knew well enough that Sewi had the disease, and gladly parted with his dying pony to the mad white Major for £10; he would have got double that for a healthy horse. Now the natives of Sierra Leone may not be brilliantly intellectual or scintillatingly erudite, but they view with marked displeasure any attempt to alter the status quo. Even to-day every aborigine cannot get a job in Freetown; if horses should supplant hammocks, what would become of the hammock-boys? Hence, horses and mules are regarded not only with suspicion but with animosity. It is true that the native servants, of whatever tribe, dislike monkeys or dogs or any other pet animals, chiefly be-

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cause they give extra trouble; but the feeling against horses is much more bitter, for the reason above mentioned. So when Major Smeaton bought Sewi, he first hired three more servants to look after the pony, thus making it plain that, far from Sewi's advent leading to any reduction of the establishment, it had already increased it. This undoubtedly had a soothing effect on the aboriginal mind, which was confirmed when Major Smeaton told all his servants that he had bought Sewi in order to fatten him up, and to kill and eat him at Easter. He added that any portions of the pony which the officers could not eat would be given to the servants, and therefore urged all the servants, for their own sakes, to feed Sewi and take every care of him. He also told them that if anything went wrong with Sewi, he would sack all his servants, "one-time," so that they had better be careful.

The scientific aspect of this experiment has been elaborately explained by Captain F. Harvey in the R.A.M.C. Journal, and I do not propose to go into that aspect of the case here. The lay mind is concerned only, or at least chiefly, with the economic aspect; and this business side of the matter is fortunately lightened by a few touches of humour. The partners examined Sewi's blood several times microscopically, but failed to find trypanosomes. Captain F. Harvey naturally said that he did not care to attempt to cure an animal which he could not prove had contracted the complaint; so they decided to inoculate Sewi with the worst form of trypanosomiasis available. Consequently they inoculated this pony with blood taken from a dying dog, which died from trypanosomiasis a day or two afterwards. A fortnight later Sewi developed trypanosomes in his blood; then the partners commenced the treatment.

For the first five days the pony became rapidly worse, and on the fifth day (29th December, 1907) they both thought he would die; therefore Major Smeaton had Sewi photographed that day, when he was at the lowest ebb. A copy of this photograph is shown here, taken when the partners had practically given up all hope; it is a characteristic illustration of the later stage of the complaint. However, by the morning of the 30th December last, Sewi was not only not dead; he was a little better; and after that date, he steadily progressed towards recovery; trypanosomes could no longer be discovered in his blood and his haemoglobin figure of merit showed that his general health and condition had appreciably improved. A photograph of Sewi with Captain F. Harvey was taken on 1st February—the pony seemed much improved. By the time this picture was

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taken Sewi had been free from trypanosomes for a fortnight, and his general condition was decidedly good. Things therefore looked hopeful when, on 4th February, 1908, Captain F. Harvey sailed for England. From this time forward Major Smeaton began to give the pony a little exercise daily, riding him himself. As all the servants without any exception were both frightened and untrustworthy where Sewi was concerned, Major Smeaton had to feed, groom, and exercise the pony himself every day for five months after Captain Harvey sailed for home; and this in a very hot and enervating climate, throughout the training season, when the military year was being brought to a climax by drills and manoeuvres and staff-rides, and every soldier was kept busy from dawn to sunset.

On the 24th February Sewi carried his master on the line of march for 14 miles, and from that day forward he was ridden regularly on parade, a very pleasant change for his owner. The pony soon got used to the sound of artillery firing and behaved quite well considering that he is a stallion. When the practice-camp was over, Major Smeaton rode back 20 miles to Freetown in one day; this was on the 7th of March, which shows how rapidly the pony picked up in strength and condition. On this day, when crossing the iron bridge at Grafton, Sewi started at some thing, reared and fell with his master off the roadway into the girders alongside. The bridge was under repair, and though really 10 feet wide, had only a narrow strip of roadway, 3 feet wide, available for use, the rest of the space on either side being open ironwork girders. Neither man nor beast were much the worse for this misadventure, no bones being broken, though much epidermis was abraded. The journey was resumed and completed by sunset at the Garrison Club in Freetown, where the cavalier and his steed were welcomed with enthusiasm and with other things even more refreshing. Needless to say, the whole civilized community in Sierra Leone watched the progress of this experiment with deep interest, realizing fully how the future of West Africa was concerned in the result.

As Easter drew near, Major Smeaton judged it expedient to tell his servants that the eating of Sewi had been postponed until Whitsunday on the ground that the pony was not sufficiently fat. After this pronouncement the servants redoubled their efforts to feed him and vied with each other in giving him sugar cane, bread and "kous-kous," which is the native name for Guinea corn. Twice during these months that followed the camp, Sewi got away into Freetown and fought with other animals in the streets; but each time he was

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brought back uninjured by the police. His temper was distinctly bad, and whenever he got loose (generally by eating his head-rope) he went for man or beast alike, thereby making many enemies for his owner and himself. These escapades, however, served to lighten an otherwise very dull season, and did no real harm to anybody. One of the most amusing things which came to light about this time, was the indignation of the Alimamy Momodu. He considered himself swindled and said so; he had sold a horse which from long and bitter experience he knew to be dying and it had recovered. About the middle of January he had asked to have Sewi back, offering to return the £10 for which he had sold him; of course the offer was refused. After that, at varying intervals, he offered increasing sums for Sewi; £12, £15, £18, and finally even £20; and he considered himself very much aggrieved because all his offers were declined. Later, there came a time when the Alimamy Momodu sent to Major Smeaton and asked him to "mend" his little bay mare, which had contracted trypanosomiasis very badly; the chief offered £2 for this, but unfortunately Captain Houghton (Captain F. Harvey's successor) was away in the interior, and Major Smeaton with the best will in the world had not got the details as to the ingredients used; these had been taken to England by Captain F. Harvey; so it was not possible to comply with the chief's request, and the bay mare died before Captain Houghton returned to Freetown.

This incident shows that the more intelligent natives realised that a cure had been effected, of a disease hitherto invariably fatal; and that one of them, at least, believed that it could be done again. It is most unfortunate that a second opportunity of trying Captain F. Harvey's remedy was not obtained; but this one could not, under the circumstances, be utilised.

Early in April preparations were begun by Major Smeaton's solicitors in England—Messrs. Lawrence Jones & Co., 4 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.—for Sewi's passage to England, which had long before been determined upon. A horse-box was sent out by Messrs. Elder Dempster & Co., and clothing, forage, etc., were imported. The steamship company very kindly agreed to take the pony on any of their ships—though cargo is not accepted from Sierra Leone by mail steamers as a general rule. However, it was not until June that Sewi was fit (in Major Smeaton's opinion) to stand the voyage. At that time the weather is usually good, and besides, for an animal born in the tropics and which had lived there all its life, it seemed best that it should arrive in England in the middle of summer. Ac-

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cordingly, Sewi was sent home on 30th June in the "Axim" in charge of Captain J. Chrystie, R.A., who kindly took care of him during the voyage. The pony was sent across Liverpool in his horse-box, direct from ship to station; and he was conveyed across London in a "float" or horse-ambulance, to Millbank Barracks, where he still remains.

During the embarkation at Freetown an awkward incident occurred which might have spoiled the whole experiment. The pony was in the box, on the quay, properly slung, with his owner sitting in the manger beside him. When the crane-man lifted the weight, the box (as often happens) began to turn slowly round; and when the crane lowered the box, a corner struck the wall of the wharf. The concussion was so violent that the box was upset and the pony fell, breaking his sling. When the box righted itself, Sewi tried to jump out, quite regardless of the fact that twenty feet below him was, not the sea, but a barge filled with baggage. He got his off-fore foot into the manger before Major Smeaton caught him by the nose and ear; and it was even money for a few seconds whether the pair went into the lighter in the horse-box, or ahead of it. More by luck than management, they eventually descended in the orthodox fashion. There was not the slightest difficulty in getting on board the Axim and the passage home was calm and uneventful.

When in Sierra Leone, Whitsunday drew near, Major Smeaton explained to his servants that he intended to send Sewi to H.M. King Edward the VII., and he promised to give each servant 5/—(as compensation for not eating part of Sewi) when he was once safely on board the Axim. And this undertaking was faithfully carried out on 30th June; though the servants all declared that they would far rather have eaten their share than have had the money. For they had all, long before, made up their minds which part of the horse they wished to eat. Thus one man who had been kicked by the pony's near-hind-foot, marked down that foot as his share, when the time for eating should come. Evidently he considered that that would be an admirable revenge. Again, another servant had been bitten more than once by Sewi, and he chose the pony's head for his share, saying "his face tried to eat me, so I will eat his face." These people are childish, but none the less are they very vindictive; and it was essential for the sake of the experiment that they should be kept in a good humour.

Although the Board of Agriculture only require a certificate that a horse is not suffering from glanders, prior to permitting it to be

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landed in England, it was thought best to isolate Sewi for three months after landing, because West Africa is, nominally at least, a possible place from which Epizootic Lymphangitis might be imported. So the pony was confined in the Isolation Stable at Millbank from 14th July till 13th October. During that time he was, as he is still, under expert observation; no sign of disease can be found in him, however. He has been seen by many scientific men, including Sir David Bruce, who is now in command of the "sleeping-sickness" commission in Uganda. The pony has been exercised regularly every day in the barracks; and now he is ridden outside the barracks daily. He is not yet used to the traffic in London and views electric cars and automobiles and trains with dangerous curiosity; but it is hoped that he will soon become accustomed to his new surroundings, and that he may be seen ere long carrying his master in the Row.

He seems to be becoming acclimatised, which is now the chief anxiety felt about him. He was photographed on 9th June in Sierra Leone—when he was in regular hard work there—and has since been photographed at Millbank Barracks in London on 30th August; both pictures are reproduced here.*

The accounts of money expended on this experiment up to date have been kept carefully; the amount spent on him in West Africa was over £100, and the sum expended in this country is about £70. It is intended to keep Sewi as at present, under expert observation, until 22nd January next, when, if still well, he will have been free of trypanosomiasis for more than twelve months. The German Professor Koch claims to have kept a sleeping-sickness case for ten months, in such a state that the disease could not be communicated from the patient by the tsetse fly; Sir David Bruce undoubtedly was able to keep horses suffering from this disease alive, by doses of arsenic; but these achievements differ from the Smeaton-Harvey case radically, because the last-named not only prevented dissemination and maintained life; they have brought their patient back to such a state of health and condition that he has been able to work, and that is what their predecessors were not able to do. Koch and Bruce made experiments which were scientifically interesting, Smea-

* NOTE.—Major Smeaton, in a private letter to Dr. Grey, writes. "I ride Sewi in the streets (of London) every day now, and rode him in the Row last Sunday. He is a truculent stallion, and 'goes for' horses and dogs indiscriminately; he wants to fight every animal we meet. On Sunday, i.e. walked on his hind feet, screaming and crowing like a cock; we attracted quite a crowd, who evidently thought we emanated from the Hippodrome."

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ton and Harvey have produced a result which is economically valuable; and between the two, there is truly a great gulf fixed. It remains for the Imperial Government to carry this matter a stage further. No one can expect private individuals to pursue such experiments indefinitely. The Government should now appoint a small Commission, consisting of the two men who have carried the experiment out so far, (together with a Veterinary Officer to assist them) and send these men to some Colony—preferably Sierra Leone — where the treatment can be thoroughly tried and tested. There is no doubt that the several Colonies concerned would willingly co-operate in this work and the matter is an urgent one. In fact, the Government which sent Sir David Bruce to Uganda should now follow up its advantage by dispatching to West Africa the men from whom he has derived at least some of his knowledge, in order that the West Coast of Africa, which is economically of great value to Great Britain, shall not lag behind the East Coast—which is comparatively valueless—in consideration by the Imperial authorities. And, in conclusion, it must be borne in mind that the abolition of trypanosomiasis means more than a scientific triumph; more than the conquest of a new country; it resembles rather the access of humanity to a new planet.



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KING BRIAN'S BATTLE-MARCH.

Dano-Norse Invasion of Ireland, A.D. 1014.



HE power of the Northmen in Ireland was completely broken and further invasion on their part arrested by the defeat which they suffered, A.D. 1014, in the decisive battle of Clontarf, at the hands of the combined Connacht, Meath and Munster forces led by Brian, King of Munster and High-King of Ireland, and by Malachy, King of Meath. Of Irish terms in this ballad which may require explanation, *Ath-Cliath*, (pronounced Aw-kleea), "the Ford of Hurdles," is the Gaelic name of Dublin, where the Dano-Norse had established a kingdom, the chief stronghold of which was a stone fort or *caiseal* (cashel) in the spot where Dublin Castle stands now. *Gall*, meaning "stranger," was a race-term applied first to the Scandinavian, and afterward to the English, invaders of Ireland. *Lochlann* is "the land of lakes," or Scandinavia. *Mumhan* (*Moo-an*) is Munster. *Laighean* (pronounced Ly-un) is Leinster, whose king, Maolmordha (Maelmurra) with the greater part of his tributaries, had joined the Dano-Norse. The *Borumha* (Boru), whence Brian is supposed to have derived his surname, was a tribute of cattle imposed on Leinster by the High-Kings. The *Dal gCais* ("descendants of Cas") or Dalcassians, were Brian's own clansmen of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary. *Maelisheachlainn*, anglicized Malachy, is pronounced "M'loughlin." An *eric*, under the Brehon law, was a fine for homicide. Corc and Cian were chieftains who commanded the tribes of Desmond or South Munster at Clontarf. Teig O'Kelly, king of Hy-Many, and Fergal O'Ruairc, king of Brefny, were the principal leaders of the Connacht clans. Graphic descriptions of the battle itself may be found in Rev. E. A. D'Alton's, Martin Haverty's and P. W. Joyce's histories of Ireland, and in "Niamh," a fine historical novel entirely in Gaelic, written by Rev. Canon O'Leary, of Castlelyons, and published in Dublin by the Gaelic League.

O'er the Plain of the Flocks, from Fingall to Athlee,
Roll the hosts of the Gael like the march of the sea;
Like the crashing of shells when the winter winds blow,
The smashing of mail as they burst on the foe!

"Brian Boroimhe's March," by P. J. McCall.

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We have marched from Maighnenn's altar* since the ruddy
break of day,
Men of Connacht, Meath and Mumhan, garbed and weaponed
for the fray—
From the sea-slope under Edar to Ath-Cliath's caiseal wall
We have spoiled and burned and harried sore the march-lands
of the Gall.

From the hill-set glens Ossorian to Liffey-banks once more
House and hold in traitor Laighean with the false tribes' blood
ran o'er,
As the cattle-preys we lifted and the fighting-men we slew—
Who dares now to keep from Brian hide or hoof of the Boru?

First where Brian breaks the battle, last when beaten ranks
give way,
Who denies Clan Cas the vanguard of the High-King's war-
array?
Erin's wolves, to feed the eagles, they have dragged the Loch-
lann down
At Glen-Mama ridge and Tara! they have spoiled Ath-Cliath
town!

Odin's ravens smell the sword-feast where our pipes the onset
blow—
Many Galls must seek their Valhall* ere a Gael in death lie
low—
Lo, the mail-clad men of Lochlann from their eyrie grim stream
forth,
And Maolmordha's clans are marching with the pirates of the
North!

Up with spears, claymores and axes! Let the sunburst go
before!
Men of Meath, behind Maelsheachlainn! Home, good steel, and
scourge them sore
For the border-lands they wasted and the true men stricken
there!
For the raidings and the slayings they shall pay an eric rare!

* Cill-Mhaighneann, "the cell of Maighneann," the monastery of Kilmainham, near which Brian's army had encamped.

* Valhalla — the paradise of the Scandinavian pagans.

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Corc and Cian, let the Laighean men taste well the Desmond
steel!
Teig and Fergal, to Ath-Cliath's Danes till back their battle
reel!
God and Mary aid our Dal gCais blades to cleave the heathen
mail
With champion blows for freedom and the White Christ of the
Gael!

HUBERT ARTHUR O'MEARA.

LIFE.

A man seldom sees the tide that is bearing him onward, or studies the swells, the waves, and the ripples that leave their impression on the most susceptible soul. Indeed, he more often awakens to behold the flood receding further and further into the gray watery wastes of oblivion.

The years of youth are as metal moulded for priming Life's compass. The senseless needle, through his inattention, may carry one to an old, forgotten, aphelion anchorage, or, with a little care, to a happier haven.

The blessed in age are truly vanquishers, and themselves their victims. They are crowned with the snows of Time, tanned by the rays of three-score and more years, tempered by the frosts of as many winters. Their intellects, brightened and mellowed in tone and action, counsel us in cautious words, arresting our attention and captivating our love. But the falling shadows, twining their meshes about the beloved ones, steal them from us, with the softness of a morning mist's flight over lofty, rugged peaks, upward into dreamy heights, at the beck of the rising orb of day.

J. '11.

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A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night—
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth."



LONG had beautiful Ireland, the uncrowned queen of Western Europe, enthroned amid Atlantic billows and caressed by the wild west wind, beckoned lovingly, yet sadly, toward me across the broad expanse of water, and bid me come to her, Niobe of Nations, mother of our scattered race.

How often had I thought and dreamed of Ireland with her high cliffs and fertile valleys and gently flowing streams, where nature smiles in verdant freshness even amid her tears. Erin with her legends, traditions, ruins of the past, the land of music, poesy and deeds of arms. Lamp of the North, Haven of saints and scholars, Inisfail the fair.

At length my hopes were realized, and the happy opportunity arrived to which I had been so long looking ardently forward. In July last, I sailed from Montreal on the *Virginian*, and after following the course of the noble *St. Lawrence* for two days, was soon on the high seas bound for the Green Little Isle. Life on shipboard has been so often described, and is so generally uniform, that it would be useless to set it forth in detail; suffice it to say that we had beautiful weather, a fine ship, and most delightful company.

After an uneventful voyage, we woke up one morning to the cry of "There's Ireland," and there she was, glistening like an emerald amid the sun-kissed waves—bringing a sparkle to the eye, and a throb to the heart, of each child of the Gael on board.

For several hours we skirted her gleaming shores and then turned eastward past the quaint little Isle of Man, on the way towards Liverpool, the shipping metropolis of the world.

We reached port just as the setting sun was gilding the domes of the vast city, and I was met at the landing stage by some friends, who accompanied me on the Belfast boat sailing that night. After a somewhat stormy eight hours' passage, we landed at that busy

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Five of commerce and industry where we spent the next few days in sight-seeing.

Belfast is admirably situated for commercial purposes, possessing a fine harbour at the head of Belfast Lough, and considerable water-power. It is the manufacturing metropolis of the north and is especially noteworthy for its mills which produce the famous linen known and prized the world over. We were fortunate in being able to visit the huge shipbuilding works of Harland and Wolff, which turn out some of the largest and swiftest "ocean greyhounds." Belfast is remarkable for its handsome buildings; particularly striking is the city hall with its noble proportions and classic architecture. The museum is very interesting and contains some fine specimens of Irish antiquities, notably the Dalway harp, some ancient boats, the coronation chair of the O'Neils of Castlereagh.

There is much to think about as you walk the streets and lanes of this great city, stretching back as many of them do through full a thousand years of Irish history.

We usually attended mass at Saint Mary's, the oldest and one of the most beautiful churches in Belfast. We also visited that of the Passionists at Ardine, which contains some splendid mural paintings executed by members of the Order.

On Wednesday, 11th of August, we set out from the Albert Hotel, which is situated near the memorial of that name on our motor tour through Ireland. There is no doubt that this is the best way of seeing the country, for there are many places which cannot easily be reached by train. Our first stopping place was Newry, a town of great antiquity,—often mentioned in the Bardic Literature of Ireland. It is situated in a narrow vale through the centre of which runs the Newry canal. It is bounded on the west by the heather-clad Newry Mts., and on the east by the majestic Mourne range, the highest point of which is Slieve Donard, 2,796 ft. above the sea. The ancient name of Newry was Tubharcinn-tragha, which signifies yew tree at the head of the Strand; a yew tree being supposed to have been planted there by St. Patrick himself.

From Newry we continued our route over the fine Irish roads past an ever-changing panorama of field and stream, hill and vale; to the right the bold mountain ranges, and to the left a succession of small but picturesque lakes. On we sped through many a little town or straggling village, until, crossing the Boyne, famed in song and story, we reached the old historic town of Drogheda, "The bridge of the ford." Here many a fierce battle was fought, and

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here sat several of the early parliaments; but holdest of all upon the pages of its history stands forth one name written in letters of blood—Cromwell! who in 1649 took the town by storm, and put garrison and inhabitants to the sword. We saw the famous walls, portions of which still remain; the west gate and St. Lawrence's gate, one of the most perfect specimens of ancient Irish battlements now extant. Here, too, are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, originally founded by St. Patrick, and once the residence of St. Columba.

Leaving Drogheda our road now winds in and out past bay and estuary, rock and strand, following the undulations of the coastline. We pass in turn Balbriggan and Skerries, pretty little seaport towns much patronized in summer time, and at length we reach Dublin which was to be our headquarters for the next week. The name Dubhlinn means "the black pool," and the famous city has been the theatre of many stirring scenes in the checkered history of Ireland, as it has been in turn the stronghold of Dane and Celt Anglo-Norman and Englishman. Though Dublin is, owing to its port, an extremely busy city, yet it is very interesting and very handsome. To the visitor its first and most striking feature is the Liffey which flows through the heart of the metropolis, and is spanned by a number of fine bridges, chief of which is the O'Connell bridge, a truly noble structure, whence we obtained a splendid view of the river, most of the public buildings, and O'Connell street, which is justly considered one of the largest and finest in the British Isles.

The first building we visited was the Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Parliament. As we passed beneath its lofty arches, and on through its Ionic colonnades into the historic chamber, there arose from our hearts the hopeful prayer that ere long these halls, which had re-echoed the eloquence of Flood and Grattan, would again receive the representatives of Ireland a nation.

Crossing College Green we entered the famous old Trinity College founded by Elizabeth in 1591, on the site of the ancient Augustinian Monastery of All Hallows.

The interior is divided into several quadrangles, the first of which—Parliament Square—contains the chapel with its beautiful stucco ceiling and carved woodwork, the theatre (Examination Hall) and dining hall from whose walls a long line of Provosts look down upon the visitor with calm and quiet dignity. Library Square contains the schools and the world-famous Library with its 250,000 volumes and 2,000 MSS.

Here we saw Egyptian papyri, Greek and Oriental manuscripts,

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the Book of Armagh, the Book of Leinster, and the Book of Kells. This last has been well called "the most beautiful book in the world," for the glory of its ornamentation, its exquisite tracery and the perfect harmony of its colors.

Here, too, we saw the Harp of Great Brian Boru.

On another occasion we visited Christ church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, both noble edifices, relics of the ancient days when the ruling powers in Ireland were, like its people, Catholic.

One memory dominates St. Patrick's Cathedral, that of Dean Swift, since here is the pulpit where he preached for over thirty years, and here is his tomb, side by side with that of Stella.

Among the most interesting public buildings which we saw were the Four Courts, Customs House, Rotunda, and City Hall, all of them in the Greek style of architecture, and also the stern old castle, scene of many a dark episode in the city's history. Another building of grim interest to us was Kilmainham Gaol, which received within its cold embrace so many Irish patriots.

On the outskirts of the city is Phoenix Park, one of the finest in Europe, being no less than seven miles in circumference, and possessing lovely woods, lakes and driveways. After seeing the bright side of Ireland's Capital, we come to the home of her sorrows, Glasnevin. Here lie her children and many of her departed great ones. In the centre of the cemetery rises a stately granite shaft, built in the style of the ancient round towers, fitting emblem of the immortal fame of O'Connell

"Who loved his God; with true man's pride
For Ireland lived and Ireland died."

All around are the "graves where her heroes lie buried," but there is one that appeals to the visitor by its touching simplicity and its pathetic associations—that of Charles Stewart Parnell.

On the opposite side of the city is Donnybrook, which we visited one day to get an idea of the place where the famous Fair used to be held, and which witnessed many a merry jest.

One thing which particularly distinguishes Dublin is the number of famous men who have at one time or another lived within her walls. Here the patriots, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, were captured; here Dean Swift, Thomas Moore, Edmund Burke, Michael Balfe, Sheridan, and the Duke of Wellington were born, and here lived Daniel O'Connell, the brothers Sheares, and Henry Grattan; truly a galaxy of great and distinguished Irishmen.

EIBLINN.

(To be continued.)

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University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XI OTTAWA, ONT., DECEMBER, 1908. No. 3

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

We have come once more to the glad season when men's hearts are naturally prone to kindlier sentiments and more fraternal acts. Mid festive evergreens and bounteous cheer, we realize a little more our common brotherhood, and by contributing to the happiness of others, we increase our own. Since the coming of the God-Child, well nigh two thousand years ago, Christmas, Christ's Mass, has been the signal for sheathing of swords and mutual proffering of olive-branches. Peace, gentle peace, mantles all men, just as the beautiful snow covers our Canadian fields with a white-robed solemn calm. 'Tis a season of gratitude and thanksgiving, high purpose, noble resolve and all-conquering love, enkindled from the spark of God's goodness and fanned into mighty flame by man's generosity. Once more we hear the "tidings of great joy," and we are glad not for ourselves alone, not merely for kith and kin, but for that great human family scattered over the globe. "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." "Good will"—let us never

forget to take that into account, especially while the Yule-log burns brightly and the merry bells are ringing out their blithesome peals. Towards one and all, particularly its readers and its friends, the Review is filled with heartiest good will, and in all sincerity says: "A merry, merry Christmas!"

PLAY THE GAME.

The Inter-Collegiate "Big Four" are to be sincerely congratulated for the efforts they have made to place their athletic and other contests on a lofty plane of true sportsmanship, friendly feeling and fair play. They have shown the public that it is possible to engage in friendly rivalry, to struggle for supremacy in a branch of sport or a contest of skill, and yet remain gentlemen. The public has shown its appreciation by liberal patronage. The universities have done a great work, whose influence cannot fail to be far-reaching, since the student of to-day is the prominent citizen of to-morrow. Any deviation from this honorable path, any approach to that dangerous motto of "win fairly if you can, if you can't, win anyhow," so prevalent elsewhere, is to be shunned with the greatest care. Let us not take a mean advantage of our adversaries, who are, after all, our friends, on the field, the platform, or in the committee-room. In this regard we might well take a leaf from the book of our sister seats of learning over-seas. There they have the century-consecrated tradition that the contest is for itself—victory for the better man, that defeat with honor can be borne, but victory with dishonor — never! In other words, they play the game! Let us ever live up to that golden rule, for to us is given the making of a nation.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

On Saturday, November 21st, 1908, the Kansas College Editors' Association held its second annual meeting in the Carnegie Library at Washburn College, Topeka, and a great number of college editors attended. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "Whereas, the Kansas College Editors' Association believes it will improve college publications, and that it is only giving

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editors credit to which they are justly entitled, therefore be it resolved, that we recommend to the different college faculties that they grant the editors of their student publication credit in English equal to one year's work in that department." We are not prepared to go as far as that, but we do think that any article written for the Review by a student or member of the editorial staff might be accepted as equivalent to at least one class-essay each month. The Debaters enjoy a certain amount of consideration -- why not the Editors?

Exchanges.

The *Georgetown College Journal* lies at hand just as neat and well gotten up as usual. "Tribunal Mortis," a gruesome story of inquisition days, occupies the most prominent space. It reminds one of Henty in everything but its ending. No particular reason appears why the laws of story-telling should be set aside, and the hero left to the mercies of his enemies.

An article on sport contains some interesting facts. To quote—"Here at Georgetown it costs only seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year to run the recognized major college sports. This is to supply the recreation of some one hundred undergraduates: for that is all we number from Freshman to Senior in the college department." The article goes on to say that it costs only five times this amount to run the college and preparatory school combined, and maintain the plant. Such expense does seem out of proportion, yet it speaks volumes for a body of students, so few in numbers, which is able to more than hold its own with the other large universities.

We can sum up our appreciation of the *Holy Cross Purple* only by saying that it is splendid. Its very cover seems to hint at the excellence of the material to be found inside. There is an atmosphere of taste and refinement about it which is refreshing. It is essentially an undergraduates' publication. One is surprised, to say the least, to find their names under such finished poetic offerings as "October," "The Road to Yesterday," and "Autumn." There is perhaps more poetry in this journal than in any other at hand, yet this fact has in no way mitigated against the quality of the prose.

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"The Plagiarist" is a story of exceptional merits. The plot is quite original and handled throughout with the skill of an experienced writer. We hope to hear more from the same author.

The editors of the *Vox Lycei*, Hamilton, will have just cause for trepidation as to the future success of their paper, if they continue to publish such narrow-minded, bigoted stuff, as appeared in their initial number.

All the way from the Pacific comes the *Columbiad*. We welcome it with all heartiness. Especially were we pleased with its appreciation of Tennyson's "Idylls." We are one with it in saying that this epic is "one of the greatest productions of modern times." One would expect, however, that Elaine, which Andrew Long terms the "matchless idyll," and the Holy Grail, would receive more prominence in an essay of this character.

The October *Xavier* is rich in descriptive prose, but noticeably lacking in that more serious form of writing usually associated with college journals.

The quarterly number of the *Niagara Rainbow* is resplendent with its many full page illustrations. These are printed in sepia shades on heavy paper, and depict a great variety of scenes. They lend much beauty and attractiveness to the volume.

Those of our readers who are studying the Merchant of Venice, will find an interesting article headed "Belmont Equity versus Venetian Law" in the *Abbey Student* for October.

We are glad that the *Martlet* has again made its appearance in the sanctum. It is all the more welcome after its temporary absence. The Review extends best wishes for future success.

"Genius begins great things, Labor always finishes them," is the motto of a much-valued exchange, *Echoes From The Pines*. The sweetness and originality of its poetry, the correctness of its prose, together with the perfect taste shown in its cover, in the printing and in the arrangement of matter, clearly show that this motto is not an empty one.

"Life has two sovereign moments:

One, when we settle down

To some life-worthy purpose;

One, when we grasp the crown."

—The *Allisonia*.

In view of the fact that our business manager is put to considerable inconvenience monthly, sending out exchanges—to say nothing

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of the expense—we find it strange that some of our brother ex-men should see fit to ignore us when publishing lists of acknowledgements.

Other exchanges at hand are:—"St. John's University Record," "Bates Student," "The Exponent," "The Victorian," "The Patrician," "Niagara Index," "Trinity University Review," "The Comet," "McMaster University Monthly," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "The Civilian," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "Bethany Messenger," "The Mitre," "Queen's University Journal," "Echoes," "The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," "Hya-Yaka," "College Mercury," "Amherst Literary Monthly," "Geneva Cabinet," "Solonian," "The Argosy," "Agnesian Monthly," "The Young Eagle," "St. John's Quarterly," "Manhattan Quarterly," "Assumption College Review," "Fordham Monthly," "Acta Victoriana," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "Allisonia," "Collegian."

Books and Magazines.

The Quarterly Review contains an excellent essay on Modern Journalism. It goes to show the rapid strides made in this department since the dawn of the Victorian Age when men of fame and reputation dreaded to see their names in the journals. Now even the most illustrious of our statesmen and litterateurs contribute to the daily papers. This change has raised the standard of journalism. On the other hand the entrance into the publication of papers of politicians has thwarted the great influence of the press on morals and character. Editors, moreover, make use of sensationalism to arouse the interest of the public, and in such ways fail to fulfil their trust. We have some and we want more men of honesty to encourage sound and pure journalism.

The Contemporary Review has an article on the genius of Dickens that gives an analysis of the characteristics of the author's works. The object seems to be to show that the renowned humourist had the powers of a tragic writer to penetrate the darkness of human nature and the agonies of mankind.

An essay in the Empire Review proves to a point of demonstration that no conference of the powers of Europe will take upon itself the authority to force Bulgaria to give up the provinces of Bosnia

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and Herzgovina. Bulgaria now possesses them, and possession is nine-tenths of the law. She knows the powers would prevent the aggression of Turkey, and Turkey considers the Bulgarian army strong in discipline if not in numbers. Moreover, the German Emperor desires peace.

A comprehensive treatise on the Government of England has been written by A. Lawrence Lowell, professor of science of Harvard University. This is a unique work. No other author has dealt with the subject in such a thorough manner. He starts with the King and finishes with the minute details of government.

Sydney George Fisher in his "Struggle for American Independence," shows that there were two sides to the question. A large number of Americans exaggerated England's injustice and considered Englishmen to be inhuman beings. The fact was that the action of England proved only a mistake in policy and not deliberately oppressive. A Referendum might have saved America to England at the time for it was more the King than the people that forced the hated taxes on America.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

J. J. Torsney, of the class of '06, has left Dunwoodie Seminary, and is continuing his theological studies in Louvain.

Rev. F. French, '91, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater during the past month.

J. J. Harrington, W. Dooner and H. Letang, all of the class of '05, will be raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood by Bishop Lorrain at Pembroke on the 19th inst.

"Fee" French, who is now practising dentistry with great success in Renfrew, paid a visit to the College when he was down to the Varsity-Queens game.

John O'Gorman, '04, will be ordained to the priesthood this month by Archbishop Duhamel, in St. Patrick's church, Ottawa.

Alex. McDonald, '05, will be raised to the priesthood this month by Bishop McDonald, in the Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.

It was with deep regret that the Review learned of the sudden illness of Rev. J. H. McDonald, '03, who was operated on for appendicitis last week. The Rev. gentleman is progressing favorably now, and it is to be hoped that he will soon be seen around again.

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"Andy" Devine and Leo O'Meara, when up with their team at the recent Varsity-Queens game, renewed old acquaintances.

Obituary.

Universal sorrow has been caused by the death of the Rev. Theophilus Laboureau. The missionary's great work was the raising of the Memorial Church in Penetanguishene to the martyrs, Jean de Breboeuf and Gabriel Lalement. Like theirs his life has exemplified the union of whole-hearted zeal and virtue.

Thos. E. Kenny, son of the late Sir Edward Kenny, died recently at Halifax. Rev. Geo. Kenny, S.J., is a surviving brother.

Rev. Father J. E. Crinnon, P.P., of Paris, died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Saturday, November 7.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes and family, of King Edward avenue, on the loss of their daughter Isabella.

Mr. Edward Devlin, of Daly avenue, who died on the 7th inst., has always been known for his strong convictions and works of charity. He was one of the University Athletic Club's warmest supporters. R.I.P.

Personals

Monsignor Sbarette, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, accompanied by his acting secretary, Rev. Dr. McNally, will return from Italy before Christmas.

The Right Rev. E. A. Latulipe was consecrated Bishop of Temiscaming on the 30th ult. The ceremony took place at Pembroke, where the reverend gentleman had been parish priest for about eleven years before going north two years ago. Both the clergy and the laity took advantage of the occasion to show their esteem for their former pastor. Father Latulipe, O.M.I., director of the Commercial Course, is the new bishop's nephew.

The Rector is expected home for Christmas.

Hon. C. R. Devlin left on the second week of November for

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Belgium. Dr. Devlin will surely visit his old constituency, Galway, before coming home.

Archbishop McEvay, of Toronto, was the leading figure in the recent Extension Congress held in Chicago. He is a warm friend of this movement which has gained the support of the hierarchy of the United States and Canada.

Rev. A. H. Kunz and Rev. Thos. Murphy, who have been in charge of St. Joseph's parish during the pastor's absence, have each been presented by the parishioners with a fur-lined coat.

Rev. J. A. Dewe is again moderator of the Debating Society. The defeat in Kingston has only brought the debaters closer together.

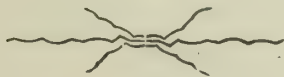
Rev. Canon Corkery, of Pakenham, has been in the city recently.

Mr. James Conmee, M.P., of Port Arthur, and family, have returned to Ottawa.

The Catholic Record advises Mr. Lowe to lecture on Life and Customs nearer to him than Ireland. We ask him not to do so.

Father Vaughan's charitable work is to be helped on by a concert given by Mme. Patti at the Albert Hall, London, Eng.

Knowing what a pitiless destroyer fire is, Ottawa College can feelingly sympathize with her sister institution, St. Jerome's College, on the loss they have sustained.



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ATHLETICS

At this season of the year there is very little in the athletic line to attract the student of any college. His mind is filled with questions for examinations and the ever pleasant thought of returning home for the 'Xmas Vacation. With these two all-important propositions before him, it is difficult to attract his attention with anything else. However, the ever-thoughtful prefects and executive are making every effort possible to provide amusements for the dull period known as "After 'Xmas." We can assure our readers that said prefects and executive are successful in their efforts, and if as much spirit is shown by the students on their return, Ottawa University will carry off the championship of the City Hockey League, and of the newly-formed City Basketball League.

Yes, we are entered in both leagues, and our prospects are exceptionally bright. In the hockey league we are to have the assistance of several former City League stars, and will, without a doubt, do credit to the University. Games are already under arrangement with some of our amateur friends without the city, and every effort is being made to arrange games with all the Intercollegiate teams. After 'Xmas. will see the team in good form on the Rideau Rink.

Basketball, which was lightly indulged in last year, more or less as an experiment, will form one of our principle sports this season. We have some excellent material which will, under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Stanton, who has consented to coach the team, be whipped into condition, so as to cope honorably with such skilled teams as represent the Y.M.C.A. and the O.A.A.C.

Although the topic of football is now almost forgotten, we cannot with justice to team overlook the excellent work of the men in the last three games. Many of our followers are of the opinion that the team played its best game of the season at Kingston, when it held the then undefeated Queens' team down to 17 points and scored 11 against it. The game was "hard fought" in every sense of the word, and at no time were our opponents sure of their victory, until the referee's whistle sounded the final.

With but one day's rest after that hardest of all games, the team was again in uniform to afford the citizens of Ottawa an op-

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portunity of seeing, as has been the custom, a game of football on Thanksgiving Day. It was a game, indeed, and one well worth seeing. While we were defeated by this year's famous Ottawa City team, we made an excellent showing, and surprised many of the spectators. The game is conceded to be the most spectacular played on the Oval in many years.

On the following Saturday we met our old rivals, McGill, captained by Gilmour, one of the Intercollegiate stars. McGill started off at a good pace, but it was another case where one man can't do it all, and College rolled up a score of 12 to 3, McGill's only score resulting in a drop goal. This in a measure proves our superiority over McGill, which was manifested on their grounds earlier in the season.

Ottawa was this year favored with a great championship game between Toronto Varsity and Queens. Each team had defeated the other on home grounds and had been successful elsewhere, and the great battle for supremacy took place here. The ground was in terrible condition, owing to the recent snow storm, and under the conditions the game was excellent. Varsity was victorious, winning by a score of 12-0. Queens were entirely outclassed, and were unable to score against the victors. Toronto gloriously won on the following Saturday the Intercollegiate championship, and honorably upheld the Union's laurels by playing the famous Hamilton Tigers a game that surprised them. The score was 17-11 in favor of Hamilton, but everything was running to Varsity toward the last of the game.

We desire to thank individually and collectively the members of the football team who so nobly defended the honor of O. U. in the past season. While the team was not victorious, nevertheless, it reflected great credit upon the University at home and throughout the Dominion. We desire to thank in a special manner Rev. Fr. Stanton, coach of the team, for his untiring efforts on the field this year. We feel that he worked even harder this year than last, and doubt very much if others could have done the same with the material he had to work with. We are indeed grateful to Rev. Fr. Stanton for all he has done for the team, and we sincerely hope to have him with us next year. Do. Rev. Fr. Fortier. We also wish to thank President Nick Bawlf, Mgr. E. H. McCarthy and Treasurer P. C. Harris, and the entire executive, for their valuable services rendered the team throughout the season. These positions require a great deal of time and attention, and necessitate much hard work. We speak lightly when we say they were filled admirably.

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TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Our many admirers will, no doubt, now admit the Ottawa College were the real victors in Montreal, if they will judge from the showing our boys made at the Oval against the Red and White.

We have been quite fortunate this year in being able to witness two extra games of football, one in which the garnet and grey showed brilliantly, namely, the College and Ottawa City game. Then we saw two teams of the Intercollegiate, Toronto and Queens clash upon the gridiron to see who would take the cup from its snug little quarters in the parlor. It was sad to take it from its resting place, but consoling to know "good sports" possess it.

Much credit is due to Manager McCarthy and Treasurer Harris in the masterly way they conducted the management of the Toronto and Queens game. "TORONTO" sent both officers slight tokens as a mark of their appreciation for the work.

Capt. Mike Smith was in the game to the very last. His advances on the field on many occasions infused courage into our boys to forge ahead.

Jack Corkery proved a star in the four games in which he participated. Those long runs were hair-raising.

Strenuous efforts were made on the part of Rev. Fathers Fortier and Stanton and President Nick Bawlf to launch a team into the newly formed Interprovincial Hockey League, but our application, with many others, was not accepted owing to the unsettled condition of the league.

Billy Richards is a hockey player of some note, and undoubtedly will don the garnet and grey uniform this season. Billy while registered at McGill, chased the puck for the Red and White.

By the combined efforts of the prefects, in securing hockey players, Ottawa University promises to be well represented in the City League this year.

The old reliable Nick will soon be ringing the steel on the glassy surface, and we can feel confident that if the bunting is landed by O.U., Nick will have figured conspicuously in securing it.

Vince Braceland and Pete Dunn will certainly strengthen the College septet. Vince is one of the best defence men in amateur hockey, while Pete is also there with the goods.

Under the able direction and coaching of Rev. Fr. Fortier, the third have done nobly. It would not be too preposterous to say that one or two, if not more, will be defending O.U. in the Intercollegiate Union next year.

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Of Local Interest

Sully, we did not know your father did not allow you to smoke. Well, too late. Do not cry over spilt milk.

Frankfurter We-r intends to open a quick lunch-room. Three cheers for his best customer—Himself. Later we learn that the name of this establishment will be called Uwanta Bark. Levi Wolf will be the manager.

O'Gor-an (with a pair of pants, a leg in each hand): This pair in my right hand is mine, but the pair in my left belongs to someone else. Wake up, Charlie! You must have been out the night before.

Jimmy Joh-s-n strongly advocates in favor of the Lynch law.

History Professor: If Montcalm had been a little more calm, Quebec would not have fallen.

The exciting melodrama entitled "Messenger Boy 42," which recently held the boards at the Grand, will be reproduced at the College with S-m-rd in the title role.

L-c-y: Why is a hen?

Fl-m-ng: Perhaps the Duck knows something about it.

G-ll-g-n (the morning after the ghost party): Say, Dewey, you will not need a sheet to look ghost-like to-night.

The Guichon Bros. are devising a scheme to heat their room with natural gas.

H-k-tt's parlors were such a success that a barber shop has been opened on the premises. All remedies for the scalp have been thoroughly tested by proprietor (C-nr-y is an honorable man) and guaranteed to contain nothing injurious.

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Come up and have your upper lip treated, Wh-l-n.

O'L-r-y: I see G-n-a is interested in the 5 and 10 cent store.

O'K-fe: How?

O'L—: Handling the baby dolls.

B-y-le: Indians, Indians, Oh! give me another name for them.
"Scotch": Red mon."

K-n-dy is introducing a new fad in the line of dancing. Watch him do the trick.

J. C-rk-y is going to produce a vaudeville sketch entitled "In the Good Old Summer Time." John will play the title role. We do not know his friend as yet.

D-w-y has cultivated a strong desire to study the French language. We wonder why?

When did you say that navy would be a fact, Ga-h-er?

Since the football season, Ga-h-er has been noticed to be a little absent-minded. In English class while reading Hamlet instead of reading first player, our friend starts off something like this: "First play A-90."

R-d-n's motto: Non victoria sine pugna.

D—B and O'Br-n: Our Mellin's Food Twins. Are they not cute.

Prof. in English: What does Prosody treat of?

K-n-e-dy: Prose.

Another Tragedy in One Act.

Varsity steed,
Hard day's work,
Drop dead,
Steak for breakfast,
Skin game.

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Synonomous: L-a-y — Lazy.

Lunches at D-w-y's and H-r-ton's. Meals at all hours. Purveyors to H.R.H. S. W-r.

Prof. in Latin: Translate that sentence. The one ending in Hic.

Fresh Student: That's not a sentence. It's a drink.

NOTICE.

Messrs. W-l-n and L-ke wish to inform the student body at large that they are not running an opposition recreation hall. Kindly use the one the school provides.

I claim myself a man.

Who is a better—H-t.

O'G-m-n has started to smoke again.

H-k-tt a Hospitable Host.

Visitor: My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave from you.

H-k-tt: You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part with.

S-m-: They say she's a peach.

Br-dy: I'll have to get an introduction.

Local Editor: Have you any jokes for the Review Du B-is?

Du B-is: I had one once, but I lost it.

H-t: What do you do during the vacations?

H-k-tt: I have a government job taking the "senses."

H-t: You need some, but in the Singular.

Voice over the 'phone: Je veut parler avec mon——

O'K-e-f—: I can't understand this. It is French.

H-rt: Then it must be for L-k-e.

In spite of the fact that the football season has just finished,

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our old reliable sub, W-bs, continues to keep in trim by visiting his *Trainer* on congé afternoons.

Con-y, have you tried "Crinisgigno" yet?

1st Student: The silver plant does not take in carbon?

Botanical Instructor: It has a green streak.

2nd Student: Then sure it's Irish.

A genial gentleman matriculant has concluded that if farmers want an insect to destroy potato bugs, they must first shell them.

Prof., addressing a senior: You are a man with a brilliant future behind you, explain the passage.

No answer.

Prof.: Did you study it?

Jim stirred slightly and said that he must have been dozing when he passed there.

Prof.: There are carnivorous plants.

Student: Do they live on flies only?

Phil.: O no! They just get them for desert.

Wm.: Your hair parts in the centre.

Little brother: Yours has departed in the front.

Junior Department

The junior Editor wishes everybody in general, and all the members of the Junior Department in particular, a Merry 'Xmas. and a Happy New Year.

The football season has come to a close. The team representing the Small Yard gave a good account of itself. It was up against great odds—it was hopelessly outweighed, but by hard training, by careful attention to the coach's injunctions, by always manifesting an indomitable spirit of stick-to-it-iveness on the field, and by good team work, it obtained results such as to cover itself with glory, and to realize the sanguine hopes of its most enthusiastic supporters. It tied for first place with Collegiate II. The saw-off game was thus reported in the *Ottawa Free Press*:

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Wednesday afternoon (Nov. 24) at the Oval, Collegiate II. and Ottawa College Small Yard played off the tie for premier honors in the Junior City League. It was as good an exponent of Canadian Rugby as any football enthusiast would care to see. The kicking and catching of the back divisions was beyond the ordinary for juniors. The neat gilt-edged work of Cornellier in the booting line, at full for College, gave Small Yard the superiority in the back department and helped materially to win the game. The Collegiate was heavier and stronger on the line, but to offset this the three College halves went up to help their line, leaving the quarter-back and full to do all the work of the back division. The spectators were treated to on-side kicks, to end-runs, to dashes through a broken field, and to low, snappy tackling. The following-up of the College wings was a feature of the game.

"In the first half, Small Yard missed a good chance to score, when by a long run, Harris brought the ball within three feet of the Collegiate line where he was downed by Scott. Here the heavier line of the Collegiate showed to advantage. The Small Yard could not gain an inch and lost the ball on downs. Then half-time was called. In the second half, with only one minute to play, neither team had as yet scored, but College was in possession of the ball, first down, on Collegiate's ten-yard line. The signal was given, Cornellier kicked high, Leblanc, playing on side, rushed ahead, leapt into the air, caught the ball over the head of the Collegiate's full-back and flung himself on the ground for a try." Small Yard's line-up: Full, Cornellier; halves, Harris, Leblanc and Poulin; quarter-back, Nagle; Scrim, Lebel, Murtagh and Laroche; wings, Chantal (Capt.), Brennan, Clark, Fournier, Tobin and Batterton.

Much of the success of the season was due to the able and untiring coaching of Rev. Father Veronneau.

The team had two good, reliable spares in Gascon and Mi'ot.

It is conceded by all, that Chantal made an ideal captain. Good boy, Leonard!

That group picture is all right, and there is not the face of a poor player on it.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We are champions again!

The captain of the Seconds, when interviewed, gave out the following interesting bit of information: "We did not have a very successful season. We had so few games that I was unable to rightly size up the particular playing ability of each member of the team, and as a result I did not have my men working in their proper positions.

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I should have done more shifting about. But wait till the fall of '09. Those interested in amateur sports will be glad to hear that most of this year's material (including myself) will be on hand for next season. We will, however, lose a valuable player in W. Jones, who positively declares that he is to join senior company."

The championship of the Third League of the inter-mural series was won by A, and its success can be attributed largely to its machine-like team work. The winning players were: Leclaire W., Côté, McCabe, DesRosiers (capt.), Braithwaite, Lalonde, Bourgie, Leclaire L., Belanger, Chamberlin, Lamonde, Jeanotte, McNicholl, Gregory and Peachy, C.

Rev. Father Bertrand, who took an interest in the Third League, says that there are some "baby wonders" among the players, but he withholds the names for fear of developing "swelled heads."

Was not that game for pies closely contested? Full time was played and ten minutes' overtime, and yet no score!

Would Mike's mother have known him if she had seen him in football "togs"?

The leagues in billiards and pool are in full swing. Who wins the championship?

Now for hockey! In this, as in football, Small Yard expects every man to do his duty.

Marathon races are becoming the fashion. The Small Yard had one. Twenty-five laps of the rink was the distance covered, but of the thirty entries only six finished. Andrew Murtagh of Aylmer, came first; Edward Nagle of Ottawa, second; and George Baithwaite of Crysler, third. The winners were presented with suitable prizes. There were no speeches.

At the banquet that's coming, take care, boys, not to overfeed yourselves.

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Canada's Manifest Destiny.

(Continued)



HE tend towards an exclusive, or excessive industrialism in any country, does, therefore, depend on, no less certainly than it may be said to cause, density of population in definite localities, both the density itself, and the numbers of centres in which it is to be found, being determined, primarily, by the supply of population available. The point here insisted on, then, to which all that has hitherto been said may be taken as introductory, is, simply, that Canada is, and must for many years remain, too thinly-populated a country to meet the demands of both industrialism and agriculture, or to become, advantageously to herself, an industrial, rather than, chiefly, an agricultural community. Her true and manifest destiny, in a word, is in the direction of the latter, not of the former. She needs, that is to say, many farms and many farmers, not a few crowded cities and "prosperous" factories. All, therefore, that tends in this true direction, and, principally, all increase, simplification, and cheapening of the means of transport, whether by road, rail, or water, no matter what the initial cost, is to be considered as furthering the real interest, welfare, and prosperity of the country as a whole.

Nor does the further objection, namely, that the mineral and power resources of Canada, both practically limitless, point, unmis-

takably, towards the growth and encouragement of industrialism, rather than towards an increase of the area of agriculturalism, in any way weaken the contention as to what constitutes her real destiny as the granary of the Empire, if not, indeed, of the world. It is a question of proportion, of the most profitable investment of a limited capital, population; not, in any sense, of exclusion, or even of as undue a preference in favour of the farmer, as there seems danger of being in favour of the manufacturer. It is a question, that is to say, as to which is to come first; one in which the real cost, not the material or arbitrary, must, inevitably and inexorably, be taken into account, under penalty of irretrievable national bankruptcy. It is wholly beside the point, therefore, to insist on the necessity of industrial centres, as consumers of agricultural products; the issue being—it cannot be too often insisted on—one of the best use of a supply, now, and for an indefinite period, inadequate to the needs of two divergent, but not naturally antagonistic interests.

These very resources, moreover, the latter—water power, in its application to electricity—most particularly, has, obviously, the chief place in the modern and advantageous development of those means of transport on which agriculture, no less than manufactures, must, necessarily, depend for success. The whole matter, indeed, briefly stated, is one of population and of facilities of transport. If we decide on applying our limited human resources principally, though not exclusively, to agriculture, we must, evidently, make the investment as profitable a one as possible. In other words, since it is on men and women that we have to depend for the success of any industry, and of agriculture, probably, more than of all others, our first and most pressing object consists in making their occupation not only remunerative, which is mere justice, and without which it cannot continue, but as attractive, at the very least, as city life appears to the agriculturist—until he comes to live it himself. The two objects, profit and attractiveness, can, fortunately, to a very large extent, be attained by the same means: cheap and easy means of transport and communication.

Without, however, venturing to enter into technical details, still less to outline a scheme whereby cheap transport, cheap power, distribution of population, and other similar advantages, might be made possible in Canada, I would ask your attention to some account of what may fairly be called the most perfect systems in existence—the canals and light railways of Belgium. I owe it to the courtesy of the Belgian Consul General at Ottawa, that the material, here made use of, has been placed at my disposal. It shall be made as little statistical and technical as may be consistent with a clear presentment of it.

Belgium, then, which is the most thickly-populated country in Europe, is, at the same time, one of the most prosperous, with a population but little given to emigration; as nearly self-sufficient, agriculturally, as well as industrially, as it is possible for any community to be. Owing to its dense population, and to other causes, it is both industrial and agricultural; it may be said, indeed, almost literally, that there is not an inch of waste space in the whole country; the plough, the spade, and the factory rule supreme. The other causes referred to are, of course, those on which I chiefly wish to insist, its admirable systems of cheap and easy transport, its canals and light railways.

As to the prosperity of Belgium, a point to be insisted on, the latest statistics available, those of 1898, give its population as 6,669,732, the value of its trade, per 1,000 inhabitants, as 574 millions of francs (about 23 millions of dollars) as compared with 480 millions of francs (about 19 millions of dollars) for the United Kingdom, and 211 millions of francs (about 8 millions of dollars) for the United States. As to the causes indicated, which are, undoubtedly, the true ones, its navigable waterways, rivers and canals, measure 2,193 kilometers, or 7.5 kilometers to every 100 square kilometers of territory. These, it must be remembered, are in addition to its railways, 6,600 kilometers, 2,000 being the narrow gauge system, known as "Vicinaux," or, as we should say, light railways, connecting every town and village with every other. "The transport industry," the report from which I am quoting states, "is one of the primary causes of the prosperity of Belgium. It has been the constant object of the government's care." Is it not possible that we have, here, the model to be followed, if Canada is to attain her manifest destiny?

These light railways, which, with the navigable waterways, form the most perfect system of internal communication in existence, are, it may be explained, narrow gauge, steam lines, running alongside the main highways, through the villages and towns, and carrying passengers and freight—the last is of prime importance to our subject—at very low rates. Two examples, only, need to be given here, concerning which, the comparative cost of everything, in Belgium in Canada must, of course, be borne in mind; a difference best, perhaps, indicated, by the respective units of value, the franc—twenty cents—and the dollar, though the rule is not, of course, of universal application, but depends on many circumstances. Taking this difference into account, however, and the estimated cost of the whole transport system of Belgium—the cost of replacing it—33,000,000 francs, the following official tariffs, supplied by the Consul

General, are of no little interest. For partial loads, on the light railways, the charge is 2 francs (40 cents) per 100 kilograms, for a distance of fifty kilometers; 3 francs 50 centimes (65 cents) for a hundred kilometers. For full wagon loads, the charges vary from 4 francs (80 cents) to 7 francs (\$1.40) per thousand kilograms, for the former distance, and from 7 francs 50 centimes (\$1.45) to 13 fr. 50 c. (\$2.65) for the latter. The fact that all these tariffs are fixed by the Minister of Railways is not without its significance for us. Facilities of transport being, as already noted, the chief cause and source of the prosperity of Belgium, are under the direct and efficient control of the state.

General statistics as to canal freights are not, I regret to say, available, but it may be said, generally, that they are, certainly, not higher than those charged in the light railways, and probably lower. The charges, for instance, between Liege and Namur, a distance of 56 kilometers, are 26 to 28 cents per ton (on loads of 270 to 300 tons) outward, and 24 to 26 cents, inward. The volume of traffic on the Belgian waterways, can only be described as enormous, amounting to 800 millions of kilometric (i.e., mileage) tons, in 1890. The traffic dues are so low as to be merely nominal, so that, to quote an official utterance, "their abolition seems to be rather a matter of time and budget than one of principle."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, in the absence of maps, to convey any adequate idea of the veritable network of railways, light railways, and canals, which make it possible for a nation of some seven millions souls to live and prosper in what they, themselves, aptly term "a mere spot on the map." It is a population of 224 to the square kilometer, which has more than doubled,—without immigration—since 1830, and which increases at the rate of about 75,000 a year.

How is it, we may well ask, that this has come about? That the general trade of the country amounted, in 1898, to 6,300,000,000 francs (1,260,000,000 dollars)? The official answer is worth quoting in full: "Because Belgium has understood that, in order to profit, as fully as possible, by her natural resources, and her geographical position, it was her inexorable duty to make the development of her means of communication *the sole motive of her policy* (mobile unique à sa politique)."

If, then, Canada's manifest destiny, as I have here endeavoured to shew, is agricultural, rather than industrial; if it is even to be both; if the fulfilment of either destiny rests, inevitably, upon density of population and facilities of transport,—it must, surely, be confessed that, in Belgium, we have the one model to which it behooves

us to conform. The details must, of course, differ ; canalization, the construction of light railways, must, evidently, rest with private enterprise, and with the individual provinces. But it is equally evident that, in order that both our population and our prosperity should even approach those of this other bi-racial, bi-lingual people, there is one way, and one way only, which we must follow, the way, namely, whereby they have attained a prosperity, certainly not surpassed, if, indeed, it can be said to have been equalled, by any other nation on earth.

FRANCIS W. GREY, Litt. D.

WHEN FALLS THE CURTAIN.

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown
And he the king, are on a common level,
The villain with the virtuous one sits down,
The angel smiles on him who played the devil.
The peasant fraternizes with the peer,
And village maids, and courtly dames and queens
Mingle together without fear or sneer—
They're only players all, behind the scenes !

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—
This play designed to entertain the gods—
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife
(Though *now* we think so) will not make much odds.
Who plays on earth the king will be as mean
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—
Peasant and peer, and country girl and queen,
Behind the scenes, will all be only players !

D. A. MCCARTHY.

The Irish Nation and the Universities.

PART I.

IRELAND, according to the Irish Year Book of 1908, has a population of 4,386,035. Of these, declares the same authority, "Irish (in 1891) was spoken by over 638,000 people, chiefly in the counties which extend round the western seaboard from Donegal to Waterford inclusive. It was, however, almost entirely ignored for purposes of education and public worship, as also for those of journalism and public life." "In 1893 the Gaelic League was founded, those principally concerned in its foundation being Dr. Douglas Hyde, now President; Mr. John MacNeill, Vice-President, and Father O'Growney, whose Simple Lessons in Irish are the most famous text-books the movement has produced. The objects are declared to be the preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue. A second clause declared it to be non-political and non-sectarian. A clause pledging the League to the promotion of Irish industry has subsequently been added to the articles of its constitution."

The fact that the League is non-political and non-sectarian cannot be too strongly insisted upon. In Ireland to-day, "the great political and religious division between North and South is no longer a living issue. An Independent Orange League now addresses itself to 'all Irishmen whose country stands first in their affections.' There has arisen a feeling of inter-dependence and unity among all Irishmen, and a tendency to put first the good of the country." Such were the conclusions reached of late by Maude Radford Warren, writing in *Collier's*. There is a dark side to the picture, however.

"To the casual observer, Ireland may still seem a most distressful country. The ratio of her insane is higher than that of any other country; twice as many die of consumption as do in England; 5,000,000 acres of land are barren, and the 15,000,000 of fruitful area is divided into 500,000 holdings, 200,000 of which are uneconomic. . . . The railways are miserably organized and charge one-third more for freight rates than do English railways. Twelve million pounds is spent annually on imported goods that could just as well be made at home. . . . And, above all, nearly 40,000 of her strongest go yearly to America.

"And yet this brave little country is coming into her own. Slowly, by remembering that importance to a country is not given by a king, but by looking to herself. . . . she is being re-created from within. For the first time in her history, she is approaching the fundamental essential of a nation—unity."

It should always be remembered that the Gaelic League is subordinate to none of the political movements. Aiming to preserve the language, and through it the national distinctiveness, of Ireland, the Gaelic League holds itself strictly aloof from politics. Its members may profess whatsoever political doctrine they will—Parliamentarianism, Sinn Féin, or Unionism. The League, as a body, commits itself to no political affiliation and is uncontrolled by any. What it has done it has done by its own efforts, and it holds fast to its independence and its non-political and non-sectarian plank.

There was held recently in Dublin, under the auspices of the League, a monster meeting called to express the demand of the nation that a knowledge of the Irish language be made an essential subject for matriculation in the new National University of Ireland. The following report of the proceedings, taken from a Dublin newspaper, emphasizes how deep and sincere are the convictions on this subject of the "Ireland that really matters":

The threat to West Britonise the new University in Dublin has revived Irish-Ireland. Only once before in the history of the language movement—and that at a time of crisis such as this—has such a great meeting assembled in Dublin, and has such enthusiasm and determination been evinced. Before the hour fixed for opening the meeting every foot of space in the Round Room of the Rotunda was occupied, and the halls and corridors of the building were crowded with people unable to find standing room inside. When the Lord Mayor ascended the platform, followed by Dr. Hyde, and men and women of differing classes and creeds, and varying political views, the great hall thrilled to the volleying cheers which in themselves declared the death-knell of any University which would attempt to carry on the evil and absurd tradition that this country is a British shire. The letters and telegrams read by the Secretary of the Gaelic League showed that outside Ireland, as well as within it, the issue was fully grasped—Ireland or West Britain. The Head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians cabled that Irish-American support depended on Irish being made an essential subject for matriculation. The Very Rev. Dr. Yorke cabled to the same effect from California. Among the many other messages was one from the workmen of Wexford, who have called upon the County Council to withhold raising a rate-in-aid unless the Irish language be made obligatory and one from Father Murphy, M.S.S., Enniscorthy, in which he said—"We in Wexford want no second edition of Trinity College. We want a University that shall be National not only in name, but in reality. We want a new University for Ireland and not for West Britain. That can only be secured by giving the place of honour to Irish and to subjects relating to Ireland. We trust your meeting will convince the Senators of the justice of your demands, otherwise we are certain to witness a repetition of the disaster that overcame the Irish Catholic University which justly died because it was dissociated from the National life."

When Dr. Hyde rose to move that the Irish language be made an essential subject for matriculation in the University, he was welcomed with prolonged

cheering. He thanked God, he said, they had at last a free University. It was the mission of that University to voice the ancient civilization of the Irish nation. Some saw this very plainly; others saw it dimly; others again—Irishmen, Nationalists, Catholics—were jealous of the old Irish race. Were they to have the Confederation of Kilkenny over again? If they had, then, he stood by Owen Roe. (The cheering here interrupted the speaker for a considerable time.) Continuing, he said in his opinion the only possible way of making the new University a great striking, potent factor in Irish life was by making it frankly Irish from the beginning. It must reflect the civilization of the ancestors of the men who would attend it, and not the civilization of the ancestors of the men who would not attend it. They must train up no more students for export. They must train up their students for internal consumption; train them up to take the places that Ireland itself could offer them; and they must not be brought up with an eye upon the Colonies, but with an eye upon Ireland.

Mr. John MacNeill, who seconded the resolution, said the business of a National and Irish University was to fit all who went through it for National and Irish life. This resolution which he was seconding did not go far enough. They only asked there that Irish should be made an essential subject up to the period of specialisation. He considered that Irish should be continued in some form or other right through the period of specialisation. Five thousand students took up Irish in the Intermediate schools of the country, and only fifty-eight could be induced to take it up in the Royal University. And why? Because the Royal University was not the mother, but the step-mother of Irish learning. The part that Ireland would take in future history would depend on the intensity of her national culture. The demand for Irish in the University was not merely the demand of the Gaelic League. It was due to the re-awakening sense of Nationality in the people. If a University was now established which it had been commonly and with good authority stated would be acceptable to the Catholics of this country as Catholics, and which would not be acceptable to the Irishmen of this country as Irishmen—if any such institution, at this hour of the day, was set up there in their midst, it would be the most portentous danger to Irish life that had ever been seen in Ireland.

Father Matt Ryan, in supporting the resolutions, said it would be a falsehood to call the University by the title of National if the Irish language were not foremost in its studies. There were some of his cloth in Ireland who were not doing what they might for the study of the Irish language. Had they taken more interest in the subject, and been as deferential to the wishes of the Bishops as they should have been, there would have been no need for the holding of that meeting that night. In not forwarding the study of Irish they had disobeyed the mandate of the Irish Hierarchy. Some eight years ago he bound himself before the Altar in his parish that as long as he lived to be a manager of schools he would never employ anyone to a position who could not read, write, and speak Irish fluently. Since that time he had had the opportunity of making ten appointments to the schools of his own parish. It might as well be called the National University of Maoriland if the Irish language had no place in it.

Mr. Arthur Griffith, in supporting the resolution, said that his greatest regret was that the Irish language had not been a compulsory subject of study in his school days, and if they would save the rising generation from the same regret they would make it compulsory now. What the Gaelic League asked was of the smallest—the limit of moderation. It did not ask the head of the table for Ireland in her own house—only a seat at the table with the strangers in her house, and even to this opposition was offered. The doorkeeper of the opposition said to Ireland—My dear madam, I have the very greatest respect for you, but you must stay in the backyard. These people objected to be called West Britons. What voice was it, if it were not the voice of West Britain, which declared that the National language of Ireland—the living language still of half-a-million people—must be banished outside the house, while the dead language of a vanished empire was brought inside. Trinity College had long

been regarded as the arch-opponent of the Irish language. But it was not Trinity College which was striking a treacherous blow at the nation now. Trinity College was founded not to conserve but to destroy the nation, and if it had been an opponent it was not a hypocrite. The elementary fact of the situation was that now not the British Government but a body of Irishmen had the power of making the Irish language an essential subject in Irish education, and that that body of Irishmen was mainly composed of those who had condemned Trinity College as anti-national. If the language were banned it would be banned by Irishmen who had professed to be its friends. If the Government that founded this University had reserved to itself the right to prohibit the study of the Irish language in the new University, those who were now opposing the introduction of that language into an essential place in the curriculum of the University would be loud in their condemnation of that Government, in order to stand well in popular estimation whilst the thing they really wished was being done. If the Irish language were made essential in the University, the Irish language must be taught in the colleges and schools of Ireland, and it would be on the tongues of the whole people in twenty years. The educationist who relegated the native language to an inferior position struck national pride from the soul of the student, and a people without national pride could never make intellectual or material progress. So long as Ireland retained the Irish language, Ireland remained unconquered. Her political institutions might be pulled down, her constitution subverted, her liberties repressed, but while her language remained her soul was unconquered. He no longer held that there could be an Irish nation without an Irish language. Time and circumstance could regain and restore the liberties and political institutions of Ireland, but if she lost her language she lost something that could never be restored. The Irish nation must be built on the 30,000 peasants in Ireland who spoke no other language but Irish and the half-million people who spoke both languages. If the University did not realize that, it would sink into a dishonoured grave. Whatever was not Irish was foreign—if this University was not to be Irish it was a foreign encumbrance to be cleared away.

At the conclusion of Mr. Griffith's speech, Dr. Hyde read the Rev. Dr. O'Hickey's letter. The reading of the letter excited great outbursts of cheering.

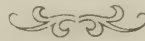
The Hon. W. Gibson said that if it were not for the soul that the language movement was infusing into the country there would be no Irish industrial revival. They were asked to believe that foreigners would flock to the new University. If foreigners ever come to the new University it would be only to get something which they could not get elsewhere. And the only thing that they could give them in that University which they could not obtain elsewhere was the Irish language and the literature of Ireland.

Rev. Father O'Kieran said that if the new University were allowed to start by giving Irish a back place in its curriculum, and if they fell asleep and let it go along it would do a great deal to kill the language movement and to undo what had been done during the past fifteen years. If West Britonism showed fight in this matter they must do so as well, and if they had need to kill an English Catholic University in Ireland they were, he thought, quite able to do so. There was one gentleman who had no sympathy with Catholics who wanted their children taught Irish, but had got sympathy for Catholics from Australia and America. Never, he thought, since Solomon was inspired to write the words, had there been such an example of the truth of the statement that "the eyes of the fool are on the ends of the earth." The new University was to a University mainly for Catholics—he hoped men of all creeds would be there—but it was intended mainly for Catholics, and now it was threatened to be turned into a University not for the bulk of the Catholics of Ireland—the Catholic Nationalists—but for the West British Catholics. The native Irish were to be again subjected that the Pale Catholic might be exalted. Such a University would be hostile and inimical to the Irish nation, and the Irish nation would sweep it away or ten such universities.

At the conclusion of Father O'Kieran's speech, which excited great enthusiasm, the resolution was put by the Lord Mayor, who stated it was an amazing thing that any Irishman could conceive a National University in which the Irish language was not an essential study, and carried amidst a scene of tremendous enthusiasm. The second chair was then taken by Dr. Hyde, and a vote of thanks accorded to the Lord Mayor, on the motion of Dr. MacHenry, seconded by the Rev. Father O'Kelly. And as midnight approached, the greatest meeting held by the Gaelic League in Dublin for years dissolved.

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

(To be continued.)



AWARDS INTERESTING TO STUDENTS OF CANADIAN COLLEGES

have been made by a committee of economists for the best essays submitted by college graduates and students. Four prizes in all, aggregating nearly \$2,000, have been given.

The first prize was taken by Oscar Douglas Skelton, formerly of the University of Chicago, and now Professor at Queen's University, Kingston.

A woman, Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade, of Philadelphia, won the second prize by making a study of the agricultural resources of the United States. She is the first woman to win one of the essays, but has previously distinguished herself by her scholarship, holding fellowships at Bryn Mawr and the University of Pennsylvania. Essays were submitted from all over the United States.

The committee which awarded the prizes consisted of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, J. B. Clark of Columbia University, Henry C. Adams of the University of Michigan, Horace White of New York City, and President Carroll D. Wright of Clark College. The donors of the prizes are Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago.

The announcement of the awards is as follows:

CLASS A—GRADUATES.

1. The first prize of one thousand dollars to Oscar Douglas Skelton, A.B., Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, 1900; graduate student in the University of Chicago; Ph. D., The University of Chicago, 1908; Professor of Political

Economy in Queen's University; for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

2. The second prize of five hundred dollars to Emily Fogg Meade (Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade), A.B., The University of Chicago, 1897; Fellow at Bryn Mawr, 1897-1899; Fellow at University of Pennsylvania, 1899, 1900; for a paper entitled "Agricultural Resources of the United States."

CLASS B—UNDERGRADUATES.

1. The first prize of three hundred dollars to A. E. Pinanski, Harvard University, 1908, for a paper entitled "The Street Railway System of Metropolitan Boston."
2. The second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to William Shea, Cornell University, 1909, for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

Notice was also given by the committee that writers and students who wish to compete for the prizes offered for 1909 will be allowed until June 1st to make their studies and finish their essays.

"BE GAME."

Bustle, rustle, hustle,
 Fall, rise, tussle!
 Earth is wide;
 Do not hide.
 Whoever does
 Hears a buzz;
 Pit is struck,
 Man is muck.
 None may stop
 Till on top.
 How get there?
 Just be fair,
 Have an aim.
 See a name,
 Qualify;
 Don't say die.

L. '11

Coriolanus.



FOR the background of this tragedy, Shakespeare chose one of the most interesting episodes in Roman history. The struggle between the poorer classes of society and their landed proprietors has not been restricted to one nation or to one age. From the most remote periods we read of peoples rebelling against intolerant kings and princes, and the struggle has continued to the present time. The day upon which their rights have been formally recognized will live in the memories of a people forever; and anyone who may have opposed them in their fight for these rights will merit the unmitigated detestation of succeeding ages. The peace-maker, Menenius Agrippa, has left a more profound impression in the annals of history than the warrior Coriolanus. What schoolboy is not familiar with the story of the rebellion of the limbs against the stomach! The victory of the plebeians on this occasion was much the same as that of the English people when King John was forced to sign the Magna Charta. But, as the English King stands forth prominently as the champion of the crown's prerogatives in one case, so does Coriolanus appear conspicuously in the other as the chief obstacle between a downtrodden class and the acquisition of their rights. The plebeian leaders made him the target for their volleys, and with his fall came the freedom of the people.

In this, as in all his historical plays, Shakespeare modified history to suit his purposes. The Coriolanus depicted by the dramatist does not win our sympathy, even when vehemently putting forth the claims of his party, any more than the Coriolanus of history has done. We are at once struck with admiration at the prowess of his arm and his intrepidity when before the enemy; but his overbearing pride, his self-conceit, his contempt for the people, and, lastly, his spitefulness in joining with the enemies of his country, more than counteract any admiration we may have conceived.

As a direct descendant of a royal house, Coriolanus was, by virtue of his birth, one of the most distinguished members of the patrician class. It is hardly deserving of comment, therefore, that he should have looked with disfavor upon his inferior subjects, the plebeians, or that they should have held him as an enemy of their race. That this dislike should have grown to actual contempt, and even descended to what Thackeray would term, "royal snobbish-

ness," is worthy of consideration. Son of a proud, domineering woman, whose hatred towards the plebeians she took no pains to hide, Coriolanus was brought up in an atmosphere reeking with intolerance, and with the conviction firmly impressed upon him that every jot of authority delegated to the people was but so much taken from that supreme command to which he aspired. Even granting that his hostility came from moral conviction, his bitterness, shown from the very first stages of his career, which savors much of snobbishness, does not find such a ready explanation. We would have looked for something more reserved from one of noble lineage than the words,

"Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—"

Personal bravery and success in leading armies were to the Roman mind the greatest claims to emoluments of office. Our hero was unsurpassed in both these things. His surname, Coriolanus, testifies that he was brave to an almost superhuman degree, and popular acclaim of both friends and enemies hailed him as a leader of uncommon skill.

The following passages referring to his rival, Aufidius, has the ring of the true fighting spirit,

"Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him."

Any cunning or foresight Coriolanus possessed seems to have been confined to the profession of arms. His ready consent to fight under the leadership of Comminus, in order that he might be free from responsibility in event of defeat, while sharing with his leader equally the fruits of victory, portrays not a little craft.

Brave in the field of battle, he was likewise fearless of bodily hurt. Rather than change his attitude towards the people or recant what he had said before them, he was willing to face the enraged mob and let them wreck their vengeance upon him, even though it take the form of death upon the wheel, or precipitation from the Torpeian rock.

It often happens that the bravest men are the most tender-hearted, so Coriolanus, impervious to the sufferings of a class, was, like Napoleon, greatly affected by individual suffering. He was

moved to pity at the plight of the old citizen of Corioli who had succored him. He prayer Comminus to see to him and give him freedom.

Furthermore, he was a man of overpowering ambition, which trait was to prove his undoing. Fame, acquired by the strength of his arm, was to him of all things the most to be desired. The prayers of his mother and his own early dreams were more than realized, for he was the acknowledged warrior of his day. This thirst for glory was singularly coupled with a keen distaste for praise,

"I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd."

Had these many good qualities not been offset by others of an evil nature, he would probably have earned that enduring renown he so ardently longed for.

Pride appears to have overstepped all other characteristics. His early training and surroundings, his success in arms, the adulation of his friends, the consciousness of his own power, all fostered a spirit of inordinate self-esteem, unbearable to the masses and resented by the nobles. For him the people were to forego custom and make him consul without his solicitation of their "voices." It was sufficient that he was Coriolanus. What a pitiful spectacle he presents when gowned in the cloak of humility he waits upon the citizens! What anguish must have pierced his breast at having to ask for something which to his mind was due to him by absolute right! His self-conceit was never more manifest than on the same occasion when, to the question of a citizen as to what claims he had to offer why he should be made consul, he replied, "my own desert." The depth of his feeling upon this point is forcibly expressed in the lines beginning,

"Better to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve."

It is little wonder, then, that the people, flaunted to their very faces, should have looked upon him with the greatest hostility.

Coriolanus was a natural leader of men. His birth, education, and talents, set him as a man apart. Even when in the camp of Aufidius, the Volscians flocked to his standard. There is required in all who wish to rule others a degree of tact which must guide them in their conduct. They must stoop if they wish to conquer. Coriolanus refused to stoop, or, when he did so, it was with such poor grace as to insult rather than appease.

Finally, we come to the last episode in his career, viz., his betrayal of Rome and his entrance into the camp of his enemies. It is here that Shakespeare shows himself the keen observer of human nature, and the master of the passions of men. Coriolanus' breast was filled with bitter resentment against his countrymen who had driven him forth from his native city. Revenge was the one consideration which had weight with him. Forced on by this impulse, he sought out his enemy, Aufidius, and pledged himself to bring about the destruction of Rome. Had he done otherwise, he would not have been acting in conformity with his character as portrayed in the earlier stages of the plot. Few men, under similar conditions, would have acted differently. It is difficult, when smarting with the consciousness of some injustice, to lay all thought of retaliation to one side and allow oneself to be guided by principles of pure reason. Coriolanus was no exception to the rule, for he must have seen, were he possessed of even the smallest degree of foresight, that a short sojourn from the city would have been followed by a triumphal return. We have already said that pride was the predominant trait of his character. It had embroiled him with the plebeians and caused his humiliation, it had prompted him to join the forces of Aufidius and lay waste the territories of Rome, and, lastly, it steel-ed his heart against all overtures of peace from the Romans. He was fully aware of the falseness and the weakness of his position, for at one time he cries out—

“All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.”

Taken off his guard by his wife and mother, he quickly yielded to their prayers for mercy. His dread resolve was not strong enough to outweigh martial love and filial attachment. It is hardly likely that his death was the result of the sparing of Rome. Were such the case, he would, indeed, be a hero in the true sense of the word. Rather should it be attributed, partly to his own arrogance, and partly to the duplicity of Aufidius.

MARTIN O'GARA, '10.

The Trip to Grand'Mere.



EVER had so much fun in my life, was the verdict of each member of the party. The train left the Central Station for Montreal at 8.30 Saturday morning. I said 8.30, but strange enough to say, three of the chosen seven failed to put in an appearance. O'Neill informed us that the maid failed in her attempts to arouse him. Same thing happened Kilt, and as for the goal tender, he said he was barred from coming on account of business. However, we were seven. Montreal was made on scheduled time, and after lunch was over we seven continued the trip to Grand Mère.

I guess we had a poor time on that train from two till six. Sang every song ever published—sang them in parts, did you say—well, I guess we did—sang them *all ways*. Aumond's rendition of that once famous ballad, "Molly Malone," was nothing short of marvellous; animated—about as much animation in it as there is in a frozen fish. He had a few of the lines all right, all right, but the air was like the fire in the song—"out." Did you ever hear our German band?—good—Aumond has it stopped. But when Ph. Harris "climbed up," and took several sweet nasal notes in "You may look and listen, but mum's the word," the Con., who was seated in the next seat to the artist, and whom we feared would object to the noise, merely grunted when questioned, "I don't care, I'll stay if the rest do." Just then the brakie entered and snarled out, "pass the can," to the horror of the seven. He was informed by Vince that he was in the right car, but at the wrong end. The look on the man's face at Braceland's saucy answer caused Bawlf (our captain) to reprimand the cover point for such impertinence. He doesn't drink; no, he doesn't, I tell you. He simply meant to inform the travellers that the next stop was at "Bastican," a beautiful flag station 30 miles from nowhere. Terrebonne, St. Narcisse, Hebrew, and a few more places were snarled out by the person, whose feelings, judging from his face, Braceland greatly injured.

"Change car at Trois Rivières for Lac à la Torture, was the next line he bit off, and looked at us. "I guess he means us," said Dunne, and "I know," said the manager, "who's running this team?" "Cheer up, Vince. Here's where you get yours! Where are you going to have it? on the rack or on the face?"

Trois Rivières didn't look half bad. We had a few minutes' wait at the station, during which time the coach had come upon a goaler, who was willing to come along with us, provided he knew our price? Released!!!

We boarded the train once more, at 5.30, which was to carry us to Lac a la Torture, which we found out to be a city three miles from Grand Mére, and where busses were awaiting us.

Songs were, of course, in order. French, Irish, German, Rag-time and "Molly Malone" were rendered. The next business of importance was the selecting of the seven, who were to wear the colors and decorations of O. U. that evening. Ph. Harris was the unanimous choice for the goal position, the coach having failed to land Farmer—with words. After careful consideration, Dunne and Braceland were given places on the defence, while Bawlf's, Aumond's and Isbester's places on the team were never questioned. That difficulty was overcome ere we reached Lac a la Torture, where we left our train and entered comfortable busses which were to drive us from 130 miles from nowhere to Grand Mére, three miles beyond. At least we thought so. But to our utter amazement, after a quick drive, we were in as neat and comfortable and up-to-date hotel as you will find. And the people all were English-speaking Canadians or Americans. After dinner, which was served a la carte, we learned something about the place and the inhabitants. We found out, moreover, we were there to stay till the next night. "Good, hope we don't get out of here for a month," said Aumond, "I have been here before. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and out stretched the hand of the Chinaman who landed in, laundry bag on his shoulder, to greet Charlie, whom he recognized, and informed he had some underwear and shirts belonging to him still in his possession. "Who's your friend, Aumond?" "Pay the man!" and the like were cast at Aumond, amidst the greatest uproar. We were soon at the rink, dressed and on the ice. A fine rink, indeed, and about a thousand people present. Burke, a good hockey player—out of condition—offered his services. Signed. Into a suit he got, and out for a "prelim." He had the goods all right, but not with him. Dunne told him, however, he looked good, and he would use his influence to secure him a place. We played and lost—11-6. We lost to a better team. Perhaps. Perhaps not. O'Rielly-O'Hern Harris had an offnight. He stopped, however, those shots that hit him, displaying great nerve and coolness.

Back to the hotel we went, and there, after a supper, we seven had a lot of fun till about 2 a.m.

7.30 was the hour we arose at. About five minutes later Bawlf was ushered into the coach's room, from whose window he could behold the "sunrise." "Never saw a prettier one," said Nick, as he got a belt over the head with a wet towel. "First he ever saw," said the coach.

After breakfast we went to St. Peter's Church and assisted at Father Stanton's mass. The church was one similar to Sacred Heart before it was destroyed by fire. Mass over, we seven were the guests of the manager of the Grand Mère hockey team. He supplied two fine horses and cutters, and a more delightful drive around could not have been wished for. It was really funny to see Braceland drive one of the horses. The horse, however, knew where it was going. Braceland did, too, I don't think. He held the reins as he would a piece of apple pie. All he wished the horse to do was to go fast. The animal, however, was a wise one. Saw drivers like him before.

One really interesting place of interest, and through which we were shown, was the paper mill. Grand Mère is the home of the Laurentide Paper Company, and is practically the only business in the place. The process of making paper was explained, from the time the tree was chopped down till it is rendered in the form of paper, of which thousands of tons are sold yearly for newspaper purposes.

After our visit to the mill we drove around the town to see the sights. The town itself is situated upon the side of a high hill, overlooking the St. Maurice river—a prettier and more picturesque spot could not be found. There are many very pretty homes in the town as well as a fine convent, college and several large stores. The sights seen, we returned to the inn, where a good time was spent till 4.30, when we were driven, after taking our leave from the hotel, to the station, where a special train awaited our arrival to convey us to Shawinigan Falls, some twenty miles distant.

Who said special train? A parlor car and an engine. The engineer was conductor and brakeman, besides being station agent, baggage master, and everything else. He inquired when we wished to leave, and was told—at his pleasure. Manager Harris informed us we were now at Shawinigan Falls, and that we would travel over the Canadian Northern Ry. to Montreal.

I guess we had another poor time on that train to Montreal. Anything we didn't do or say wasn't worth the effort.

Something came along, passing as a news agent, and maybe we didn't have fun with him.

We passed L'Assomption, where a crowd came on, to our de-

light. At Joliette we got off, and just to be sociable "we gave our college cry" and sang the Wearing of the Green

After four hours of fun with ourselves and everyone else, we reached the C.N.R. station in Maissonneuve, Montreal, whence we drove to the Windsor, where we seven disbanded. Four remained in Montreal till Tuesday to witness the first Stanley Cup game, Wanderers vs. Edmonton. The other three waited three hours for the C.P.R. transcontinental to leave, it being delayed waiting on the overseas mail. We were seven in Grand Mère, Montreal, and again on Tuesday at practice, after having a time which I have merely outlined. To realize the fun we had one needs to have been with us, but when seven agree that the trip to Grand Mère was what it was, a continual round of fun, the verdict stands unquestioned.

ONE OF THE SEVEN, '09.

Eucharistic Echoes.

It is several months now since the Eucharistic Congress in London came to a close. But as the days go-by, it is becoming more and more evident that the harmony and depth of religious feeling displayed in the numerous and varied gathering, have been well calculated to produce a profound effect upon the minds of thinking men.

True it is that of the hundred thousand visitors that the occasion attracted to the world's commercial capital, the majority were British born. This in itself is a significant fact. But side by side with the loyal subjects of the Empire, in the procession, in the religious functions, in the conferences, were adherents of other flags from every quarter of the globe, who were joined with them in closest amity, and anxious by their presence and co-operation to add to the strength of the great Catholic demonstration. Prelates of distinction and ability were present. Laymen of renown and influence brought with them the prestige and honor they held in their own land. Theologians and scientists rendered the conferences memorable by the weight of their Christian learning. The rank and file of the clergy and lay persons from the humbler walks of life contributed to the enthusiasm by sheer force of numbers and earnestness of devotion. The children, even, arrayed in their First Com-

munion costumes, had a special function all their own; and in and about Westminster Cathedral, which was not spacious enough to contain them all, arose from their innocent lips, hymns of praise to the Almighty. In fact, there was no element wanting that could appeal to the religious sense of human nature, and as such to touch the heart of every Christian man and woman.

No wonder then that many a non-Catholic conscience has been startled by the query: "How can this unbounded religious ardor be explained? It is so very different from the chilly devotion of our own cult which we are so wary of displaying in public. How account for the perfect harmony reigning in this multitude from many lands whose very divergence of racial characteristics and natural sympathies would rather tend to keep aloof from one another?" And the answer must come clear and plain. Catholicity is the overpowering moral force that breaks down the strong barriers of national prejudices. Catholicity is the master principle, before which all other principles of action dwindle to naught. It brings with it a conviction that cannot be gainsaid, that appeals equally to the learned and unlettered, to the well-to-do and the needy, to the child as well as the mature of mind. But it is a Catholicity that draws its strength and vitality from the love of "God with us," which finds its peace and rest in the Heart of Jesus, in the tabernacle, by whose sacred relationship all men are brothers.

MONA, '09.



A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

(Continued.)

AFTER a most enjoyable week spent in Dublin, we continued our tour southward, making a short stay at Bray, "the Brighton of Ireland," one of the pleasantest watering places along these shores, nestling, as it does, in a charming bay beneath the shadow of a bold promontory, and possessing a splendid esplanade. From here on through the wild ravine known as "The Scalp," to Roundwood, a pretty village on the banks of the Vartry, and quite close to the beautiful sheet of water, called Lough Tay.

If nature has been kind to the Green Isle, she has lavished her favors on County Wicklow. Here the scenery is truly magnificent; through vale and glade, by stately tower and ruined abbey, the spirit of freshness and sweet tranquillity reigns supreme; and over all floats a halo of romance.

As the motor speeds along the level highway, above us rise the grand and lofty Wicklow mountains, capped by the famous Sugar Loaf peak, from whose summit the eye can range over a wealth of scenery, perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

Well might our own Lady Dufferin sing:

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare."

And Sir Walter Scott very truly says:

"Were scenes of such surpassing loveliness on English shores, they would be a world's wonder."

Leaving behind us the rugged beauty of the mountainside, we descend into lovely Glendalough, "the valley of the two lakes." The naturally sombre scenery, the round tower, and seven churches add a mysterious and mystical aspect in accord with the dark and gloomy waters.

The upper lake, overshadowed by Derrybawn and Lugduff, with St. Kevin's Cave; the peaceful lower lake, the churches, towers and crosses, all combine to make a picture which can never be forgotten, and which transports one to the ancient days before time and the spoiler had disfigured the land.

"The Pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
Those gray old pillar temples, those conquerors of time!"

Long we lingered "by that lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er," and noted as the guide pointed it out to us, that while the waters of the lower lake were glittering in the sun, those of the upper lake were dark as the shadows of night; for as the legend has it, here was the lady Kathleen hurled to her death for having dared to love Saint Kevin.

Rising up beside the still waters is the weird and rugged rock on whose steep face is cut St. Kevin's Cave, so small as to be scarcely capable of containing three persons, since it is but seven feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. The approach is by a narrow path, where a single false step would mean a plunge of over a hundred feet into the lake below.

From Glendalough we continue our journey along the winding shores of the Avonmore river to the Vale of Ovoca. On either side the foliage-covered hills bathed in the beams of sunlight, below in the valley the rippling waters of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, laughing joyously as they meet to journey on towards the sea, combine to make a picture worthy of ever being recalled by the immortal poem of Ireland's sweetest singer:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Leaving Ovoca we pass rapidly by tranquil brooks gliding around the softly swelling hills and meadows, divided into a patchwork of brightest green by hedges of sweet hawthorn or rows of stately trees, until we reach Kilkenny, where as the Couplet reads, there is:

"Fire without smoke, air without fog,
Water without mud, and land without bog."

Here we saw the famous Castle of the Ormonds and the magnificent Cathedral of Saint Canice, without a doubt the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the entire land.

On leaving Kilkenny a brief spin brings us to the quaint City of Waterford, whose ancient Irish name was Cuan-na-Grian—Harbour of the Sun. The streets are narrow and very straggling, lined with many an old curiosity shop.

After a few hours spent in sight-seeing, we resumed our route, which we continued with hardly a stop until we reached Killarney. We spent the night in the town, and next morning motored out past Dunloe Castle to Kate Kearney's cottage, where dwelt a famous beauty of the early Nineteenth Century, whose praises have been sung in the ballad which bears her name,

"O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!"

Here we left the motor and mounted our ponies for the picturesque ride through the Gap of Dunloe; higher and higher we climbed by the side of the Loe through the wild cleft of the frowning hillsides, the work, as the legend has it, of Finn McCool's great sword. We pass by several miniature lakes, in whose waters are reflected huge masses of overhanging rock. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of a bugle, whose shrill notes echo and re-echo with wonderful clearness, from crag to crag. Towering above are McGillicuddy's black reeks, which stand like sentinels telling the tale of the sleeping warriors who garrison this great fortress of nature:

"The tale of the spell-stricken band
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand
Who await but the word to give Erin her own."

Finally we reached the highest point of the pass and looked down upon the scene of beauty—perhaps unequalled in the world. Behind us the long white winding road, flanked by fern-covered cliffs stretched in graceful curves, in front it zig-zagged down to the head of the upper lake, which lay shining in the golden rays of the July sun, like a huge amethyst studded with fairy isles of emerald. Quickly descending from the Gap we arrived at the landing place, and were handed over to the care of intelligent and witty Killarney boatmen, who gave us a story for every rock and a fable for every island, and kept us bubbling over with merriment at their inimitable and eminently Celtic drollery.

Swiftly and silently the boat glides over the still waters of the upper lake, past little islands or bold promontories of the overhanging hills, which lie so close that nothing

"Save just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the ocean meets the land."

Emerging from the upper lake we follow the sinuous course of the Long Range, whose banks are fringed with fern and arbutus, through which now and then bounds the lordly red deer. As we pass Radanullar, "the Eagle's Nest"—a gigantic wooded precipice a thousand feet high, on whose summit the king of birds still holds domain, the bugle is again sounded, and its notes are taken up and repeated ten times over by the slumbering echoes of the frowning eyrie. But now the current has carried us to the end of the Long Range, the channel has become narrow, and straight ahead is the old Weir bridge, through whose rounded arches the river runs with terrific rapidity. We expected that here would be a "portage," but no! the lusty boatmen simply tell us "sit still and keep up yer pluck," and away we go helter-skelter over the rapids, passing Dinish Island with its luxuriant semi-tropical growth of bamboo, eucalyptus, and magnolia, till we pass into the calm waters of Muckross or Middle Lake. As they row, the boatmen point out various places made famous by that greatest of Kiilarney heroes, The O'Donoghue—his house, prison, stable, library, etc., and tell us how every May morning, just before sunrise, the spirit chieftain ascends, fully armed, from the waters, and, mounted on his favorite white steed, rides over the lake where he once held sway, attended by fairies who strew his path with flowers, while his castle and possessions all resume their former grandeur; hence Moore sings:

"When the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright lake in thee."

At the north east corner of the lake stands the noble Franciscan Abbey of Muckcross, dating back to the 13th Century, and once the chief burial place of the O'Sullivans, McGillicuddys and O'Donoghues. Specially beautiful is the cloister with its lovely double-columned arches forming a quadrangle some fifty feet square, in the centre of which rises a gigantic and stately yew-tree, beloved of the Druids, and respected by Christians as a symbol of Life eternal.

There is something inexpressibly sad and mysterious about Muckcross Abbey; one can, even in daytime, easily picture the dark-robed monks flitting noiselessly through its corridors, but at night, when the pale moonshine falls upon the lake, while the mountains are shrouded in shadows, and the waters are lulling the land to sleep,

the solemnity of the scene must surpass even that of Melrose, described by Scott.

Taking once more to the boat we enter the Lower lake, the largest and most charming of all. On its west shore rise the lofty Toomies clothed with heather-bloom, while to the north and east its banks rise gently from the waters, and merge into a wide stretch of fertile country embossed with waving woods, from which peep now and then the high turrets of some noble mansion.

Scattered over the broad expanse of water are no less than thirty-five islands, bedecking its silver sheen; the largest of them is Inisfallen, singularly beautiful with its groves of giant ash and holly, its sunny glades, its rocks and ruins. Here in the Abbey of St. Finian was composed in the eleventh century the famous history of the world called the Annals of Inisfallen. As we skimmed lightly over the sun-kissed waters past this little earthly Paradise we were reminded of Moore's tender lines:

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream, that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

And small wonder that the poet waxed enthusiastic, for here the soft fragrance of sweet-smelling flowers embalms the air, the eye is charmed with a revelry of color, beauty reigns supreme. Crossing the lake we landed at Ross Island where stands a 14th Century castle of the same name, scene of many a bloody fight in the civil wars. We climbed to the top of the ivy-covered keep to take our farewell view of Killarney, and were well repaid for our trouble, for there lay the three lakes in all their loveliness, blue waters, sparkling islands, verdant groves, gushing cascades, and behind all magnificent mountain peaks, surrounded by the fairy films of tradition and romance warm with the evening's glow and reflecting to us imperishable memories.

"Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
And caves where the gem is sleeping;
Islets so freshly fair
That never doth bird forsake them;
Gems, where ocean comes
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
Mountains of purple and gold
Directing the gaze to Heaven."

From Killarney we motored to Tralee, the largest seaport in the southwest of Ireland. It is a very ancient place closely identified with the noble Desmond family, but owing to many conflagrations little of the original town remains. Hence, we hurried on through Castleisland, a little village nestling at the foot of Clanruddery mountains, Listowel, with its quaint old castle, the last to hold out against Elizabeth in the Desmond Insurrection, until we reached Abbeyfeale on Sunday morning, just in time to hear mass. As we knelt there on the rough flagged floor, in the little chapel built with the stones of the old Cistercian Abbey, and saw the tender piety of the poor bare-footed peasants, as they murmured their prayers in soft Gaelic syllables, our thoughts flew back to Westminster's stately shrine, and the magnificence of the Madeleine, and we reflected that Faith depends not on exterior grandeur, for here, amid direst poverty, Her triumph shone supreme.

From Abbeyfeale we journeyed on through varied and beautiful country till we reached Limerick, "The City of the Violated Treaty." What a wealth of memories hover around this noble city where the clans of the O'Brian fought the ruthless Danes, and Patrick Sarsfield defied William Prince of Orange, who only succeeded by treachery where he had failed in valor, and whose perfidy is recorded even to this day in the historic Treaty Stone, while Sarsfield's statue perpetuates that hero's glory. The lordly Shannon rolling on towards the Atlantic with volume greater than that of Thames or Mersey flows through the centre of the city, and on its banks stands a grim old Norman fortress called King John's Castle, dear to the heart of every Antiquarian. Another monument of note is Saint Mary's Cathedral; originally built by Donall O'Brian, King of Munster, in 1179, it contains some splendid specimens of early pointed architecture. A pretty story is told about the cathedral bells, namely that they were made by an Italian, and of such exceeding sweetness that he was very proud of them, and sold them to a convent. In course of time, troubles came upon the religious house, so that it was broken up, and the bells carried off to distant lands. The Italian, whose fortunes shared in the general wreck, was driven from his home and became a wanderer. Chance brought him to the Shannon and to Limerick, when the first sound that greeted him as he sailed up the river was from his own bells, the pride and joy of his heart. Such pleasure was too great for the heart-broken exile, who was found by the boatmen dead ere they got to the landing place.

Limerick to-day enjoys comparative prosperity and has become especially famous for its inimitable lace.

Leaving Limerick we sped on through the wild scenery of Clare

and Galway, on either side of us bold peaks and mountain lakes, till we came in sight of the Atlantic, on our way to the ancient city of Galway. As we skirted the rugged shores we beheld stupendous battle ever waging between land and sea. From time immemorial the mighty Atlantic has rolled in fury against these gigantic cliffs, cutting them into a wildly fantastic fretwork. Here little archipelagoes, there mountain caverns in which forever booms the sea's hoarse song; now spray-swept towers of rock on which stand snowy gulls like sentries of the deep; again vast arches of virgin stone bridging chasms white with the foam of onrushing waves. Wherever the eye can travel there is naught to be seen but rock and sea and sky, but they are wrought by the cunning hand of Nature into an ever-changing panorama of matchless variety and sublime beauty.

Eiblinn.

(To be continued.)



Science Notes

Animal Instinct

Did I hear you say that animals are intelligent? Why, no, my dear boy, they have nothing higher than instinct. At least, our learned philosophers would have it so, and who should know about this if not they? Animals have simple reflex action, compound reflex action, finely developed senses, a delicate consciousness that takes notice of the least modifications of the senses, a busy and lively imagination that keeps, somewhere in the animal's brains, the precious records of past sensations, a most retentive memory, and, last but not least, a very handy and most convenient faculty, the *facultas aestimativa*, by which they know what things are useful or agreeable to them. They exhibit passions of various kinds, they can discover intricate means to procure anything desirable or to overcome an obstacle. They can learn by experience, transmit the acquired knowledge to their progeny, and, in a hundred ways, show themselves equal to some of the masters of creation.

But here is the big divide between animals and man:—animals cannot abstract ideas from concrete objects, they cannot generalize their notions of things. Hence they are doomed never to know anything of the *praedicamenta* and the *praedicibilia*, or of the touching intimate relations that exist between *ens*, *bonum* and *verum*. They can no more learn Algebra or Geometry than I can bodily pass through a stone wall, and if they ever tried to invent a language of their own all their substantives would have to be proper nouns.

Now, by *intelligence*, our philosophers mean precisely that faculty which enables man to create, combine, and perceive the relations of, abstract ideas. Therefore, animals are not intelligent. Do you see the argument?

Now, do not ask me to explain for you the numberless facts that would seem to prove that animals can reason as we do. I could not if I tried to. Philosophers themselves feel uneasy when it comes to this. Besides, I only meant the foregoing notions to serve as a preface to a number of short stories which I intend to write about animal instinct.

* * * * *

The wide shady walk which, in our college yard, runs parallel to Laurier avenue, has not always been the deserted and almost desolate place that it is now. Some years ago, before the boys had

tasted the incomparable delight of perambulating the sidewalks of Wilbrod and Cumberland streets in search of rare specimens, the students of the higher classes would gather under the great elms, in groups of five or six, to discuss important questions. A certain number of our philosophers were always there, during recreation hours, walking up and down as the peripatetics of old, and inspiring us younger folk with awe and reverence by their grave mien, their subdued voices and mysterious words. Now that I come to think of it, I have my suspicions that those same apparently law-abiding citizens were perhaps the concocters of the numerous strikes that broke the monotony of college life in those days. Be it as it may, it is certain that they sometimes busied their minds with scientific subjects.

One beautiful morning in June, a number of these wise ones were disputing about animal instinct versus animal intelligence, when their attention was attracted by a community of small red ants busily working at the construction of their nest. Of this, little could be seen but a small opening in the moist sand, about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and around it a small rampart formed of excavated particles. The work was just then being carried on with an activity that seemed to border on madness, a continuous procession of loaded laborers issuing from the diminutive crates, and each ant returning, without a moment's delay, after dropping its burden.

"I wonder why they are in such a hurry about it," said one of the boys.

"Probably," answered another, "because the soil is just now moist enough to be easily worked into small pellets, while, later in the day, it will be hard and dry. I have read somewhere that these same insects show great sagacity in the building of their nests; let us test it by putting some obstacles in their way. Here, I will wait for the moment when none of the workers are out of their nest and I will blow some of the excavated sand back into the burrow. I am pretty sure that they will be greatly puzzled as to the cause of the accident. Now, then, here is my chance; there goes the east side of the rampart."

It was some time before the inmates of the nest could tunnel the rubbish fallen into the shaft, and when the first ant crawled out with great difficulty, its every motion was attentively observed. It felt its way most cautiously by means of its delicate antennae and, finding that there was little or no rampart left on the east side of the nest, it walked rapidly in that direction. It was about to deposit its load when it stopped suddenly, was motionless for a moment (I

was going to say *thought for a moment*), surveyed the surroundings with care, and finally crossed over to the west side of the burrow and there dropped its particle of sand. The other ants that followed behaved in the same manner. Not one of them carried the excavated material on the east side of the nest.

"How is that for the *facultas aestimativa*?" shouted one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy, these little fellows have more brains in their heads than you ever had in yours. Did not I see you last winter doggedly persisting in shoveling snow from the skating rink against a strong north-east gale that threw back into your face a little more of the material than you had hurled against the bank?"

"Now, let us give the skillful little workers a serious engineering problem. Here is a pebble slightly larger than the opening of the nest; I block with it the entrance of the shaft; theirs to find the most practical method of removing it."

For six or seven minutes there was no sign of action on the part of the prisoners, but then a slight motion of the pebble showed that they were actively at work underneath. Soon small feet and antennae were pushed out on one side of the obstacle, and one ant crawled out, which was followed by others. The work of excavation was then apparently carried on as usual through this new opening. The boys were on the point of resuming their walk, when one of them noticed that the small pebble was slowly moving downward into the shaft. In a few seconds it had disappeared altogether, leaving a wide clear passage behind it.

"Where is it gone?" was asked by several voices. "Although I am not as bright as my friend John," said Jimmy, "I think I can find out for you. With this trusty jackknife of mine, I will make a clean longitudinal section of the burrow. Now, you see that the shaft goes down vertically about an inch and then follows an oblique line making an angle of about 100 degrees with the vertical. Here is our pebble, boys, just at the point where the gallery changes its direction. It is evident that a space just large enough to lodge the pebble was excavated at the foot of the vertical shaft and that the diameter of this was increased until the obstacle could fall in place by its own weight. What say you of the *facultas aestimativa*? boys; don't you wish you had it?"

ALEC, '09.

University of Ottawa Review.

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THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year has begun; will it bear weal or woe? That is a secret locked up in the inscrutable recesses of the all-seeing Mind, and 'tis better for us not to know. Of greater import to us is the question: what part are we going to play in Life's drama, during 1909? Shall we strut the boards as the "heavy villain," doing naught that is good; or again as the buffoon, moving to tears of laughter by his foolishness? Or has our resolution rather been to play a role of manly dignity and moral worth, in an endeavor to uplift in some small degree within the circle of our influence, however narrow that may be. Youth is proverbially an age of thoughtlessness, yet we *do* have our serious moments, which, properly used, may bring great results in the hereafter of our world-life. We have within our grasp the means of improving our intellect, and (what is still more important) of moulding our character. To-day the world wants *brains*, and highly-trained brains at that. There lies the opportunity of the college man. But brains must be accompanied

by *character*—honest, upright, self-sacrificing, else they become a menace to society. To-day is the period of our character-formation; ours be it to mould that character aright, remembering that "the youth is father to the man." We are hewing our path through the forest; let our swath be straight and unflinching, ever guided by the compass of purposeful ambition, till we emerge into the broad open country of our destined career.

STUDENT ROWDYISM.

Within the past few months we have heard a great deal about "College ruffianism" in various Canadian centres. If all that has been alleged is true, it is, to say the least, very unfortunate. No doubt, from time to time, the college man must give vent to his youthful enthusiasm, but wholesale destruction of public and private property, insults to citizens, and utter disregard of law and order are surely to be deplored. It would, perhaps, not be wrong to say that the greater part of this unseemly conduct may be ascribed to a comparatively insignificant minority; but the public are quick to generalize, and certainly receive a very unfavorable impression of the whole student body. Let the majority, and especially the senior class-men, ostracise their thoughtless, ill-bred, and unruly comrades, and "student rowdyism" will soon be a thing of the past.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The most natural answer would be: for study. And yet very often such would not appear to be the case. How often do we see men with brains a-plenty lumbering along at the heels of the class, because of their over-devotion to sport. And, sad to say, it is an evil that is becoming more and more general. Witness President Hadley of Yale, who the other other day spoke as follows to the Harvard students:

"Two generations ago the intellectual idol of the graduates and students of most of our colleges was the leading debater. Now it is no longer the debater, but the athlete who occupies the centre of the stage. Now it is no longer success in oratory, but success in sport which is over-idolized.

"Whether we should be better off if we had less athletic interest in our colleges and universities is a matter about which there may be difference of opinion. There is, I think, no difference of opinion that we should be a great deal better off if public attention were more largely fixed on the intellectual prizes and less upon the athletic ones.

"The way to make the American people more interested in scholarships than in athletics is by proving that our prize scholars, even more than our prize athletes, represent the type of men for which there is a public need."

Insert "Canadian" for "American," and we can, in some measure, take the lesson to ourselves.

Exchanges.

The following excerpt taken from the *Queen's University Journal* bears a local application: "There is a matter concerning the best interests of the professors and students which ought to be looked into by the authorities in charge, and with regard to which an improvement in conditions would accrue to the benefit of both parties. This is the ventilation of the lecture rooms. The greatest amount of good, fresh air, compatible with the other necessary conditions of comfort and convenience, is unquestionably for the good of the lecturer as well as the student, for it helps to keep the mind clear, and the faculties receptive."

The Christmas number of the *Acta Victoriana* is the best review on our table. The excellence of its make-up, the quality of its matter, and a number of good illustrations, all tend to make it one of the best College journals we have seen this year. "A Philanthropic Failure," a clever take-off on charity organizations in our large cities, is worthy of a space in any of the high-class monthly magazines.

Welcome at all times, *St. Mary's Chimes* is doubly welcome at Christmastide. Its very cover, with its cluster of joyfully ringing bells, appeals to one instinctively. In "Christmas Festivities," the writer has caught the spirit of the season well. "The Arthurian Legends" shows the result of careful reading and preparations.

The College Spokesman is an exchange which at once commends itself for the atmosphere of endeavour which permeates its pages. Its cover is in perfect taste. The arrangement of articles could not be better. There is to be noticed a pleasing variety of

prose and poetry. Plenty of space is allotted to the several departments, which are handled in good style.

The *Xaverian* for November has two or three articles of a very high standard. "The Dream of Gerontius—a Psychological Study," by the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G., Bishop-elect for Victoria, B.C., commends itself to all, not only for its intrinsic merit, but because by it the reader may form some conception of our new Bishop as a thinker, and of his exceptional literary attainments.

The *Comet* is a neat little monthly. It is one of the few high-school publications in the sanctum. If present indications count for anything, the editors of this paper have a bright future ahead of them in the world of letters.

The *Argosy* asks the question, "Does college education pay?" and forthwith proceeds to answer the question in the affirmative. It says in part, "Carefully compiled statistics show that college-bred men and women earn upon an average two hundred per cent. more than those who do not have a college education. \$1.50—value of a day of uneducated labor. $\$1.50 \times 300 = \450 —value of a year of uneducated labor. $\$450 \times 40 = \$18,000$ —value of a life of uneducated labor. \$1,000—average value of a year of educated labor. $\$1,000 \times 40 = \$4,000$ —value of a life of educated labor. Value of education—\$22,000.

We confess to having felt a slight tinge of disappointment on perusing the *Villa Shield*. Perhaps it was that the gorgeousness of its apparel promised too much; or, is it rather that the young ladies are too fond of the ludicrous?

Besides, we beg to acknowledge the following much appreciated exchanges:—"Abbey Student," "St. Thomas Collegian," "The Collegian," "The University Monthly," "The Ottawa Campus," "The Laurel," "Trinity University Review," "Niagara Index," "Niagara Rainbow," "Georgetown College Journal," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "The Columbiad," "The Martlet," "Western University Gazette," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "The Geneva Cabinet," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "The Hya Yaka," "Xavier," "St. Mary's Messenger," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Patrician," "The Exponent," "Assumption College Review," "De La Salle Chronicle," "The Young Eagle," "Solanian," "Agnesian Monthly," "O. A. C. Review," "College Mercury," "The Columbia of Fribourg," "Educational Review," "Viatorian," "The Pharos."

Among the Magazines.

H. J. James writes an article in the *Canadian Messenger* for December on Blessed Edmund Campion. The character as portrayed is very similar to that drawn by Robert Hugh Benson. The writer tells how, when a young man, brilliant and honored, Edmund Campion forsook the glitter and alluring enticements of the world for the hard life of a Jesuit missionary, in order to minister unto his suffering countrymen. For several years he labored, caring for the spiritual welfare of English Catholics, and winning converts to the True Faith. Always pursued by the hounds of the law, he escaped several times, but was taken prisoner in 1581, and suffered martyrdom the same year. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886.

The same review also contains some very valuable advice on moral training. The article for this month deals with jealousy, temper, and the habit of criticizing. These are faults which are very common, and which, as the writer says, can and ought to be corrected in early youth.

There appears in the *Messenger* for December a learned and interesting lecture delivered by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick some time ago, on the "Modern Crusade Against Tuberculosis." The speaker gives the history of the dreadful disease, which dates back to the time of Moses, and tells of its gradual spread from the far East to the other extremity of the globe. The number of deaths from tuberculosis is astounding. England, United States, France and Germany lose annually over 320,000 inhabitants, and the number in Russia and Austria is still greater. Scientists have devoted much time and energy to the suppression of consumption, and they have been successful. In every country now there exist societies for the prevention and eradication of the White Plague. Dr. Flick, in concluding, says the ray of hope in the breasts of the stricken ones has been blown into a flame of faith in the curability of the disease. Governments have been aroused, and people in every walk of life have enlisted in the sacred cause. It can and should be the work of this generation, and the crowning of the first half of the 20th century.

The *Messenger* is also valuable for an interesting article on "Innsbruck and its Jubilee." The writer recounts the founding of the University by Blessed Peter Canisius in 1562, and its subsequent growth and advancement up till the present day, when it holds the foremost place among the many institutions of learning in Europe.

The Christmas number of the *Rosary Magazine* contains an

excellent story, entitled: "Winnie of the Seventh Ward." It tells how the perseverance of a mother overcame the many trials and hardships which beset her path. She earned by hard and unceasing toil an education for her son, and strove in every way to have him happy, good and honest. Finally she was rewarded for her cares by seeing him successful far beyond her expectations.

In the same magazine there appears a beautiful legend of St. Patrick, by P. J. Coleman. Hundreds of years ago, one Christmas Eve, on the north shore of the Loire, stood a weary pilgrim. 'Twas Patrick, Saint of Erin's Isle, to Tours of Martin drawn. It was a wild and stormy night, and he looked in vain for a means of crossing the river. Tired and weary, he lay down under a thorn-tree near the bank, expecting to perish in the storm. But no! a breath of summer warmth blew round the sleeping saint, and the tree in every bole and branch began to shine with blossoms, spreading above St. Patrick's head a fragrant canopy of bloom, and bestrewing the ground with a pettled bed and pillows of perfume.

The Extension contains several very interesting articles, chief among which is "How the Mission of Chicago Grew." The writer tells us that in 1833, the small mission, established by Father St. Cyr, numbered 122 souls. The pastor himself helped to cut the logs for his church and dwelling. But, as the city of Chicago grew, and the time advanced, the mission rapidly increased in size and numbers, and now has become the Archdiocese of Chicago, numbering over a million and a quarter souls, boasting 349 churches, 631 priests, two bishops, and an archbishop, and finally over 230 schools and colleges, with an attendance of 110,000 students.

Books and Reviews.

Another publication of the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi has been announced, and much to the credit of the reading public who have made it necessary. The saintly founder of the Franciscans shines out very brilliantly as one of the lights of the Church. There are none more lovable; and none around whom centre more poetic and beautiful legends.

A work on India by John P. Jones, D.D., comes to us at a very opportune time when dissension reigns in that country, and when the minds of English statesmen are absorbed in an anxious attempt to remove the cause of the trouble. The author treats comprehensively of the caste that has controlled life in India during twenty-

five centuries ; of the customs of the Maharajah, Brahman and Rajah ; and of the religious doctrines of Buddha emphasizing clear vision and transcendent light as compared with those of Christ aiming at ethical and spiritual perfection.

In the Westminster Review for December are two very timely articles. One, by a writer who signs Ignotus, bewails the demoralization of the law in England where the decisions of two judges on the same case differ very widely, and at times are directly contrary. Ignotus claims that lack of knowledge in the ways of the Bench on the part of the magistrates is the cause of this anomaly. Lawyers no doubt should be trained for the position of judge instead of leaving it open to men with money but without the necessary ability and experience. The case is applicable to a certain extent in Canada also. The other production on the education of the African negro sums up the pros and cons for educating the blacks along our own line of teaching, or for leaving them to evolve their own civilization under the control and guidance of the whites.

The "New Ireland" essay in the North American Review, by Sydney Brooks, shows a certain excellent characteristic in the author for putting in a nutshell a long period of history. We have a story of Ireland's oppression under the rule of England, a large Catholic population wasting away in energy and strength, the prey of English and Scotch Protestant parasites. Again we have those bigoted and mercenary minions of the English Court losing their power and influence, at the present day, under the ceaseless and mighty assaults of the Gaelic League, the co-operation societies, and last but not least, of those of their own faith and blood who could no longer stand to see the gluttonous vampires sucking the life-blood of their fellow-countrymen.

Personals.

The Reverend Rector, Father William Murphy, O.M.I., returned home in good health a few days before Christmas, after an absence of about four months. To each of his parishioners, to each student of the University, and to the children of the parochial schools, he brought souvenirs of his visit to the Vatican. The Sunday following his return, Father Murphy interested his congregation by giving a short account of his travels, which took in points of England, Ireland, France and Italy.

"When Archbishop Dontenwill was elected Superior General

of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Pope accepted his resignation of the see of Vancouver, saying that it was easier to find a good bishop than a good superior general."—The Catholic Record.

Rev. O. Cornellier, O.M.I., the late bursar, has been transferred to Edmonton as Provincial Procurator of Alberta. Rev. A. McGowan, O.M.I., succeeds him in office at the College. Many will remember that few years have elapsed since Father McGowan was bursar before. Father Cornellier did much to promote the interests of Ottawa University during his term of office, and we wish him every success in his new and important duties.

Dr. Grey addressed a large audience in the Knights of Columbus lecture hall recently on the Oxford Movement. Those who heard Dr. Grey hope to be again similarly privileged in the near future.

Rev. Fr. Kelly is now a Prefect of Recreation, while Rev. Fr. Pelletier has become Prefect of the Private Rooms.

Father Stanton visited Grand Mére and Pembroke in charge of the hockey team since the skating season opened.

Father A. B. Roy has replaced Father Cornellier as chaplain of the Rideau Street Convent.

The announcement was made in St. Joseph's Church on the 17th inst., that a two weeks' mission would be preached by the Paulist Fathers, in that church, beginning on February the 28th.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, now in Italy, and Archbishop Duhamel, has requested the churches of their respective dioceses to have a special collection for the sufferers from the recent earthquake. The Church is most liberal in contributing to worthy funds.

His Holiness Pius X visited, and spoke with, the refugees who were housed in the Vatican Hospital after the Italian disaster.

Obituary.

Rev. John Francis Breen was born in the parish of Douglas in 1879. He attended school in his native place, and afterwards continued his primary education in the Pembroke High School. Having passed a short term in the latter, he diligently prepared himself for a higher education. This he received in the University of Ottawa, from which, after some years of earnest application to study,

he graduated in 1900. His vocation to the holy priesthood was not unheeded. In the Grand Seminary of Montreal, where he made his theological course, he proved himself worthy of the high dignity to which he was called, and was ordained in December, 1904. Pembroke was the first parish in which he was stationed. Later he was appointed curate to Rev. P. S. Dowdall at Eganville. It was here, while zealously administering to the spiritual wants of the souls entrusted to his care, he was suddenly stricken down by a serious illness which ended his brief career on Dec. 20, 1908.

To the bereaved members of the family and the circle of friends, the Review extends its sincerest sympathy.

Lawrence J. Brennan died in Fort William, Nov. 19th, 1908, after a lengthy illness of typhoid fever. "Larry," as he was called during his years at Ottawa College, was a very popular student. He was a large-hearted and good-natured boy, and esteemed by all who knew him. Larry played with the College football team for three years, in one of which College won the Canadian Championship. He was also an excellent lacrosse player, having made his place on the Capital lacrosse team two years ago when it won the world's championship. His early death will be sincerely mourned by a host of friends, especially those whose pleasure it was to know and to associate with him as a student at Ottawa College.

The remains were removed from Fort William to North Bay, his boyhood home, where the funeral was held.

On Dec. 9 a solemn high mass was sung in St. Joseph's church, at which the students attended in a body.

Mr. Brennan is survived by his mother, his two brothers and six sisters, who have our sincerest sympathy.

Mr. Romeo Legault, Father Legault's brother, and a former student, died recently after a brief illness. Mr. Legault was in his 27th year, and at the time of his death belonged to the staff of the City Hall. The family have our most sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

The Rev. Father Boyon, O.M.I., of the Professorial Staff, recently suffered a severe loss by the death of both parents in France. Speaking in behalf of the whole student body, we offer him heartiest condolence.

R. I. P.

ATHLETICS

The entire attention of the Canadian sporting world is engrossed in the greatest of all winter games, "hockey." In every town, village and hamlet throughout the Dominion, teams are organized which receive the attention and support of their respective communities.

Ottawa is along this line of sport, as in many others, a leader. It would be difficult, indeed, to say exactly how many teams are already organized and in excellent running order within the city. Ottawa University has not been slow in adding to this number. She is represented by an excellent senior team which has already gained prominence in the City League, and by a fast junior squad which is prepared to clash with any junior aggregation in the city. Within the college two leagues, of four teams each, have been organized, so hockey is to have its importance.

Already the seniors have filled several engagements with out-of-town teams, and have met with success. While not always victorious, nevertheless, the showing made against superior teams was excellent. Mgr. Ph. Harris has at present under arrangement games with Harvard and Dartmouth Universities from across the border, and a number of other fast teams from this side.

On New Year's night the O. U. team was again beaten, by the Smith's Falls, Féderal League team. The score at full time was the same as the one in Grand Mére, 11-6. Harris, Dunn, Braceland, Bawlf, Aumond, O'Neill, Richard and O'Leary represented O. U.

In Pembroke on Jan. 7th, with a weak team, O. U. met defeat for the third time by a score of 11-7. Team: Côté, O'Brien, Dunne, Bawlf, Byrnes; O'Neill and Richards.

At the present writing two City League games have been played. The first with the once famous Cliffside, which resulted in an easy victory for College with the score 9-5. The game was clean and fast throughout, the work of all the players being excellent. The Cliffside were a little surprised at the result of the game, inasmuch as they, playing a number of first team men, expected a "walk-away." We were a little surprised ourselves to learn that the spirit of sportsmanship was wanting in our adversaries to such an extent that they brought action before the League against one of our play-

ers for a regrettable accident which occurred during the game. Much unnecessary publicity was given the matter through the papers in which College, of course, was all to blame, but at a recent City League meeting called for the purpose of settling the difficulty arising from said "foul play," the accusing Cliffside proposed the motion that Mr. Dunne's explanation be accepted, and the whole affair dropped.

The incident is indeed to be regretted, and we sincerely hope there will be no repetition.

The team lined up against the Cliffside as follows: c., Bawlf; l.w., Aumond; r.w., O'Neill; rover, O'Leary and Richard; cover-pt., Braceland; pt., Dunne, G. Côté. The playing of each position could not possibly have been improved upon. Bawlf, the captain, is a player of much ability. He is without doubt the fastest man in the City League. Aumond through the game displayed great cleverness as a stick-handler, and on several occasions evaded the checks of the entire team and got in his shot. O'Neill, at right wing, was as usual there with the goods. He was particularly valuable for his checking back. Richards put up a fine aggressive game until he was injured, when he was ably replaced by M. O'Leary.

Braceland, at cover point, is a star. For at least four years he has been considered the best man at the position in the League. He is so good that every team in the League was after him, but he chose to cast his lot with Ottawa University, for which the University management is indeed grateful.

Dunne, at point, is a find. He has surpassed all expectations, and to-day Ottawa University wouldn't trade Dunne for any point man in the League. He, too, was in great demand at the opening of the season, but his feelings were with the University, where he attained the greater part of his education, and he was proud to again don the garnet and gray.

In the nets, Côté played an excellent game. He stopped any number of the most difficult shots.

The game with Ottawa II. resulted in a loss for College. The game was the fastest seen in the City League since its organization. The men showed big league form, and the game was nothing short of senior professional hockey. College was strengthened by Billy Smith and "Dicky" Long, who, together with Bawlf, Aumond, O'Neill, Braceland and Dunne, made Ottawa II., past champions, go an awful pace. It was anybody's game until the gong sounded, with the score 5-3 for Ottawa. It would, indeed, be difficult to say just who were the stars of that game. Everybody played as he has never played before, and all that lost for us was the lack of com-

bination, and, inasmuch as the men had only one practice together, we couldn't expect very much system. However, be it said, Dicky Long had one awful eye on the puck.

Rev. Fr. Stanton, who has charge of the team, is to be complimented on the excellent showing made in the games played. The prospects were exceedingly dark in the beginning, and I doubt, had it not been for his untiring efforts and skilful management, if Ottawa University would be even represented in the City League.

We desire to thank those gentlemen who have so willingly rendered their valuable services to Ottawa University in the hockey line. Messrs. Braceland, Dunne, Aumond, Long, Smith and Côté have done their best to make the team a success and we keenly appreciate their efforts.

Nor have all our attentions been turned toward our seniors. Within the walls of the University two leagues have been formed, consisting of four teams each. The senior teams are captained by Messrs. Brennan, Corkery, Smith and Fleming, while Messrs. Harrington, Connaghan, Hackett and S. Coupal will lead the juniors on to victory. Chas. Gauthier, one of the members of the executive, whose ability as a hockey player is well known, has been appointed general manager of the leagues, and we are confident that the efforts of the Rev. Prefects, together with his able assistance, will meet with the greatest success.

BASKETBALL.

As we are just entering upon this season, it is too early to form an idea of even a probable team. So far we have had only a couple of practices, but when things get going we feel sure that we will have a worthy representative quintet. All the boys seem deeply interested in the game, judging by the spirit which they have shown in the practices. The only defect that can be seen so far is lack of combination, and in this game more than any other it is essential. This matter can be easily remedied, and with a little practice in shooting for the baskets at all angles we shall be able to make a creditable showing. The executive has chosen Mr. M. Deahy as manager and Mr. John Hart as captain, and with the able supervision of Rev. Fr. Fortier, things look exceedingly bright. Among the candidates for the team are McCarthy, Deahy, Hart, Gilligan, Musanti, Weir, Harrington, Dewey, Mulligan, Corkery, Sheehy, Lalonde, Linke, Simard.

THE SLIDE.

Time does not hang heavy on the hands of the College boys this winter. Since the holidays a new amusement has been introduced. This is the slide. At present it is by far the most popular exercise. The toboggans glide with fearful velocity the whole length of the yard and then across it—a distance of nearly one quarter of a mile.

There are several clubs of eight members. Each club owns a toboggan, which has some fancy name, such as The Eel, Longboat, Maud S., etc. Many are the bets wagered on the time taken by the respective sleighs to make the course. At present The Eel holds the record, viz., 15 seconds.



Of Local Interest

Wi-r to Du B:—Glad to meet you. Are you a student in the Commercial Course.

Har-ton:—I am a man—that is I wear pants.

H-t:—You look like some species of bird with that beak.

W-r:—"Tell you what I like the best:

Like to just get out and rest

And not work at nothing else."

Du B:—As he stood on the hardwood floor

His feet were full of blisters,

He tried the game of basketball,

"It's useless," someone whispers.

Duk:—I cannot smoke and study too, so I do not study.

O'Br-n:—What is remorse?

W-bs:—English class.

O'K-, as Har-ton and De-y pass:—There goes Beauty and the Beast.

Ke-dy:—Which is the Beauty?

Sully, have you permission to smoke yet?

It has been announced that Pres. Roosevelt will be accompanied on his African hunting trip by W-r in search of cocoa, and De-y in his anxious quest of Chile sauce.

Pass your card, Har-ton.

H-t (on seeing deceit mis-spelled on board):—How do you spell deceit?

Eng. Prof.:—D-e-c-e-i-t; write it out twenty times for not knowing.

Stranger in Douglas:—Have you a monthly paper here?

W. Br-n (misunderstanding):—A monkey's paper?

Gaut-r:—They say Fl-ing is going in for chiropodistry.

Bo-le:—Is he going to Japan?

French Prof.:—Translate Il est sept heures et demie.

Kin-el-a:—It is seven and a half hour.

O'Ke-f- has a new pipe. He also has given the mane comb, which he brought from the West, the go-by.

Wh-en, during his short stay with us, led the chorus of birds in a barnyard melody, the stars being O'K-fe, L-c-y and the leader himself.

Prince Honey-Hunk the Admirer will give a lecture on the Athens of America. Go it, Har-on. Where were you this time three weeks ago?

H-rt is now in his new apartments. He is always at home.

Leo cares for coffee,
But Jack thinks of summer,
Edward longs for fishing,
And L-c-y how are you?

For artistic signs, etc., call on H-t, Ou-l-te and Co. of the designers' flat.

A few quotations (mis) applied:

Con-gh-n:—"Write words of wondrous length and thunderous sound."—Goldsmith.

O'Br-n:—"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."—Shakespeare.

O'K-e:—"Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send three sideboards."

W-bs:—"They say you're aisy."

Ry-n:—"A solemn youth of sober phiz

Who eats all the grub and minds his biz.

"Speak sweetly, Har-ing-on, although thy looks are sour."

H-k-tt:—"Half skeleton."

D-by's "tenor is like the whistle of a saw-mill."—Bill Nye.

Brewster O.B. has departed for the Smoky City. Too bad, think of all the millions that are leaving Ottawa.

McC-y, did you turn the key off?

O'Ke-f and Mike the stoker are going to play a little vaudeville sketch entitled "College Chums." If it turns out to be good, O'K. and his pal will leave for the West where there is a good opening.

Capt. H-t of the basketball team thinks that E. G. might catch a place on the scrub team because he has the weight and speed.

If you know anyone needing an elevator boy, why Billy O'Br-is on the job. He is a dandy.

It is wonderful how De-y is mastering the French language.

J. G. is becoming a society man. Ask him for one of his cards.

R-d-'s successor—L-z-n.

A key to these knocks will be found on the last page.

If through these "knocks" thou hast searched,
In vain, and rejoice for finding not thy name.
Though we've not roasted, thou art fool to boast,
We could not, thou'rt not worth the roast.

Junior Department

The Junior Editor was pleased to notice that there are but few of the familiar faces missing in the Small Yard after the 'Xmas holidays. We extend a hearty welcome to all the new-comers.

The Small Yard has again entered a hockey team in the Junior Interprovincial League, which is composed, this year, of College,

Coopers, and Victorias of Ottawa; and Maple Leaves and Excelsiors of Hull. We had our first game with Coopers shortly after the re-opening of classes, but lost, owing to lack of condition. The second game was with the Excelsiors, and we were again unsuccessful, but through a little bit of hard luck. We expect to be able to chronicle some better news before the end of the season.

Some of our New Yorkers and down-Easterners who never had a hockey stick in hand before they landed in this northern clime, are making great progress in the game.

The Inter-Mural Leagues are drawn up, and are off for a good start. There is the Senior League, the Junior League, and the Tyro League—each one of them consisting of four teams. Work hard to win the championship and you will get your name in the Review.

What do you think of Flynn, Jones, Larochelle and Pratt, the point men of Junior League? They will make things lively.

'Tis great sport! Such is the common exclamation of those who go tobogganing on our magnificent slide.





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The Civilization of the 13th Century.

(Continued.)

ARCHITECTURE is the most comprehensive of the arts, requiring the co-operation of sculpture, painting, and the decorative arts generally. Since, therefore, it includes the work of such a variety of artists and craftsmen, it may safely be taken as an index of the condition of the people. Now the Thirteenth Century is the great age of architecture. The pointed style of architecture, which is commonly, but improperly, known as Gothic, had its rise and highest development in that century. When we consider, even in picture, the grandeur of outline and exquisite grace of design of those glorious temples of Amiens, Chartres, Salisbury and Westminster, what must we think of the devotion and genius of those who planned and built them, and of the teaching that could inspire such devotion and genius? These temples, which, as Newman says, "possess a beauty which we shall never see surpassed till we attain to the celestial city," represent the triumphant spirit of Catholicism. They are the incontestable witnesses of the brilliancy of the Thirteenth Century civilization. We could not build these fanes to-day, for, as Fr. Sheehan says, "we toil in the workshops of Mammon; and neither *fames*, nor fame, can give the inspiration of that mother of art called faith."

James Russell Lowell, in his poem, the "Cathedral," in de crib-

ing the cathedral of Chartres, gives us a master picture of all the Gothic temples :

It rose before me patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
I stood before the triple Northern Port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immortal watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
Be reverent ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.

The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
Forever finished.
But ah, this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of mortals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as night-mare, airy light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite relief
From pedantries past, present or to come,
I looked and owned myself a happy Goth.

And they could build, if not the columned fane
That from the height looked seaward many-hued,
Something more friendly to their ruder skies;
The gray spire molten now in driving mist,
Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;
The carvings touched the meanings new with snow
Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;
The statues motley as man's memory,
Partial as that, so mixed of true and false,
History and legend meeting with a kiss
Across the bound-mark where their realms confine:
The painted windows freaking gloom with glow,
Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,

Meet symbol of the senses and the soul,
And the whole pile grim with the Northman's thought
Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee.—
These were before me and I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow nests on the awful past,
And twittering round the work of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface.

Italian painting, which grew into such a long roll of famous masters, took its rise in the Thirteenth Century with Ciambue and his pupil Giotto, who is said to equal Raphael in creative genius. Da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Angelico, and Michael Angelo, while not appearing until a century or two later, may in a sense be considered products of the Thirteenth Century, inasmuch as their work was largely inspired by its sentiments.

The political, social, and economic condition of Europe in the Thirteenth Century was immeasurably in advance of that of any previous period, and, in fact, was not in any equalled until the advent of the Nineteenth Century. Its intellectual life is comparable to that of any of the great eras of enlightenment. But in the essential element of civilization, the moral element, what time can compare with the Thirteenth Century?

It would be sufficient commentary on the moral condition of the people of Western Europe in the Thirteenth Century, to say that all the great men of that time were saints, and all the saints great men. I am not seduced by my admiration for those times into thinking that Europe was then enjoying a long reign of sinless blessedness. No, the old Adam was then rank in men, as it has been since the sin in Eden. But what can be said is, that there has been no other period since time began when the supernatural held such sway over the minds and hearts of men. Religion then was not separated from morality. Deeds were the expression of creed. Religion was the supreme affair. The world beyond the grave was an ever-present reality. Men held most intimate commerce with it. Faith, the time spirit of the age, co-ordinated all their energies in every field of activity and gave a definite motive to their life and institutions. Saints were the heroes of those times. The saints engrossed all the popular attention. Men in all the walks of life—kings and peasants, poets and tradesmen, architects and monks,—were all alike urged to action and guided in their conduct by the spirit of faith, a spirit which they tried, as men at no other time tried, to externalize in their lives and work.

The Mediaeval world suffered, no doubt, a great many evils, but they were mostly physical and material. With us it is chiefly the soul and the conscience that are harassed.

It has been wisely said that in everything there is an inexhaustible meaning, but we see in it only what we bring means of seeing. This is strikingly true when there is question of the Mediaeval world. We see in it what we bring means of seeing. If our souls have been blotted out by religious questionings, and faith is to us but a delusion and an absurdity, then surely shall we see but little of the true Middle Age.

To catch the full meaning of those truly admirable times, one must look at them through eyes of faith. This is what most historians have failed to do.

Matthew Arnold tells us that there are two forces that divide between them the empire of the world—Hellenism and Hebraism. Hellenism, the spirit of ancient Greece, the desire to see things as they are; Hebraism, the spirit of Judea, the love and pursuit of righteousness. When were these two forces so beautifully balanced as in the Thirteenth Century? "The grace stored up in Jerusalem and the gifts which radiate from Athens," says Cardinal Newman, "are made over and concentrated in Rome." And from Rome they were now spread over Europe.

The Thirteenth Century saw the greatest religious revival and reformation of men and morals since the days when the Master taught in Judea—a revival based on Hellenism and Hebraism; an honest striving to make reason and the will of God prevail.

This revival was effected by those two illustrious orders of Mendicant Friars, the Dominicans and the Franciscans, founded early in the Thirteenth Century by St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi. A sketch of the Thirteenth Century would be incomplete without a word on these two glorious men. Widely as they differed in character and temperament,—Dominic being a man of fiery ardor and rigid orthodoxy, and Francis of tender mystical piety and imaginative enthusiasm,—yet they were closely drawn to each other by a common aim in life. The temper of the one seemed to be the necessary complement to that of the other. Both were actuated by a common purpose to convert the heathen, to extirpate heresy, to reconcile knowledge with faith, and to preach the gospel to the poor.

Montalambert tells a very pretty story of the commencement of their friendship. St. Dominic had a dream in which he saw Christ preparing to strike the guilty world; but Mary interfered, and in order to appease her son, presented to him Dominic and another person unknown to him. The next day, going into one of the churches

of Rome, Dominic saw a man in tattered garments whom he recognized as the companion that had been given him by the Mother of the Redeemer. He instantly threw himself into the arms of this man in tattered garments, saying, "Thou art my brother, and dost run the same course with me; let us work together, and no man can prevail against us." The man in tattered garments was St. Francis. From that moment they had but one heart and one soul.

Associated in holy friendship on earth, so Dante speaks of them together in his *Paradiso*,—

One seraphic all,
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,
The other splendor of cherubic light.

Within a few years thousands of brethren gathered round Francis and Dominic. And the begging Friars, clad in their coarse frock of serge, with a girdle of rope about their waist, wandered barefoot as missionaries over Europe and Asia, toiled and preached among the poor, and lectured in the universities.

The universities soon came largely under their dominance,—the Dominicans gaining the controlling influence at Paris, and the Franciscans at Oxford. In the ranks of the Dominicans and Franciscans are to be found the master-minds of the time. Among the sons of St. Dominic, just to mention a few, were Albertus Magnus, the second Aristotle; his pupil, the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, the most commanding figure in all mediaeval thought, the equal of Aristotle himself, of whom Huxley, the English father of Agnosticism said, as he looked at his statue on the Pincian Hill at Rome, "it would seem that his premises came from his heart and his conclusions from his head." In these very words, Huxley unconsciously characterized the system of philosophy called Scholasticism, of which St. Thomas is the chief—a system whose premises come from the heart and the conclusions from the head, a system born of the harmony of faith and reason, as the philosophy of later days has sprung from the revolt of reason against faith.

Among the children of St. Francis, we find the subtle doctor, Duns Scotus; the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure; and the wonderful doctor, the Englishman, Roger Bacon, the father of inductive science, of whom Andrew D. White finds it possible to say, that the advance of sound historical judgment will bring him to an equal height of fame with that of his illustrious namesake of later days, Lord Francis Bacon. Most of the great ones of the time, including the great Dante himself, found it consoling to die in the humble habit of the Third Order of St. Francis.

St. Francis and St. Dominic, as has been remarked, enjoyed a beautiful friendship on earth, a friendship that furnished a theme for much of the art and poetry of the older days. Some erratic religious enthusiasts of our time, however, have undertaken to change all that by setting up these two saints as types of opposing principles of religion. The cult of St. Francis has become fashionable in certain cultured circles. There is, in fact, an International Society of Franciscan Studies. This is something to be commended. The gentle mystic of Assisi is worthy of all the veneration that can be shown him, and the example of a life such as his, is, indeed, much needed by our men of to-day. But, unfortunately, the St. Francis portrayed by these Franciscan devotees is little more than a travesty.

The pamphleteers and lecturers on Franciscan subjects have, for the most part, imbibed their erroneous notions of the seraphic saint from Paul Sabatier's biography of St. Francis. Sabatier, though, no doubt, a sincere and devout admirer of the saint, uses his life to bolster up the theory of a time-long conflict between priest and prophet — a theory closely related to the recently condemned "Modernism." The prophet, of course, is taken as the type of the personally inspired, who is a religion unto himself. The priest is the type of orthodoxy, the obedient member of an organized church. By Sabatier and those who have been influenced by his doctrine, St. Francis is taken as one of the most notable examples of the prophet, standing above pope and council, and getting his religion by direct communication from the Almighty. St. Dominic, of course, is made to represent the priest, who gets his religion from the organized church. It would be going beyond the limits of this paper to undertake to show the fallacy of the theory of conflict between prophet and priest. But that St. Francis should be represented as a type of unorthodoxy and a protestant of the most liberal stripe, shows that his life has been lamentably misinterpreted by his pretended disciples. In their efforts to create a popularity for him, they have made him, as Fr. Robinson says, an absurdity and a chimera, a sort of "canonized paradox."

No one outside the Catholic Church, unfamiliar with its teaching and out of sympathy with its spirit, can properly understand St. Francis, much less portray him. A beautiful poetry clusters about the incidents of his life. But the namby-pamby talk of literary dilettanti about his love for nature and the birds and beasts of the field, gives one the impression that he was little more than a pantheist. St. Francis' love for the creatures of the earth is, indeed,

beautiful and inspiring, when we understand that he loved them only inasmuch as they are the reminders of God's love and providence.

The sincerest and most genuine devotion to the seraphic Saint, whose poetic espousal of the Lady Poverty is so divinely sung by Dante, would be found not in babbling eternally about his love for nature, but in praying for some of his ardent faith and charity, imitating the singular sweetness and simplicity of his life, and living in docility to the Church which raised his name to the sainthood. But it is greatly to be feared that with their sneaking desire for a fair measure of creature comforts, this is just what the literary devotees of Franciscanism would find quite uncongenial.

The whole moral life of the Thirteenth Century is summarized in the story of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Louis,—the types of its spiritual energies. St. Francis, the type of mystic piety and evangelical simplicity; St. Dominic, the type of enlightened faith and zeal for the Church; St. Louis, the type of justice and the spirit of Christian chivalry. And the spirit of these three men found its expression in every department of life of this period, in the affairs of state and war, in the intellectual activities of the University, and in the glorious creations of literature, art and architecture. All of these manifestations of the united unquestioned faith that was the unifying principle and time spirit of the age.

Such is a feeble and very imperfect sketch of that truly brilliant, harmonious, and symmetrical civilization of the Thirteenth Century, a civilization that found its ideal of a God-governed people in St. Augustine's City of God, and which has its unfading portrait in Dante's Divine Comedy.

Just a word in conclusion. If I look back with admiration to the Thirteenth Century, it is not that I am reactionary, that I would wish to return to the manner of life of those times. No, not that. But it is that I would like to see our civilization impregnated with the spirit of faith and common brotherhood in God, the principle that gave unity and balance and symmetry and true greatness to that era.

The streams of all the beneficent forces created in times gone by, meet in us of this generation. We have, indeed, the potent elements of a well-nigh perfect civilization. But even the most blinded admirer of our times must see that these elements exist in a state of chaos and confusion, that there is a woful lack of the unity, balance, and harmony that characterized the Thirteenth Century. We are running well, but we don't know exactly whither we are running. We seem to act without method or union, without a fixed moral guidance, without a definite social purpose; led on as though

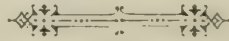
we were the blind creatures of a so-called cosmic process. We lack a motive of life for which our hands and brains and hearts should work in unison.

Says Fra Lippo Lippi in Browning's poem,—

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

The men of the Thirteenth Century did find the meaning of this world. They found the motive of life that gave unity and harmony to all their energies of soul, mind, and body. They found it through the medium of a common belief. We, too, shall find the true meaning of life and realize a coherent, harmonious, and perfect civilization, when we shall come to have, as they had, an unquestioned, united faith in the one God that made us all.

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '08.



SOME DON'TS.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great electrical inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his father. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right nor Christian.

Don't be a sorehead; take your knock and be glad you did not get a worse one.

L'EGLISE DES SAINTS.



WE all can remember some moments when we have seemed overwhelmingly conscious of beauty. In my own mind, it has become indissolubly connected with a certain evening last fall, when I knelt in a dark corner of "L'Eglise des Saints," listening to the organ.

The dim light changed the cold gray marble to a living brown, and darkened the mosaics into an uneven surface, each perfect piece seeming to have shrunk and shrivelled like an autumn leaf.

Farther, in the darker corners, new details gathered into the general interchanging of column with column, and vault with vault; yet each stood out clear in a singular completeness of effect.

The mosaics darkened the marble, and the long shadows of the pillars intermingled with the gold and white of the single altar. Above the altar hung the only painting the church contained,—the "Last Supper." Around the walls stood "The Way of the Cross," carved in marble, the life work of a noble Italian master.

In the rear the organ was but dimly visible, while one star of light burned in the chancel, glowing on the four massive bronze pillars, the corners of the altar. Over the arches joining diagonally the tops of these pillars, was spread a cloth of silver interwoven with gold, which stole the colors from the stained glass windows, each shadow changing with the changing light.

The pulpit stood perhaps a dozen paces up the left aisle — a low, wide pulpit, polished until the remotest corners of the church were reflected in its burnished surfaces.

But the whole conveyed to the soul something deeper than the realization of mere beauty, for in the very curves and vaultings, in the balance of lines and forces, was the dominating suggestion of a life of "being, becoming—becoming, being," and a mind "idealizing, realizing—realizing idealizing."

Outside, the general impression of peace was well maintained. The gray stone walls were overhung with creepers, and the gold and yellow of the setting sun were mingled with the scarlet and the purple of the autumn leaves.

Soon one last ray of glorious color was diffused among the "Northern Lights," then slowly faded into gathering darkness as the last peal of the Angelus was echoed across the hills.

L. H. LA MOTHE, '12.

Pro Passione Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.

(Fer. III post Dom Sexages.)

An English rendering of the Hymn at Matins, by Francis W.
Grey, Litt. D.

See! where your God, upon the Tree accurséd,
Hangs, while the Blood that He hath shed, bedews Him;
See, in His gentle Hands and Feet, how deep the
Sharp nails are driven.

There, in the midst of thieves, behold he hangeth,
As were He, sinless, ministrant of evil;
Dire was the will of those who wrought upon him,—
Those of His people.

Pale His Face groweth, and His Head, so weary,
Droops, while His Eyes close, and the world's Redeemer
Breathes, through His sacred Lips, His blessed Spirit,
Laden with merits.

Heart! thou art harder than the hardest iron,
If this crime touch thee not, oh heart! remember,
It was thy sin that nailed Him thus; thine only,
Cause of His dying!

Praise be to God, throughout unending ages,
Who, in His mercy to His fallen creatures,
Washed, in the precious Blood of our Redeemer,
All our offences.

PROGRESS OF JAPAN.



THE Empire of Japan has now been in existence for 2,000 years or more, and, during all these centuries, not a single break has occurred in the line of Emperors. They have all been of the one family, and have ever been held sacred and inviolable. This remarkable fact is due, no doubt, to the national valor of the people, who repelled every attack upon their shores. They were closed in from the outside world, like a tortoise in his shell, and thus were enabled to preserve their peculiar customs from generation to generation. Like the Chinese in some respects, they possessed greater vigour and displayed more activity. No Mongols and no Tartars were powerful or aggressive enough to tear down the barriers of exclusion and to disturb the unbroken and unprecedented succession of Emperors.

In ancient times, there was no distinction between civil and military life. The whole people formed one huge army; militarism reigned supreme. To die in the name of patriotism was held the noblest of noble deeds. The Emperor, according to general belief, controlled the destinies of all his subjects, and so there could be nothing but everlasting glory in laying down life for him.

The adoption of Chinese ideas during the Middle Ages had the effect of creating a division of power. A line was drawn between the two spheres of arms and politics; but it proved a very vague one, and the warrior classes soon regained supremacy. At this stage there became evident a tendency to distribute authority. Feudalism, gradually made its way into the land. The Emperor rented the soil to the daimyos or seigneurs, and these, in turn, to the tenants. The system that prevailed was very much the same as obtained in other countries, but the Emperor retained the title of all property as a heritage handed down to him by his predecessors. Shoguns or governors ruled in the provinces, and they, as a body, formed the real power of the state. The Shogunate held the sovereignty of the country for seven centuries. In 1867 it surrendered its authority to the Emperor, and the old régime was resumed after a lapse of hundreds of years. The Restoration marked a turning point in the history of Japan from narrower to broader lines of policy and from lower to higher ideals of life.

As soon as the Emperor was returned to power, he began to exert a very progressive influence upon the government of the Em-

pire. Assemblies were convoked to ascertain the people's views on live questions of the day, and to bring about a general harmony between the head and members of the state. A hearty response was given to this generous call, and before long a system of self-government was established in towns, cities and provinces. Indeed by 1889, Japan had a constitution of her own and was flourishing as a Constitutional Monarchy. She seems to have been peculiarly adapted to receive western civilization. She had developed certain characteristics that gave her the capacity to absorb new ideas and the aptitude to put them to the greatest possible advantage. She had not passed from barbarism to civilization in a day, but had, by a series of evolutions, advanced in power and knowledge.

The war with China in 1894-5 awakened Japan to a sense of her possibilities. It also determined her relative position among the powers and revealed her true friends. Russia, from all appearances, was to be her great rival, and Britain her close ally. The interests of the Japanese seemed to coincide with those of the British, and their common cause gave birth to a mutual alliance. There was another power, however, whose very nature made her relations with both those countries necessarily friendly; and, finally, led them to form a trio to preserve peace and to foster trade in the East. This was the United States. Indeed, away back in 1853-4 a certain amount of intercourse existed between the American and the Japanese. Commodore Perry was the first to create a feeling of amity between his countrymen and the subjects of the Mikado; and, as years elapsed, the connections of the two countries became more and more of a friendly nature. Thus, to-day, we find Japan, Britain and United States standing side by side in the East.

With her constitution in good working order, Japan set out on an era of progress without parallel in the history of nations. She advanced by leaps and bounds during the ten years following the struggle with China; and, then, a great war created a stampede in every line of trade and commerce and in every sphere of social and national prosperity. The Boxer Rising, of 1900, brought all the Powers together in order to quell the revolt that threatened to grow to vast proportions, and that endangered the lives of foreigners in the confines of the Celestial Empire. The science of the Europeans soon overcame the might of China; though, had the movement embraced a greater area and had the Chinese, with all their courage and endurance as soldiers, been trained into a proper fighting machine, nothing could have overcome their numbers. However, peace was established and terms of compensation were arranged with the Court at Peking. Russia, after the excitement had passed

over, occupied Manchuria, under the pretext of protection; and, from her ground of vantage on the Yalu River, cast envious glances at the Korean Peninsula. This occupation was supposed to be a temporal one, though the hungry Bear evidently intended to make it perpetual. When the Czar gave no signs of any intention to withdraw his troops, there was a general protest made by the other nations, but none came forward to demand the integrity of China except Japan, then, to all appearances, a nation only in embryo, but, as the future was to show, possessed of those qualities that go to make a great power. Its people, with foresight worthy of those of more experience, saw clearly the purpose of the Czar's plans, and decided, after fair warning, to endeavor to forcibly frustrate them. Japan could never have been considered safe while there was a possibility of Russia occupying Korea. The Japanese fully realized the truth of this, and, on the strength of it, declared war against the Russians. They defeated them and compelled them to retire from Manchuria; and, thus, through one bold move, loosed themselves from the grasp of the huge Bear. The success of Japan in this war caused her to be recognized as a very strong factor in the problem of the East.

In peace Japan is proving herself as active and able as in war. She has learned her lessons in the most modern schools, and has profited very much from them. Progress is growing apace, in education, in finance, and agriculture, while there is no branch of national life that does not show signs of advancement. The nation is bent upon developing her resources, and, at the same time, is endeavoring to preserve peace with all other nations in order to enable her to pursue this object. She has had a successful past, and the prospects are that she will have a still more successful future.

E. BYRNES, '09.

LIFE.

A little joy, a little pain,
A little loss, a little gain,
To take of each as best he can,
This is the lot of every man.

Abraham Lincoln.

ABRAHAM Lincoln! What sentiments of national pride and patriotism well up from the heart of every true American at the recollection of that name!—that staunch protector of man's rights, that bold and fearless champion of honesty and liberty, whose memory will remain forever green in American hearts. And now the centenary of this great man's birth is to be celebrated all over his native country, and the lesson of his life to be impressed upon the growing generation.

Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, he spent his early years on his father's homestead. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was descended from a Quaker family of English origin. In 1816, the family emigrated to Indiana, whence after remaining fourteen years, they moved to Illinois. Shortly after this, Abraham left home, to seek his own fortunes. During the next two years he tried his hand at different occupations, farm laborer, business-man, surveyor, till in 1832 he became a captain of a company in the Black Hawk War.

Meanwhile, he had been devoting his time to private study, and after four years of diligent application he was admitted to the Bar, in 1836. During this time he had been elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois, where he served the state for eight years, from 1834 till 1842. Five years later he was elected a member of Congress.

The success of his campaign for Senator in 1858 was a forerunner of that which awaited him two years later, when he was chosen as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. It was during this campaign of '58 that Lincoln first attracted to himself the attention of the American nation by his strong assertions and uncompromising attitude regarding the question of slavery. Everywhere throughout the country his fame spread, and it was due to his masterful handling of the vexed slavery question that the choice of the Republican party fell upon him. In the campaign of 1860, his party voted as a unit for Lincoln, the Democratic party was divided into three factions, and the result was that he won an overwhelming victory, receiving 57 votes more than his three opponents combined.

A short time after his inauguration, the Southern States seceded from the union, and from the booming of the first cannon at Fort

Sumpter till the closing scenes of the greatest civil war that ever rent a nation, Lincoln preserved such an equanimity of temper, and displayed such rare good sense in dealing with the weighty problems of those terrible days, that he won the love and affection of the nation which already had intrusted to him the enormous task of carrying on the war. The result of all this was that in 1864 he was re-elected by the majority of 191 votes over George B. McClellan. But, unhappily, he lived but a month to enjoy the fruits of victory. At a time when his skillful management, his calm judgment, and his practical ability were all but indispensable to his afflicted country, he was assassinated at Washington by a fanatic named John Booth. On the 15th of April, 1865, he passed away, and the nation was plunged into a gloom such as had never before been equalled.

Such is the life of America's greatest son. His undying energy and zeal overcame every obstacle to success, and in his steady upward march from the fields and outhouses of the farm to the Capitol in Washington, he displayed such integrity and honesty, such faith in and devotion to the people, that he won the hearts of all, Republicans and Democrats alike. All admired him, all honored him, and certain it is that he stands above the great men of his time in the affection and esteem in which he is held by the present generation.

J. CONNAGHAN, '09.



IN SWEET ADARE.

(In memory of Mrs. C. O'Connor-Martin.)

In Sweet Adare her youthful feet
Travelled the rose-fringed street;
Dear heart, pure gold was she, and they
Who met her on the way,
The thrush and blackbird, sang for her
Of old, in Sweet Adare.

But fate ordained that she should roam
The ocean's fields of foam,
Whither a land of promise shone


Beneath the setting sun;
A long farewell, a parting prayer,
That day for Sweet Adare.

Long laid in consecrated rest,
Slumbers her faithful breast;
But when remembrance dreams of thee,
Dear isle, far o'er the sea;
Methinks I see her, young and fair,
Again, in Sweet Adare.

Oh! not in sorrow does the joy
Of memory steal away,
To walk with her in visions vague
Beside the silvery Maig;
Nay, for we are a happy pair
To-day, in Sweet Adare.

—E. C. M. T.

The Poe Centenary

 HE catalogue of centennial commemorations, for which this year stands unparalleled and pre-eminent as compared with the other years of the twentieth century, was opened on the nineteenth of last month by the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allen Poe,—that genius who has been styled the true original contributor to the literature of America. As a proof of that genius, we have only to take notice of the emulation now existing among different cities in being regarded by their respective inhabitants as his birthplace. It has been said that in ancient Greece, various cities vied with one another in claiming the place of birth of the great Hellenic poet, and if this may be taken as a criterion of greatness, Poe was undoubtedly a genius of note.

That Edgar Allen Poe has rendered infinite service to American literature there can be no question. Prior to his advent upon the field of letters, in the first half of the nineteenth century, America had practically no definite style of literature; she could not call her

literature American. The best that her literary aspirants could offer to the public were productions, characterized by shallowness, weak sentimentality and a tendency to conventionalism. But Poe ruthlessly and bitterly assailed such style of literature, with the result that he not only put a stop to any further such pretentious offerings, but he also moulded the form of American prose and poetry, thus establishing his reputation as a critic and a stylist. True, no doubt, his caustic pen made for him many enemies at the time, but when one considers the great and salutary influence his criticisms exerted upon the literature of America, he cannot be condemned. To him and Nathaniel Hawthorne is due the establishment of the short story, which has since played such an important role in the annals of American literary productions. Before the appearance of these two upon the literary horizon, America could not boast any too much of writers of a highly imaginative temperament. However, in the middle of the last century, an impetus was given to this species of prose, especially by Poe, to whom critics in general have accorded the title of progenitor of the short story.

Regarding the character and life of Poe outside the sphere of literary productions, there are divided opinions. His conduct through his whole career shows that he was naturally weak-minded, and subject to paroxysms of remorse, this latter peculiarity being evinced in many of his productions. Some writers have on this account ruthlessly and completely condemned him. True it is he was a slave, extremely sensitive to any intoxicant, but to his weakness of will this must be ascribed. On the contrary, others who knew him intimately, have represented him as a gentleman by nature and instinct, and extremely refined in his bearing and countenance. His charming presence made for him friends wherever he went, and to speak with him, and still more to listen to him, was a great pleasure.

Without exception, his reputation as a prince of letters and his influence on American literature, are permanent and salutary. No one can deny that his arrival on the literary field of America was at a happy time. For this reason, above all other considerations, the genius of Poe should be regarded as established. If at the present the way cannot be seen to granting him a memorial, it is to be hoped that before many years more the regard for his personal weakness will be dropped, and he will be permitted to take his place in the Hall of Fame along with other American writers, some of whom have been less deserving of their niche than Poe.

J. R. CORKERY, '09.

The Moore Centenary.

One hundred years have elapsed since Napoleon, that great genius of war, seized the throne of Spain for his brother Joseph. Being dissatisfied with their new King, the proud Spanish people everywhere arose in rebellion. They solicited aid from England, and received it, Generals Sir Arthur Wellesley and Sir John Moore being sent out. Before long, Wellesley was recalled, and the sole task of coping with Napoleon was left to Moore. The English advanced from Portugal into Spain; but, on comparing their small retinue with the French host, it was thought advisable to retire, for sure destruction awaited them. Accordingly, Moore ordered the memorable retreat, which was the most masterly ever recorded in war. Because of a delay in the arrival of the transport ships, a stand had to be made at Corunna, the French having followed from Spain under Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's generals. With words of cheer and encouragement from their leader, the men withstood the fierce onslaughts of the French; then, retaliating, repulsed them on all sides. During the encounter, Moore was in the thickest of the fray; and, for his bravery and gallantness, he received that last and awful reward—death. Sadly his soldiers buried him in his foreign grave, far from all he loved and cherished. Many were the praises he received when the account of his bravery reached England. Everywhere was mourned the loss of one of Britain's greatest heroes. Eight years afterwards, an Irish minister, Rev. Charles Wolfe, moved by the heroism of this noble man, addressed to him the following lines, recording therein his pathetic death and burial.

V. K. O'GORMAN, '09.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed;
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

You cannot love the real Sun, that is to say physical light and color, rightly, unless you love the spiritual Sun, that is to say justice and truth, rightly.—Ruskin.

If human life be cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity.—Ruskin.

“What is a weed?”—“A plant in the wrong place.”—Ruskin.

A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

(Continued.)

GALWAY was once of great importance, and even to-day retains many souvenirs of the time when it was a strong walled town and its harbor crowded with Spanish war-ships and merchantmen from many a distant port.

"The City of the Tribes" still contains many of the houses in which the Tribes, i.e., the Lynches, Blakes, Joyces, etc., lived. The most interesting one we saw was the Lynch mansion, whose walls still boast their coat of arms. Queen's College we found to be a handsome Gothic building containing a splendid library and museum. The church of St. Nicholas is very fine. It was built in 1320, and contains monuments to a large number of ancient Galway families.

A peculiar part of the town is that called the Claddagh, inhabited by the fisher folk, who elect their own mayor. The dwellings here are low thatched cottages, and the manners and customs of the people are very quaint and ancient. One of the heirlooms of every family is the Claddagh ring—two hands holding a heart—which is transmitted from mother to daughter.

Looking out across the waters of Galway Bay we could see in the distance the famous Arran Islands, once the refuge of the Firbolgs, and later one of the most glorious seats of Irish Christian learning.

We would fain have spent some days in Galway, for the district is rich in antiquities, but many places yet remained to be seen, so climbing into our tonneau we journeyed once more eastward till we reached the town of Eyrecourt, seat of the once powerful Eyre family. The castle is still there with its massive walls and large demesne, while not far off is the Abbey Church, with its huge Celtic cross—

"Which stands unchangeable as Death,
The emblem of a changeless Faith."

After visiting the castle and neighborhood, we continued our route till we reached Athlone. This old town was the scene of many stirring events in the reign of James II., when it was defended with heroic bravery by the Irish under St. Ruth against

the attacks of William's army. The famous bridge, chief scene of the conflict, has been replaced by a more modern structure, but the massive round towers of the castle are still standing, and give the place a very imposing appearance.

After a few hours spent in Athlone we skirted the northern shore of lovely Lough Ennel until we arrived at Mullingar, one of the most ancient towns of the Palatinate. It once contained a fine castle and two large priories, but of these not a trace remains. On the day of our visit there happened to be a horsefair and we were interested and amused by the great throngs of shrewd dealers who came to sell or "trade" horses; as they jostled one another, good-naturedly, many a hard bargain was driven, and many a quip and jest flew like a barb from mouth to mouth.

Tommy Atkins was much in evidence, and we learned that the place was a very important military station.

Leaving Mullingar we encountered some pretty pieces of woodland, watered by many a laughing stream, in whose translucent waters we could often discern a silvery fin, and no doubt the place is a favorite haunt of the angler.

Our next stopping place was Maynooth, where we saw the great tower of the once famous and magnificent Castle of the Kildares. Here "Silken Thomas" held court amid "rich spoile, goodly hangings and brave furniture," as the chronicler quaintly puts it.

"And oh! through many a dark campaign
They proved their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains and Munster's vales
On king and chief and kern;
But noble was the cheer within
The halls so rudely won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand
That had such slaughter done.
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien,
You'd ask no herald's sign—
Amid a thousand you had known
The princely Geraldine."

But of still greater interest to us was the magnificent college of Maynooth. The original college was founded by the Earl of Kildare in 1521, but the present building dates from 1795. Previous to that year, in the dark days of persecution, the Irish clergy had to go abroad for their education, but since then they have gathered here in their hundreds year by year from every part of

the island to receive their ecclesiastical training. Over 600 picked students now reside continually within its walls, and receive from a brilliant Faculty that instruction and formation which makes them the finest body of priests in the world to-day. Leaving Maynooth we quickly covered the fifteen miles which separated us from Dublin. We found the capital more gay and animated than when we left it, for the great annual Horse Show was now on. The Horse Show means really more than its name implies, for besides the magnificent exhibition of animals and the daily programme of equine sports in the fine grounds at Ballsbridge, Show-week gives one the opportunity of seeing the brighter side of life in Ireland, since Dublin is then the Mecca of Irish fashionable society. And, indeed, nothing could be gayer than those merry crowds of well-groomed handsome men, and ladies with gowns lovely as themselves, who came out each day to show their interest in Ireland's favorite animal, than which no better specimen exists the wide world over. At the end of a thoroughly enjoyable week, we proceeded once more northwards. "Full speed ahead" was the order, and our Daimler "40" simply devoured mile after mile until we reached Downpatrick. This is one of the most ancient cities of Ireland, having been the capital of the native kings of Ulster; but its chief glory consists in its intimate connection with Erin's patron saint, who in 440 established here a great monastery and church, where his ashes repose even to this day in the same tomb with those of saintly Brigid and Columba. Our hearts were filled with pious joy as we knelt by the boulder which marks his grave, to murmur a prayer for the nation whose apostle he was.

The present Cathedral is comparatively modern and replaces the ancient fane which, after being destroyed by the Lord Deputy in 1538, was allowed to lie in ruins until 1790. We visited the interesting Rath of Downpatrick, a mound some 60 feet high and 2,000 feet in circumference, built as a fortification by one of the famous Red Branch Knights.

From Downpatrick we continued northwest till we reached the shores of Lough Neagh, beneath whose limpid waters legend has it that a city lies buried—

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays
When the clear cool eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

However, we were not so privileged, so we hastened on to the "top of Ireland," until finally we reached the Giants' Cause-

way. The ride had been a long one, but we were amply repaid for our trouble by the magnificence of the scene. On the west coast, Nature sports with wind and water; here she has made fire her plaything. And, indeed, as one stands upon these northern headlands one sees a mighty platform of basaltic columns running out from the base of the cliff and disappearing beneath the waves of the Atlantic. We were told that the pillars are over forty thousand in number, forming a pavement with joints so tight that not even the sea can penetrate. More marvellous still, they are fashioned into perfect geometrical figures, principally pentagons and hexagons, with an occasional octagon and nonagon. Inland, the molten lava, shrinking as it cooled, has formed with wonderful geometric skill huge masses that resemble chimney-tops, organ pipes, or giant walls. We visited in turn the Little Causeway, the Giants' Well, the Wishing Chair, the Giants' Loom, the Giants' Gateway and the Great Causeway, scarcely knowing which to think the most interesting, since each was a source of wonder and delight.

Having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves amid these mighty works of frolicsome nature, and the beautiful seascapes visible from these rugged northern coasts, we turned again southward, passing once more through Belfast, on our way to Portaferry, where we were to spend our last few days on Irish soil amid the whole-souled magnificent hospitality of some dear friends. Portaferry is a pretty and thriving little town clustered round an ancient keep, dating from the times when the De Courcys held sway. It is situated on an arm of the sea known as Strangford Lough, which is some twenty miles in length, and from half a mile to five miles in width. The Lough is a grand sheet of water, and we saw it in all its moods, peace and anger, storm and calm; one day lashed to fury by the howling East winds its billows would break thunderously against the shore, the next it lay quiet and lovely in the dancing sunlight amid scenes of beauty that rival even Killarney itself. Like Killarney it is dotted with a number of small but singularly verdant islands, its shores are indented with a hundred sunny bays, and swell gently inward to rich woodlands from whose leafy bowers rise steeple and tower of church and time-worn fortress. Many a pleasant moment did we spend in launch or sail-boat as we threaded our way amid these varied scenes, or again seated at the windows of the princely McCausland home, which crowns the hill above Ballyhenry Bay, we looked out over the ancient elms towards the sparkling waters where a veritable fleet of our host's steamers rode at anchor in the basined flood, and farther off glistened the white sails of the trim yachts, full-spread to catch the breeze.

"How could river, lake, and sea
 In softer sister hues agree?
 And when will summer kiss awake
 Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake?"

'Twas fitting that this should be our last tarrying place ere
 we left the Green Little Isle, to carry away with us imperishable
 memories of Nature's beauties, and friendship's charms—

"Oh, matchless land! so well combine
 Thy elements of cloud and splendor
 That earth no valleys boast like thine,
 Enamelled with a green so tender.
 So well in Erin, too are mixed
 The elements of wit and honor
 That other nation's eyes are fixed
 In hopeless rivalry upon her!"

God bless thee dear, no, not farewell,
 I hope again to tread thy bowers,
 To roam once more by rill and dell,
 By languid lakes and lofty towers.
 I leave my heart for thy safe keeping
 'Tis thine in joy and thine 'midst weeping!

Eiblinn.



JEANNE D'ARC.

IT is now scarcely a year since the editorial world was aroused by a message from Rome, announcing the beatification of Joan of Arc. Journals and periodicals the world over, eager for news from the centre of Catholicism, each had its page or paragraph on the life and honor paid to the maid of Orleans. Her name was to be found in all sorts of papers and magazines, but strange to say the people of her own country showed a more repugnant spirit to this much merited honor bestowed on her, than did those of any other race. This spirit, however, was by no means the voice of the French nation, but of that body of Atheists or rationalists, the majority Freemasons, who rule France from Paris.

The papers of England, the country of those who were instrumental in her martyrdom, treated the matter with due respect, for they still retain at least the principles of gentlemen. Scotland's leading writer and critic, Andrew Lang, a Protestant, was loud in her praises. Ireland and America showed deep interest in the blessed maid.

Joan of Arc, known as the Maid of Orleans, was born in the little village of Domremy in Brittany. Her father was a peasant farmer. She was brought up with little or no schooling, and could not read or write in after years. "I was taught," said the Maid, "by my mother all that I ought to believe, and all that a child ought to do to be good." During her childhood she manifested a deep devotion to the Mother of God and His Saints, especially St. Catharine and St. Michael. In 1425, when Joan was thirteen years of age, the call came to her from Heaven, bidding her to continue her pious practices and to prepare to go to the aid of France. Three years after this, Joan could no longer resist the voices calling her. "I must go to the King," she persisted, when they discouraged her or refused to aid her, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees; for God wills it." After several vain attempts, she was admitted to the presence of the Dauphin, Charles VII., at Chinon. Her twofold mission from Heaven she told him was to relieve Orleans and to crown him at Rheims. The Dauphin, believing her to be sent by God, placed the Maid at the head of an army, that set forth to the relief of Orleans. Joan was clad in white armor. Her standard was a large white banner with the golden fleur-de-lis of France and the holy name of Jesus on it. She silenced all foul oaths and language among the men. Great numbers frequented the churches for prayer and the Sacraments. She was wounded in leading an assault against the English, and was carried out of the battle. But, hearing a retreat had been sounded in consequence, she, with her own hands, drew forth the arrow from her neck and placed herself once more at the head of the troops. The English, seized with panic, fled and abandoned the siege. The French now, under her leadership, steadily drove the English from fortress to fortress, until finally the Dauphin was crowned at Rheims. Then followed one of the most cruel and treacherous acts which history records. At the end of a century of warfare, which left France, bleeding and exhausted, at the feet of England, appeared the peasant Maid from obscure Domremy with the declaration that Heaven had sent her to save France and crown King Charles at Rheims. This indeed was all accomplished through her agency, and surely in the annals of history no achievement is more remarkable than

that, which culminated in the solemn coronation of Charles on July 17, 1429. Then to think that she, who had done so much for her country and King, was to be delivered through treachery into the hands of the recreant Duke of Burgogne, to be sold to the enemies she had so marvelously conquered, to be tried on the charge of practising black arts, to be condemned as a relapsed heretic, and to be burned with ignominy as a witch by the English at Rouen, in her twentieth year, on May 30, 1431! Her death was most excruciating. Tied to a stake, she was slowly consumed by flames. Thousands looked upon that burning mass as the intense heat turned to ashes all that was mortal of her. There were many among these whom she had conquered, but still more numerous were those whom she had led victorious. Women, men, soldiers and nobles wept at this sight, but there was not one courageous enough to raise a dissenting voice against those cruel murderers. She climbed the scaffold as bravely as she had climbed the scaling ladders at Orleans and Jargeau. Devoutly she received and kissed the cross made at her request by an English soldier. Repeatedly she pronounced that sweet name of Jesus, in her agonizing moments, and asked of Him forgiveness for all her enemies. St. Catharine and St. Michael were especially invoked amidst this terrible ordeal. She never murmured or complained, but peacefully resigned her soul to God. When the last embers of that pile had faded, many declared that the memory of her had likewise vanished, but from the vapors of that fire rose a name never to be forgotten. Now,—after half a thousand years have gone,—her memory and merits flourish with renewed vigor, and within a short time the high honor of Beatification is to be bestowed upon her by the Church. But previous to the act of Beatification the sacred congregation had to have genuine proofs that three miracles had been wrought through her intercession. After long and careful investigation, it decided that these had been proved. There is one man above all others outside the Church, who deserves to be mentioned here, for his noble work in manifesting to the world this blessed Maid's pure life. Andrew Lang's name will be remembered as long as the memory of Joan survives, as the man who revered and defended, where Voltaire and Anatole France outraged and sneered.

C. F. G., '10.

Nature keeps whatever she has done best, close sealed, until it is regarded with reverence.—Ruskin.

Pitt—Bismarck: A Comparison.



THE qualities which are requisite and which are invariably found in a successful and effective statesman, are primarily, foresight, prudence, tact, dexterity and undying energy in action. It is undeniable that Pitt possessed these in a very noticeable degree, and along with these he was a man of honor, remarkably honest and straightforward, and honest in all his dealings, entirely free from all taint and suspicion of corruption. He entered public life at a time when the standard of political honor was extremely low; his private income did not exceed £100 a year, and yet in all monetary transactions he exhibited a most rare, transparent, and fastidious purity. As paymaster of the forces, at that time a position which could be made extremely lucrative, his term of office was characterized by the same scruples, the same moderation. His pride was of that kind which is a "guardian over virtue"; his ambition was the salvation of the nation from the clouds of humiliation and subjection which hung so heavily over it; his love was the unquenchable and passionate patriotism that burned within his breast.

The greatness of a man, however, does not lie so much in his character as in what he did; and to understand what Pitt did we must know and realize the wretched state in which England was when he came to power. The years of 1756 and 1757 are among the most humiliating in her history. The French, beginning with the capture of Minorca, outgeneralled and outfought the English in every encounter; scarcely a day passed that did not bring the sad tidings of humiliation and defeat, and the sun of England's glory seemed indeed about to set. In America the shameful defeat of Braddock, the capture of Oswego, and the persistent aggressiveness of the French had left that continent well nigh under the control of England's deadly and bitter enemy. In India also, English interests were sadly waning, the superiority of her enemies were painfully evident and horrible cruelties were daily perpetrated on her subjects with impunity by the French and the Indians. In that all hope of saving any possessions in India or America was given up, her prestige on the continent had become sadly insignificant, and her very independence was in the greatest peril. In the words of Burke, "England trembled under a shameful panic, too public to be concealed, too fatal in its consequences to be ever forgotten." Lord Chesterfield is quoted as saying "who ever is in or who ever

is out, I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad,—at home by our increasing debt and expenses, abroad by our ill luck and incapacity.

It was at this crisis then that Pitt was recalled to office. With great confidence in his ability to save his country, he overcame all obstacles thrown in his way by enemies in and out of Parliament; he overcame the suspicion of the people; undaunted by his first reverses he finally dispelled the despair and gloom that had settled over the land; he inspired the Parliament and the army with renewed vigour; he lifted his fallen country from subjection, humiliation and shame, and gave her once more the first place among the nations of the world. By his skill in detecting the vulnerable parts of his opponents, and mapping out brilliant campaigns, by his peculiar ability in discovering talent and resolution, the reverses of his armies were compensated for by brilliant victories, and all his expeditions were rewarded with the most gratifying results. In 1760 the conquest of Canada was completed, and about the same time India passed under English rule; while on the continent his enemies were bewildered with the turn affairs had taken and the success of the English arms. The work of Pitt was brought to a glorious termination in 1763, when by the Treaty of Paris, England was placed in the enviable position she now enjoys. This, indeed, was an Empire, destined at length by much genius and much heroism, by skilful administration, and not by a few acts of atrocious perfidy to attain to a splendour and magnitude unequalled in the history of mankind; and he who founded it was one of the greatest, as he was one of the noblest men that ever lived.

And now let us turn to Bismarck. His greatness also must be reckoned on what he did, on what was accomplished for Germany through his prudence, foresight and tact. And, therefore, to compare the two men, let us compare their work and how fortune favored both. The condition of Germany when Bismarck entered office did not indicate any great calamity about to befall the people; the army was well organized; there was no serious dissention in Parliament; there was no impending war to be feared, and in fact the state of the country was quite enviable in comparison to the wretched condition of England about the year 1756. The confederation of the German states undoubtedly exhibited great prudence and foresight, and by this Bismarck contributed more than by anything else to German greatness. The war with France, which gave Germany so much prestige abroad and which created so much peace and good feeling between the people and the Parliament, must

be attributed entirely to the rashness of Napoleon III. France had been on the decline since the fall of Napoleon I., the country was impoverished, the army disorganized and without a capable leader; the government torn by dissention. With his country in this condition, Napoleon gave Bismarck no alternative but war, and Bismarck wanted none, as he knew the state of France.

What military genius was necessary to defeat a rash and impetuous general at the head of a disorganized army, and what greatness does it entail? What economical genius was necessary to replenish the treasury, and the financial state of Empire when one country alone was paying a war indemnity of \$1,200,000,000? What administrative genius was necessary to extend the empire at the cost of such crippled countries as France and Rome? No doubt Bismarck built up an extensive and solid Empire, but not so extensive and not so solid as that built up by Pitt. Fortune smiled generously on Bismarck while it frowned unmercifully on Pitt.

As in ability and skill, so also in character, Bismarck was infinitely inferior to Pitt, as his relations with the Roman Empire and the Holy Father amply testify.

The fall of Bismarck was, as Lowe says, like that of Lucifer, while Pitt resigned from office, covered with glory.

J. F. BRENNAN, '10.

Science Notes

Wireless Telegraphy—

That the wireless telegraph is a practical and efficient means of communication has been proved conclusively by the thrilling story of the wreck of the steamship Republic, rammed to death by the Florida. The two boats collided in the stillness of the night, and they would have been practically helpless after the crash had it not been for the wireless telegraph, with which the Republic was equipped. Whilst the passengers were wringing their hands with despair, the operator was sending a message of distress which was gathered up, hundreds of miles away, by half a dozen ocean greyhounds, who rushed to the assistance of the doomed vessel. The steamship Baltic was the first to reach the place of the disaster, and to effect the rescue.

Photographing the Voice—

A wonderful instrument that photographs the human voice has been invented by two Frenchmen, MM. Pollak and Virag. The vibrations of the voice, magnified by a microphone, are recorded in a receiver by a small mirror, which oscillates in accordance with them. The oscillating mirror reflects a dancing ray of light from a lamp placed in front of it, and its movements are recorded by an instrument which photographs them on a strip of sensitized paper, and reproduces the vibrations in an angular, upright script. It is claimed that this invention will be very useful to professors of vocal music who will now be able to judge accurately of their pupils' progress by photographing their voices at intervals.

Dissemination of Seeds—

Nature has provided countless ways of scattering the seeds of plants so that the various species may be propagated. Some seeds are winged or tufted and thus adapted to be transported by the wind. Examples of these are the fruits of the ash, maple, elm, dandelion, thistle and fleabane. Some fruits burst open when ripe in such a way as to throw their seeds violently about. The capsule of the American sand-box tree bursts open when thoroughly dry with a noise like that of a pistol shot. Some plants, like the Russian thistle, are globular in form, and have tough and light stems which break off near the ground when the seeds are ripe. These stems are gathered by the wind into spherical masses which are rolled over the prairies, dropping the seeds only a few at a time as they tumble along. Water is another means of transportation for seeds. It is a known fact that cocoa-palms are the first plants to spring up on newly formed coral islands. The nuts from which these palms grew may have floated a thousand miles or more without injury.

A great many fruits have hooks on their outer surface. By these they become attached to the fur of animals or the clothing of man and are carried to great distances. Cockleburs can hardly be removed from the tails of horses and cattle, into which they have become matted, without cutting out all the hairs to which they are fastened. Mostly all the plants that produce berries or stone-fruits have also their seeds scattered by animals, but in a different way. While the pulp of such fruits is usually soft and of an agreeable taste, the seeds within are hard and unpleasantly flavored. Animals eat the whole fruit, but usually do not crush the seeds which are left undigested.

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A GREAT YEAR.

The year 1909 may yet obtain for itself a place of honor on the roster of the centuries by giving us the practical airship, or a cure for consumption, or by producing some future genius, but we doubt if it can outshine the glory of its centennial predecessor, 1809. What a line of great men that year begat. In the realm of politics, Abraham Lincoln, born amid the obscurity of the backwoods, rose to the leadership of the American people and earned for himself its undying gratitude. Not less conspicuous was that "grand old man" of English statesmanship, William Ewart Gladstone, dear to every race because of his liberty-loving humanitarianism. In science we find Darwin, whose "Origin of Species" has revolutionized biological studies. In literature it gave us Edgar Allan Poe, "the poet of melancholy"; Oliver Wendell Holmes, who sounded a note of joyous humour that still gladdens the hearts of men to-day; Fitzgerald, whose poetic soul gave to the world in the translation of the "Rubaiyat" the gems of Per-

sian Philosophy; Blackie, the Scotchman, who sang sweet songs of his Caledonian heath; Elizabeth Browning, that charming poetess of the fireside; and, greatest of all, Alfred Lord Tennyson, the poet of the beautiful, the lover of nature, the English Virgil. In music it gave us Mendelssohn and Chopin, whose glorious melodies have flooded the earth with sweet sounds to enrapture the heart of a listening world.

All honor then to 1809!

THE ELECTED AND THE ELECTORS.

Mr. Burke, in his speech after the election of Bristol, expressed very clearly and concisely what the proper attitude of a representative towards his constituents ought to be. The strictest union, the closest correspondence, the most unreserved communication, said the able gentleman, should exist; the member should rejoice to hear from his electors, give their wishes weight, their opinions respect and consideration, and their business his utmost attention. To the parliamentarian, repose, pleasure, satisfaction, and personal interest must be of no consideration where the welfare of his people or their property is in any way threatened.

Perhaps this smacks of servile compliance. It should not. A member of parliament is supposed to be one of the most learned and intellectual men of the district he represents. His opinion is relied upon to be unbiased by local affairs, his judgement ripe and discerning, and his conscience enlightened. He is not expected to prefer the opinion of his electors to his own. While legislating a greater care than that of his constituency must constantly be borne in mind. That district honored him with its choice, but did so in the name of the country. The whole dominion and dependencies come under the direction of his hand, and are first in his consideration. His constituency is second; yet more to him than any other constituency, because he is its warden and supposedly acquainted with its needs. The fact that the enacting of laws is based on reason and judgment, and the will an altogether foreign element, prevents the representative from following the voice of the people. Parliament would be reduced to a farce if its members were prejudiced. Indeed one cannot imagine a code in which a member's acting against his convictions is sanctioned, suggested, or allowed. Those who, in the course of electoral campaigns,

promise to be governed in all their actions by the wishes of the electors, violate their consciences, and may be looked upon as unscrupulous adventurers who will not afterwards discharge their duties conscientiously.

The great wide world,—the working, the professional, the business, the retired world, requires to-day, as it always has, and ever will, constant endeavor and straightforwardness on the part of its administrators. As for a party's policy, the conscientious may be influenced by it, but not governed. One point in particular, of which representatives must have a fixed and firm conception, is that they are not in any way a congress of ambassadors representing hostile interests, without the privilege of acting as it seems best to them, nor allowing their own opinions or conscience any recognition. They are not to suppose that their constituency has interests to maintain at the cost of a greater portion of the country.

Exchanges.

Pretty and bright comes the "Tennyson" number of the "Villa Shield." The production is excellent, both from an artistic and a literary point of view, and we tender our sincere congratulations to the ladies. The number contains a short sketch of Tennyson's life, and a review of his principal poems, all written very pleasantly and with much appreciation by various of the Shield contributors.

This month's "Ontario Agricultural Review" is one of the best exchanges we have received so far. To begin with, the cover is very pretty; it has a tone of originality and suggestiveness about it superior to any on our table. The Review is replete with illustrations, relating to agricultural work around the College, and also contains a spicy article entitled "Fragments," by W. C. Good, B.A.

"Bates Student" contains two very pretty stories entitled "Takare's Summons," and "To the Grim God." Passing to the "Editorials" we notice a strong plea addressed to the student body, asking for more co-operation in the literary work of the College. A similar plea could be addressed very profitably to our own students.

Upon the wall at Kenyon Hall,
Sat a youthlet and a maid.
"The stars above are not so bright
As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little head
 Toward the heaven's golden light—
 "The moon above is not so full
 As you, dear Louie, to-night."

—The "Exponent."

The "Amherst Literary Monthly," always entertaining and instructive, this month excels itself. Among the instructive articles we notice "Our Appreciation of Music." The author of the latter possesses a very laudable spirit of impartiality, so rare among writers, nowadays, who deal with the Middle Ages. The "Amherst" also contains several very humorous little sketches, among which we found "A Matinee Pantomime" and "He and She" very witty.

Besides the above-mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:—"Abbey Student," "Acta Victoriana," "Adelphian" (Quarterly), "Agnesian" (Monthly), "Argosy," "Allisonia," "Academic Herald," "Assumption College Herald," "Bates Student," "Bethany Messenger," "Columbiad," "Collegian," "Comet," "Central Catholic," "Catholic University Bulletin," "College Mercury," "Echoes from the Pines," "Educational Review," "Echoes from St. Anne's," "Fordham Monthly," "Geneva Cabinet," "Georgetown College Journal," "Hya Yaka," "Holy Cross Purple," "Laurel," "Leaflets from Loretto," "Leader," "The Martlet," "Mitre," "Manitoba College Journal," "McMaster University Monthly," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Niagara Index," "Nazareth Chimes," "Niagara Rainbow," "O. A. C. Review," "Ottawa Campus," "Oracle," "Pharos," "Patrician," "Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," "Queen's University Journal," "Rosary Magazine," "Solonian," "St. Mary's Angelos," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "St. Mary's Chimes," "St. Ignatius' Collegian," "St. John's Quarterly," "St. John's Record," "Trinity University Review," "University Monthly," "Villa Shield," "Victorian," "Vox Wesleyana," "Western University Gazette," "Xaverian," "Xavier," "Young Eagle," "St. Thomas Collegian," "De La Salle Chronicle."

Among the Magazines.

As the result of the adoption of the Religious Plank by the Socialist party last May, says Rev. John Ming, S.J., in the Mes-

senger, by the small majority of one vote, and by the speeches of the delegates present at the convention, we are enabled to realize the real attitude of Socialists toward Christianity. Suffice it to say that this attitude, as expressed by the most prominent members of the Socialist party, is by no means friendly. The plank read: "The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religion." But, as the sentiments given expression to by the delegates testify, the plank is a falsehood, a self-contradiction. For Socialism is concerned with religious beliefs, opposed and hostile to them, and for the very reason that it is an economic and political movement, led on by the torchlight of the materialistic conception of history.

The same magazine is valuable for many other interesting and instructive articles, chief among which is that on Darwinism, by John Gerard, S.J. Darwinism, he says, is not synonymous with the Evolution theory, as is so commonly supposed, but in its true and scientific sense, is limited to one particular mode of explaining the means whereby the Evolution process has been effected. The writer explains what true Darwinism is, and gives a brief summary of the many arguments for and against it.

The "Anecdotal Side of Father Tabb" is an interesting article by Patrick Dempsey in the Extension Magazine, on the noted poet and priest, with whom, no doubt, many of our readers are familiar through his poems. The author gives a short sketch of his life, and dwells on the characteristics and habits of the eccentric poet.

Among several other interesting articles in the Extension is one entitled "The Peril of the Twentieth Century," by Maria Storer, in which the author laments the establishment of and puts to ridicule the modern fad, Humanitarianism. The principles of the sect are so ridiculous as to be almost incredible. For instance, the writer mentions that several suicide clubs have been established in America—clubs in which the members pledge themselves to commit suicide on appointed dates. But it remains to be seen how many of the members will live up to the principle. This is the logical outcome of the "Reformation." Protestant ministers everywhere stand aghast in presence of this defection; but they are powerless to prevent it. The idea of this Brotherhood of Humanity is well fostered and fed by the many sects, which have grown up during the last couple of centuries, Free Thought, Atheism, Materialism, and so many other. One wonders what would be the feelings of the pious forefathers of these modern philanthropists could they behold the outcome of their vehement "protest" against the "errors of the Church of Rome." They thought to plant a better and firmer

seed of piety in the hearts of men than the Catholic Church had done. Behold now the harvest of tares in the souls of their children's children!

The Rosary Magazine contains an excellent article on "Brittany and its People," by our own Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. The writer dwells on the many and picturesque places of interest, the quaint customs and habits of the people, and the memory of the great men of Brittany.

In the same magazine is the story of an apostate Irish bishop, entitled "A Collector of Church Lands."

The Catholic University Bulletin is valuable for an article on the teachings of Christ, by Edward A. Pace. One of the most prominent features of our Lord's teaching is His constant practice of drawing lessons of the highest import from things with which His hearers are familiar. One might suppose, says the author, that for so high a purpose our Lord would have chosen the grander objects in Nature, or those unusual phenomena such as the star which led the Magi to Bethlehem. But He almost invariably chose the homely thing, the thing that lies under the eyes of the people. And this is one of the secrets of Christ's great success as a teacher.

The Canadian Messenger for February contains two very instructive articles on Moral Training. It is essential to the future peace and happiness of a child to guide and cultivate its feelings of sympathy. True sympathy not only brings happiness to our own hearts, but diffuses peace around us. There are two distinct classes who suffer from timidity. The first is actuated by the desire for praise. The second class do not expect praise, but feel keenly all disapprobation, and are easily depressed by the dread of incurring it. The writer gives valuable hints for the cure of timidity in a child.

Books and Reviews.

An excellent novel, by H. M. Ross, has recently come from the press of the Benziger Brothers, whose title, "The Test of Courage," conveys the general drift of the story. Austin, a young man, who, during his childhood, had been under the ever watchful vigilance and tender care of a good Catholic mother, was sent at her request to a Catholic College. His father could be styled as a person of indifference as regards religious matters, and he led his son anything but a virtuous example. However, the effects of the

teachings of a true mother can never be lost on a son, worthy of the name, and this case proved only a confirmation of the general rule. The boy grew to be a man, and always showed that he had taken to heart the lessons of youth.

The Quarterly Review for January gives us a contrast and comparison of Dante and Milton. They were two very grave and serious poets, but Milton displayed, at least, more vivacity than Dante. They both fought for liberty. The Italian receives greater popular applause than the Englishman. In the comparison of their two masterpieces, Dante's *Divina Commedia* excels Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Dante's love for Beatrice enhances his character and makes him more lovable than Milton, yet Milton's lofty and generous sentiments make him admired by all his countrymen.

In the North American Review for February, the banking and currency problem in the United States is treated at length. The object seems to be to enable the banks to meet the exigencies that arise in the world of finance, with promptness and safety. They appear to have been partly the cause of the recent depression in their tendencies to expand too much their deposit liabilities or to reduce too far their reserves. The solution that is proposed, in a word, is to have a national monetary commission to regulate the percentage of circulation according to conditions, or, in other terms, to allow banks to issue notes to meet all demands.

"The Future of Parties in United States," is the subject of a very fine article in the Fortnightly Review for last month. The writer goes on to show how the Republicans have gradually adopted the views of the Democrats, and how the Democrats have as surely adopted theirs. Bryan did not taunt Taft with the merits of state independence in the last election. No, the union was the theme of Democrats as well as Republicans. The two parties differed very little if at all in principle. In fact, as far as that goes, they are one, and only vary as to the means of reaching the same end. In time, no doubt, there will be but the division of Liberals and Conservatives with the Labor Party as a balance.

The January number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on the great actor of the nineteenth century in the English world, Henry Irving. He was at his best as Hamlet, for there he had play for the exercise of his powers! It was his personal magnetism that brought him renown. He was neither very handsome in person nor very pleasing in voice, but possessed a certain force of attraction that overpowered his audiences and compelled them to admire him. His features were strong, but his gait slow, and his speech by no means rapid. In fact, Irving had many defects to

overcome, but he overcame them successfully, and died as he had long lived, the idol of the public in the art of tragedy.

Personals.

A meeting of the Faculty of Philosophy was held on February 10th, at which the yearly election of officers took place. The members of the new faculty are: Dean, Rev. L. Peruisset, O.M.I.; Vice-Dean, Rev. J. De Grandpré, O.M.I.; Secretary, Rev. A. Jasmin, O.M.I.; Delegate to the Senate, Rev. L. Villeneuve, O.M.I. The committee, whose duty it is to set the philosophical papers for the forthcoming examinations, was also chosen.

Bishop Grouard, O.M.I., of Athabasca, has paid the University a much appreciated visit. His Grace gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on the Cree Indians, in the Science Hall, on the evening of February 10th. After speaking of the topographical features of the territory they occupy, their likely origin, mode of livelihood, habits and intellectuality, the venerable prelate spoke in touching terms of these Indians who had a knowledge of the Supreme Being previous to their hearing the name God, who expected a happy hunting ground before they heard of Heaven, and confessed their sins to the medicine man in days when the Divinely consecrated had not yet worked his way to their wild obodes.

Rev. Father W. J. Murphy, Rector, attended the recent meeting of the Ontario Board of Education, of which he is a member. The meeting was held in Toronto.

Rev. Father Fortier, the genial First Prefect of Discipline, has taken a holiday to regain his health. The professors and students miss him very much. Father Stanton succeeds him. Father Kelly is Second Prefect, and Father Finnegan Third.

Rev. A. H. Kunz, who has been absent in the country, has returned to St. Joseph's.

Owing to his father's illness, Rev. E. Dubé is paying a short visit to his home.

Rev. Father Lalonde's orchestra and choir are moving everybody along in a current of melody.

Bro. Gerard will return with His Grace, Mgr. Grouard, to Athabasca.

Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., has returned from a week's stay in Douglas.

The Gloucester Street Convent celebrated Mendelssohn's one hundredth anniversary by a recital from the masterpieces of that sweet composer. The interpretations were not lacking in color and spirit. The appreciation of the compositions, the resumé of Mendelssohn's life, and the papers read by the pupils, satisfied, to say the least, the audience's high expectations.

Obituary.

The announcement of the death of the late Harry Devlin, on the 14th inst., brought to his former professors and fellow-students the greatest sorrow. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Devlin, of 329 Besserer street. After attending Ottawa College for three years, he matriculated in 1907. Since then his health was such as prevented his return. He had a virtuous and genial disposition that can never be forgotten by those who knew him. Six of his former classmates carried his body to the grave. May he rest in peace.

We sympathize sincerely with Mr. and Mrs. Devlin in their sad bereavement.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Charles Bédard, the father of a former graduate, Albert Bédard, and grandfather of Come Coupal. For many years Mr. Bédard had practiced law in his native town, St. Rémé, till on the 14th January last he was called to his reward at the fine old age of 80. The Review extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

DEBATES.

There have been some excellent debates held this year under the auspices of the Debating Society, and everything seems to point to the probability that as many more of as high a standard will be enjoyed by the students before the close of the term.

On Friday, January 22, the subject of public libraries came under discussion, and proved a veritable drawing card. Messrs. D. Breen and S. Weir descanted on the drawbacks of the libraries, while Messrs. A. Fleming and J. Sammon presented, with ability

and eloquence, their merits. The decision of the judges was given in favor of the latter two gentlemen.

The following Friday, Local Option was on the table. It is a very live topic, and too much importance cannot be attached to its solution. J. Contway and M. O'Gorman advocated the adoption of the principle. E. Killian and F. Corkery acted on the offensive, and though they poured in a fusilade of objections, yet were unable to end the siege of the strong fortress so well defended by the affirmative.

The next Friday again saw a large number in attendance at the weekly debate, and no one could have truthfully said that the success of the affair was anything but extremely gratifying to members and officers alike. The point at issue was to resolve whether Bismarck or William Pitt the Elder ranked as the greater statesman. O. Linke and L. O'Keefe did justice to the shrewd and calculating German, the Father of Confederation of the Prussian states, but still, with all their laudable efforts, were yet without success. J. Brennan and J. Kennedy, who won the debate, showed England's great war minister to be the superior of Germany's able diplomat in point of statesmanship. The two winners did exceptionally well.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

In the ordinations recently held at the American College in Rome, Rev. John Cox, '03, was raised to the Deaconate.

Revs. J. Harrington, H. Letang and W. Dooner, all of the class of '05, are now engaged in parochial work at the parishes of Quyon, Eganville and Renfrew, respectively.

Rev. John Burke, '05, of the Paulist Seminary, Washington, D.C., who is visiting his parents in the city, called upon his Alma Mater recently.

Charles Jones, of the class of '07, who is pursuing his theological studies in the Grand Seminary, paid a short visit to the College last month.

Mr. Emmet Gallagher, at present practising law at Chatham, Ont., is the latest of our old students to join the list of benedicts. To him and his bride The Review extends its best wishes.

We were very pleased to receive a letter the other day from

one of our old students, M. Foley, '00, now in Syracuse, N.Y. Enclosed he sends a newspaper clipping, which will be of interest to some of the former students of the College. It concerns Rev. Francis P. Joyce, '99, who made a short visit to his parents in the former place from Walla Walla, Wash., where he is stationed as chaplain of the Fourteenth Cavalry, U.S.A. Since first assuming his present position, Father Joyce has been with his cavalry in the Philippines, in Japan and Honolulu, and also in San Francisco during the earthquake period. In the fall he will leave Fort Walla Walla with his cavalry for the Philippines, where quite a long stay is likely to be made.

Most Ottawans who have been following the progress of the People's party in the results of the recent Newfoundland elections, are probably unaware of the fact that its leader, Sir Edward Morris, was formerly for a time domiciled in Ottawa and attended Ottawa College. About twenty years ago, according to the statement of one of the faculty, he entered and took a course here, being well known among some of the former students. Ten years later, too, he was honored by the institution which had been his Alma Mater, receiving his degree of LL.D. here. While, of course, there are very few who remember the present political leader as a humble student at the local fount of learning, yet all will be glad to hear with those old students, who knew him, of the fame he has obtained.

Of Local Interest.

QUOTATIONS.

Du B- — McC-: "I desire we may be better strangers. — Shakespeare.

Mike, the stoker: "When was he wont to wash his face?"

Bu-r-ws: "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."—Fielding.

La-z-n: "Remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow."—Joldsmith.

Jerry H.: "Man delights me not; no, nor woman either."—Shakespeare.

Dan H.: "Ain't very ornamental in general."—Dickens.

Hub. O'M.: "A new and dazzling literary star has risen above the horizon."—Bill Nye.

E. M-r-hy: "He looked as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and somebody had just found him in a lumber closet."—Dickens.

Sully: "He was joost a leetle poy, not bigger as a doll."—Riley.

D-ahy: "Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges."—Rabelais.

W-er: "He is a man of unbounded stomach."—Shakespeare.

Con-ee: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth."—Bacon.

Ha-k-tt: "He hath a lean and hungry look."—Shakespeare.

O'Br-en: "I must sleep now."—Bacon.

J. Br-n-an: "Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed."—Scott.

Ke-n-y: "Even the homeliest find some comfort in a mirror."—Anon.

Zip McL.: "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."—Shakespeare.

By-n-s: "Persuasion sat upon his lips." "Nit."—Eurpides.

Me-dl: "The boy is kind enough but a huge feeder."—Shakespeare.

QUESTIONS ASKED BY DIFFERENT O. U. STUDENTS.

O'K-fe: Where is the gas house?

O'Br-en: Where do they sell anti-fat?

H-rt: Are all the houses on Bay street white?

W-er: Where can I get something to eat?

D-w-y: Where can a fellow get chili sauce?

Ha-in-ton: What time does the train leave for Boston?

Fle-ing: Where can I find a chiropodist?

F. Co-k-ry: Have you (whistle) seen Mike Smith?

Co-n-gh-n: Do I look old enough to smoke?

Fl-ut: Show me the way to go home?

Ro-d-n: Where can I find somebody to fight?

O'Ri-l-y: Is that (ha, ha!) right (ha, ha!)?

G-n-a: Will you accept one of my cards?

L-c-y: Who spoiled my "desk"?

S-m-rd: Where is the A.D.T. office?

Prof. in Physics: "Now is there any one who can't see?" (A signal for the class to look intelligent.)

Levi B. came up to H-rt's apartment to get a smoke. He got it but lit somewhere in the basement.

B-yl: How do you like my new trousers?

Ga-th-er: I hate the sound of them.

H-rt: "Do you keep smokeless tobacco?

Mr. Flynn: Shure I do.

H-rt: What!

Flynn: Chewing tobacco, but I am just out of it.

B-yl: Whoa! Back up! Lots, lots. He cannot forget the farm.

Manager O'G-r-an will present McC. and B. Br--n in the latest song hit, "Turn on the key."

In the sanctum: Get a move on; isn't there any other fellow you do not like?

Prof.: Your head is as clear as a bell.

Pupil: How is that?

Prof.: Because there is nothing in it but your tongue.

Say, boys, did you see Herpy C's new zebra-striped vest? All to the candy.

Fuzzy O'G. is now posing as an ad. for an ozograph. The title of the ad. is "His Master's B-th."

Do not worry, Herpy. They say that you never see a cheap piece of furniture with a marble top.

If Lincoln could only have seen M-r-hy giving his Gettysburg speech he would have died over again. As the boys did not expect the treat they forgot the bricks, etc.

Mike: What does your secretary make a month?

Bill: About five thousand errors.

Gu-c-on Bros. give their flat a reproduction of the late Burns-Johnson fight every second evening.

D-w-y: Where is my wandering Prince to-night?

Sam: Under the bedclothes as usual.

L-m-rc-e: I am going to have my photo taken. I hope they will do me justice.

Jo-s-n: I hope so, but mixed with a little mercy.

Young lady to friend (on seeing St. A-o-r): My! I wonder what kind of "rouge" that young fellow uses.

Have a towel, Bill?

What's the score, Mac?

Do not get sore on the Local Editor. If there is anybody you *like*, consult him.

Junior Department

Contrary to expectations, we had another loss tallied against us in the Junior Interprovincial League. Our seven went down to defeat before the Victorias. Naturally one would ask, What is the matter with Small Yard's hockey team this year? While admitting they have weight against them, can the excuse of their unsuccess be laid wholly to this one disadvantage? We think not. Our team lacks combination. They do not play together, and individual efforts, however brilliant, are generally futile against a well-organized defence. Then the team lacks condition. They are fast skaters and excellent stick-handlers, but they cannot stand the pace. They do not check back, but leave their defence to the mercy of the four opposing forwards, and when these are ready and willing to glide the puck to the uncovered man, nine times out of ten the result is a score. Doubtless we have the material for a good team, but let them listen to the coach's advice and practise.

Two or three of the small boys have discolored optics, owing to having succeeded too well "in keeping their eye on the puck."

The Inter-Mural League is progressing favorably. The only drawback is that several of the day scholars always fail to be on hand. Luckily, an ample supply of substitutes from the boarders

is ever in readiness. We hope to be able to chronicle the final results in the March issue.

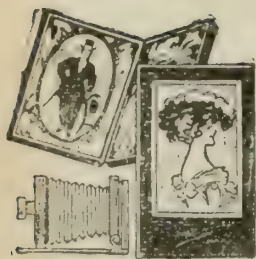
One of the incidents of the month was M-lv-h-l's vicious assault on one of the innocent goal-posts. He came down the ice with the speed of a whirlwind and landed into the iron bar with both hip and shoulder at once. But the post resisted the impact with great firmness of character. Although slightly deflected from its upright position by the suddenness and fierceness of the attack, yet it threw back its assailant about ten feet, senseless on the ice, and sang out exultantly, with a clear metallic accent, st-u-n-g.

We must not forget that our second team is doing good work. Out of three games with outsiders they won two.

The Small Yard has a clever young pugilist in the person of L-r-ch-l-e. He settles all his disputes with the gloves. He has a formidable left which he uses freely to the terror of his opponent, while he keeps his right, for the most part, in quiet reserve. Br-dy is his manager, and F-nk his sparring partner.

Our minims of the Tyro League met the O.M.I. Cadets of Ottawa East in a very exciting game on the Scholasticate rink. The final score was 3 to 1 in favor of the garnet and gray. A return game will be played on home ice.

At last our first team won a victory. On Saturday, Feb. 13th, they played against the students of the Juniorate and simply out-classed them in every department of the game. There seems to be an improvement. There was some good passing and good checking back, but there was also a little too much "dirt" which is not the game at all. The College seven were: Goal, Kinsella; point, Brennan; cover-point, McDermott; rover, Nagle; centre, McMahon, and wings, Villeneuve and Poulin.



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The Irish Nation and the Universities.

PART II.

(Continued)

IN its fight to make the new Dublin University "national in fact as well as in name," by winning for the national language recognition as a compulsory subject for matriculation, a situation which it is within the power of the Senate to create, the Gaelic League has met opposition from unexpected quarters. At the outset, the Rev. Dr Delaney, S.J., president of University College, Dublin, one of the constituent colleges of the new University, and himself a member of its Senate, expressed himself before a public meeting as follows: "He was thoroughly and heartily with the advocates of Irish, but would they tell the Irishman in America, and the Irishman in Australia, who sent home resolutions claiming self-government for Ireland—were they going to tell them if their sons came to the University they would kick them out? Taking into account all the effects that would follow, he could not, as a priest and a Catholic, consent to make Irish an essential."

It was mainly to counteract the effect of such statements as this, and to test the feeling of the country, that the Gaelic League called the meeting described in the previous issue of *The Review*, in a report quoted at length from "*Sinn Féin*," a weekly news-

paper published in Dublin. Dr. Delaney's attitude was vigorously condemned on all sides, the Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, of Maynooth, making a particularly strong and outspoken statement on the subject. The United Irish Societies of New York passed the following resolution:

"We characterize this statement as anti-National, calculated to mislead the public by misrepresentation of the feelings and wishes of the Irish in America, and an improper presentation of the attitude of Irish Catholics and Irish priests everywhere, and we sincerely hope it will not have any influence in the decision of the question at issue. The Irish in America can obtain for their sons a much better education in American colleges than they would be likely to receive in the new University in Dublin, and neither their National traditions, ideals nor pride of race would be in danger in any American institution of learning. The only reason Irish parents in America would have for sending their sons to finish their education in Dublin, or elsewhere in Ireland, is that they may there imbibe the glorious ideals and traditions of the race through the study of Irish history, literature, and poetry, and master the language of Patrick, Brigid, and Columcille, and of the great missionaries and scholars who stemmed the tide of ignorance and barbarism that was sweeping over Europe in the early Middle Ages. We protest against Rev. Dr. Delaney's assumption of the right to speak for the Irish in America and his implied slur on the Irish language as a useful factor in the training of youth. We emphatically assert that it is the spirit which characterizes his utterance that, more than any other cause, has contributed to the enormous losses the Catholic Church in America has sustained through the defection of the descendants of Irish immigrants. The slavish catering to English ideals naturally results in preference for the English religion, and we call on the people of Ireland to see that the new University be made a seat of genuine Irish learning and a citadel of Irish Nationality. If it is to be otherwise it should be repudiated by all that is National, manly, and self-respecting in Ireland."

Events have since moved rapidly. To quote, for the sake of its concise summary of the situation, from the hostile and anti-Irish London Times, January 22:

"On Tuesday the Standing Committee of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops adopted a resolution in which, while expressing their sympathy with the cultivation of the Irish language, they deprecate the attempt to make it a compulsory subject at all examinations, general and professional, in the new University. They profess to look forward to a time when the study of Irish will flourish in the

new University, and even—a very sanguine speculation—when its use will become so general throughout the country that it can be largely employed as ‘the medium of instruction in the constituent colleges.’ At the same time they admit that Ireland is not yet within measurable distance of such a state of things. Their conclusion is that to insist on compulsion in existing circumstances would very possibly be rather a hindrance than a help to the language movement, while it would, to a certainty, drive away from the University not a few students whom it is desirable to bring and to keep under the influence of the Catholic atmosphere. . . . The Corporation of Dublin on Wednesday carried a motion in favor of compulsory Irish by twenty-four votes against one. . . . The fact remains that the municipal rulers of the Irish capital have committed themselves to the Gaelic League demand, ‘if the University is to be an Irish and national institution, in fact as well as in name.’”

Commenting on this decision, the *Claidheamh Soluis*, the official organ of the Gaelic League, says editorially:

“The news that the Standing Committee of the Catholic Bishops is opposed to the national demand for essential Irish in the National University has been heard by Gaelic Leaguers with regret, but without dismay. . . .

“We do not know how far the views of the Standing Committee are shared by the Bishops as a body. It is quite certain that the Bishops are not unanimous in the matter, for two at least have publicly endorsed the Gaelic League demands. . . .

“We trust that there will be no disposition amongst Gaels to regard the pronouncement of the Standing Committee of the Bishops as the pronouncement of a body of men who are hostile to the language movement. The Committee expresses itself as most friendly to the general aims and aspirations of the Gaelic League, and states that it looks forward to the day when Irish will be commonly spoken throughout the country. We take it that their Lordships are thoroughly sincere in these professions, and are content to believe that they differ from us merely as to the best ways and means of realizing our—and their—hopes. It is further to be borne in mind that their Lordships do not—and in fact cannot—claim for their pronouncement any sacrosanct authority; they expressly state that the question on which they proceed to give their opinion ‘is a question for fair argument.’”

The “*Claidheamh*,” in later issues, summarizes the situation as follows:

“The manner in which the Councils use their powers will decide the issue. Dublin City Council has not yet formally declared

that it will raise no rate-in-aid, but the resolutions already adopted by it demand that it shall follow the patriotic example first given by the Corporation of Limerick. The Councils that have declared against endowing the National University unless Irish be one of its essential subjects are:—Limerick City Council, Limerick County Council, Sligo County Council, Mayo County Council, Galway County Council, Waterford County Council, Monaghan County Council, Cork County Council, Wexford County Council.

“On the morrow of the Bishops’ announcement the Dublin Corporation adopted a resolution firmly identifying itself with the national demand. . . . Within a day or two the same demand gained the unanimous adhesion of the County Council of Waterford. . . . Since then the County Council of Galway, a number of Urban and Rural District Councils up and down the country, and in a second and still more unmistakable resolution, the Dublin City Council, have added their voices to the swelling roar of the nation’s demand. Yet more emphatic in its way is the rolling cheer from the market-place of Tuam where ten thousand (not five thousand as the daily papers say) town and country folk of North Galway adopted the Irish Ireland resolutions with passionate demonstrations of enthusiasm, greeting An Craobhin (Dr. Douglas Hyde) and the other spokesmen of the League with royal honours. In Belfast, a lecture by Eoin Mac Neill, has drawn notable declarations of adhesion from Professor Henry and Sir Peter O’Connell, both men of light and leading in the Northern University. The Irish Ireland press of all sections and every political, literary, and friendly association in the land that calls itself National, have been working together with a will and an energy unexampled in the recent history of our country. We knew all along that the people were with us, but we confess that even we were not prepared for so direct, vehement, and unanimous an answer. . . . Most remarkable among a series of remarkable demonstrations must remain Monday’s gathering of the students of Dublin in the Mansion House. Its value consisted largely in its character as a students’ meeting pure and simple. Apart from a few well-known Gaels prominently connected with educational work, the vast audience which filled the Supper Room consisted exclusively of the students of the various institutions which will form part of, or be directly affected by, the new University,—University College, the Catholic University School of Medicine, the College of Science, Loreto College, St. Mary’s University College (Eccles Street), the King’s Inns, the Solicitors’ Apprentices, and so on; while to complete the representativeness and authoritativeness of the expression of opinion

arrived at came messages deprecating compromise from, amongst others, the members of the Columban League of Maynooth and the priests of the Dunboyne Establishment. Those who told us that we were trying to force our views on the University regardless of the wishes and interests of the students have now got their answer. In all broad Ireland only seventy-four students (including Englishmen, Scotchmen, Jews, and Clongownians) have been found to put their names to an anti-Irish protest. The students are with us in somewhat larger proportion than the country at large,—say, nine out of every ten."

At the convention of the Irish Parliamentary Party, held in Dublin during February, a resolution favouring compulsory Irish for matriculation in the new University was proposed by Mr. Bolland, M.P., and, despite some opposition, was carried by a large majority. In this connection, the "Claidheamh" remarks:

"The question as to whether the public of Ireland is with or against the demand for Irish as an essential part of the basis of education in the National University has been settled once and for all by the National Convention. That Convention was representative of all nationalist Ireland outside of the Sinn Fein Party. The Sinn Fein Party has been with us from the start. Its leaders have been fighting this battle side by side with the leaders of the language movement. The other and larger body of Irish Nationalists has now declared itself on our side with equal decisiveness and equal enthusiasm. All that part of Ireland which postulates an Irish Nation is thus definitely with us,—with us, if we may take the voting at the Convention as an index, six to one. . . ."

In the meantime, the Coiste Gnotha, or Executive Committee, of the Gaelic League, has issued a manifesto, in which its members express the determination of the League to "stand as firm as a rock," as the official organ puts it.

The story of Irish as a spoken language is linked with the fortunes of the Irish nation. It had, at the time of the English invasion, imposed itself on the descendants of the Danes. Thenceforward, through the centuries, despite all Anglicizing efforts to the contrary, it was, till the middle of the eighteenth century, the language of the nation, and as such spoken by both Gael and Norman. Dr. Douglas Hyde supplies ample information on the subject in his "Literary History of Ireland." He says:

"The absorbing power of Irish nationality continued so strong all through the seventeenth century that, according to Prendergast, many of the children of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers who had settled in Ireland, could not speak a word of English. It was the same all

over the country. In 1760, Irish was so universally spoken in the regiments of the Irish Brigade that Dick Hennesy, Edmund Burke's cousin, learnt it on foreign service. Still later, during the Peninsular War, the English officers in one of the Highland regiments attempted to abolish the speaking of Gaelic at the mess-table, but the Gaelic-speaking officers completely outvoted them. Irish was spoken at this time by all the Milesian families of high rank, except when they wished to deliberately Anglicize themselves. . . . It is from the middle of the eighteenth century onward that the Irish language begins to die out. I doubt whether before that period any Milesian family either in Ireland or the Scotch Highlands spoke English in its own home or to its own children."

And Mr. Roger Casement, writing in the Dublin press, gives information about the patriots of the eighteenth century, which, perhaps, was not generally known:

"Grattan himself knew Irish; he had studied it and helped in the compilation of O'Reilly's dictionary. Moreover, the question then was not as now the one, the foreign tongue, destructively triumphant, the other, the native, well nigh done to death. Grattan must have heard Irish from his boyhood up—it was all around him. The servants who nursed him, the men who tilled the fields, the drivers of his conveyances, the songs of every fireside—aye, and of well-nigh every street corner in Dublin—were Irish, or so infected with Irish that it was impossible for a man to grow up without insensibly having his whole outlook on life, and particularly his outlook on Ireland, profoundly moved by that environment.

"Emmet's plans were partly given out in Irish, and were surely distributed to many Irish speakers. I know the country whence William Orr came from my boyhood, and I first heard in it the word 'ceilidh' used by Presbyterian farmers in 1877, for their friendly gatherings and dances. Irish was over much of Antrim in 1798—hundreds of United Men in that county spoke no other. Thomas Russell, the Protestant leader and founder of the movement in the North, learned Irish in Belfast when he set out to convert Ulster to a free Ireland. The revolutionary leaders of the town put 'Eire go Bragh' on the first banners they carried. Who was the 'Sean Bhean Bhocht,' and who was 'the poor Old Ireland' the men of those days died for? In 1798, Dr. Neilson, a Presbyterian, preached in Irish to his father's Presbyterian flock at Rademon, almost within sight of Belfast, because they knew and liked the language, and was arrested in consequence because the militia officer knew no Irish, and alleged that a sermon in that tongue must needs be national and, therefore, seditious. Writing later, from Belfast,

after the great rising had been quenched, the same Presbyterian divine begged his countrymen to learn Irish, because, as he said, although it is no longer the language of the Senate, it is the language of the land, and 'no man can impart moral instruction or engage in agricultural operations' throughout the greater part of our country if he know not Irish. In 1878 my own tutor (a clergyman, born in Cork City in 1809) assured me I was 'no Irishman' because I knew no Irish. He was a very distinguished Trinity scholar, indeed; a man whose erudition was second to none in Ireland, as the late Archbishop Reeves testified all his life; and his reproach, I felt, was a true one. He himself knew Irish well, and from his boyhood, as did the late Lord Morris, or the late Master in Chancery, Gerald Fitzgibbon, whose 'Ireland in 1868' confesses it; or, indeed, as did well-nigh every great Irishman of the past to a far greater degree than is to-day conceived. Curran, we know, spoke Irish and English from boyhood."

Dr. Hyde claims that, according to the census of 1891, "something over three-quarters of a million people in Ireland were bilingualists, and 66,140 could speak Irish only, thus showing that in thirty years Irish was killed off so rapidly that the whole island contained fewer speakers in 1891 than the small province of Connacht alone did thirty years before. This extinguishing of the Irish language has not been the result of a natural process of decay, but has been chiefly caused by the definite policy of the Board of National Education, as it is called,—evidently actuated by a false sense of Imperialism, and by an overmastering desire to centralize."

The situation, so far as the Irish language is concerned, has changed for the better since the above words were written. As for the historic Irish nation, it has, during centuries of stress and danger, weathered every storm which threatened its existence. "Let us remember the great fact," says the eminent historian, Mrs. J. R. Green, at the conclusion of a masterly reply to her English critics, "that after all calamities and dangers an Irish nation still exists, made up of many bloods, but all alike 'natives' (for surely we may all boldly take as our proud badge that word so long abused), and that this Irish nation is even now re-making its history."

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee



HOMAS D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, 13th April, 1825. The name of D'Arcy was derived from his godfather, Thos. D'Arcy, a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, and no doubt a personal friend of the family. Born and reared amid the grand and beautiful scenery of the Rosstrevor coast, his youth fled by in a region of wild, romantic beauty, and tended in no small measure to foster that poetic fancy, which made the charm of his life and infused itself into all he wrote. The wrongs of his country were continually harped upon, so it is small wonder that he grew up without any very fervid sentiments of loyalty to the British crown. This mischief of his early training had a very baneful influence on his future life. It was only after long years, when he could think and reason for himself, that he was able to unlearn those dangerous teachings.

When he was eight years old, the family moved to Wexford. Soon after his mother died. Young as he was, he fully understood what a dreadful loss he had sustained. Through all the changeable years of his after life, her gentle memory shone like a star through the clouds and mists. The young boy studied at a day-school, the higher advantages of education being beyond the reach of the middle classes. But at the age of seventeen he had read all that he could find relative to the history of his own and other lands. He had read of the great country across the Atlantic, America the free, and seeing little prospects of advancement at home, he longed to visit its distant shores.

Like so many other Irishmen, he emigrated to America to seek fame and fortune. In June, 1842, he arrived in Boston. Almost at once he became connected with the press of that city. Two years later he was made editor-in-chief of the Boston Pilot. Strange as it may seem, between the age of seventeen and twenty, he had actually made his mark as a public speaker. Mixing with all sorts of men, McGee formed many acquaintances, and among them was Mr. Gratton. This was the time that the native America excitement was at its height, and the repeal agitation was uppermost in the minds of men.

Mr. O'Connell's attention was drawn to a certain article published by McGee, and he succeeded in bringing him back to Ireland. Thus it was that the subject of our sketch became associat-

ed with *The Freeman's Journal*, and later the Young Ireland party. But he was not disposed to submit to dictation, and thought himself fully competent to instruct even Mr. O'Connell. Some time later he gave his Wexford address on the condition of Irishmen in America. He was hunted through the country, being considered as one of those "dangerous to the government." Finally, he escaped to America. In New York he started two newspapers, *The Nation* and *The Celt*. Fierce and bitter were his writings against England. In the midst of his literary work he made the acquaintance of many in Canada. Seeking more freedom, and anxious to see this country, he moved to Montreal in 1857. The old longing to print and publish came back again, and so he started the *New Era*. At the general election in '58 his public career in Canada began. He advocated the early union of the colonies of British North America. This "stranger from abroad," whilst defending his faith and his laws, whilst proving himself the great Irishman of Canada, made friends for himself, even among the most prejudiced against Catholics and Irishmen. He stood forth, by general consent, the rising star of British America. In '62 he accepted the office of President of the Executive Board, also for a time being Provincial Secretary. While in this position, he wrote his *History of Ireland*, one of the best Irish histories ever written. In '67 he was sent to Paris by the Canadian Government as a Commissioner from Canada to the great Exposition. Up to '67 he was Minister of Agriculture and Education, when Confederation was at last effected.

It must be said that he made for himself bitter enemies by his open and consistent opposition to the Fenian movement. Whilst calumnies were set afloat concerning him, the honest sympathies of Canadian Irishmen were worked upon by unprincipled persons, who represented him as a traitor to Ireland and her cause. Even a number of Catholics were induced to accept another Irishman as their candidate, yet McGee was successful and took his seat 6th Nov., '67, for Montreal. But it was a dear victory. The vile means used to turn the Irish against him for election purposes, was the immediate cause of his assassination a few months hence.

Before the opening of the first session of the Dominion Parliament, he was attacked by a long and severe illness. Ever since the delivery of his Wexford speech he had been in receipt of frequent anonymous letters, telling him to prepare for death. He knew the desperate character of such who would write these letters, and he shuddered as he thought how he had been the idol of

such as they. On the night proceeding his murder he delivered a very fine address in the House, and only three weeks previous to this, on St. Patrick's Day, he was entertained at a public banquet. A little after two o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April, he left the House in company with two friends and just as he was entering his boarding house on Sparks St. he was foully murdered. And so T. D'Arcy McGee passed into the great unknown.

Unaided by a college education, thrown entirely on his own resources, McGee forced his way to the front by sheer strength and earnestness. Not only was he a statesman and orator, but a lecturer, poet and author. He was thoroughly national, loving everything Irish. His poetry is instinct with the impulsive passion and glowing enthusiasm of the Celt. It inspires men with a passion for noble deeds and virtuous emulation, and it finds a hearty welcome among all Irishmen, because it is a record of their traditions, their poetry, and their history. A man who knew McGee intimately well says of him: "One thing his career has never wanted, a fixed devotion to Irish interests. What other man has the subtle charm to awake our past history and make it live before us? If he has not loved and served his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name any man who has." His grave is bedewed by a young nation's tears, his memory lives and shall live in that young nation's heart, his name and fame shall cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life labors stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions."

J. J. BURKE, '10.

WE'RE IRISH YET

What means this gathering to-night?
 What spirit moves along
 The crowded hall, and touching light
 Each heart among the throng
 Awakes as tho' a trumpet blast
 Had sounded in their ears
 The recollections of the past,
 The memories of the years?

O! 'tis the spirit of the West,
The spirit of the Celt.
The breed that spurned the alien breast,
And every wrong has felt—
And still, tho' far from fatherland,
We never can forget
To tell ourselves with heart and hand,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn,
Would understand but fail,
The mystic music played upon
The heart-strings of the Gael—
His ear, and his alone can tell
The soul that lies within,
The music which he knows so well,
The voice of Kith and Kin.

He hears the tales of old, old days,
Of battle fierce by ford and hill,
Of ancient Senachie's martial lays,
And race unconquered still—
It challenges with mother's pride
And dares him to forget
That tho' he cross the ocean wide
He's Irish yet! He's Irish yet!

His eyes may never see the blue
Of Ireland's April sky,
His ear may never listen to
The song of lark on high;
But deep within his Irish heart
Are cloisters, dark and dim,
No human hand can wrench apart,
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod,
We've had our griefs and pains,
But with them all, we still thank God,
The Blood is in our veins;
The ancient blood that knows no fear,
The stamp is on us set,
And so, however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

Certain Types of Boys.



THE ordinary human boy is an interesting and complicated study. He is the explosive resultant point of the combined action of forces widely scattered in time and place. He is not only a fresh and natural presentment of the peculiar type of nationality to which he belongs, but he reveals characteristic family traits that may be traced back to bygone generations; in speech, in gesture, in his whole ensemble, he is a faithful living portrait of his country and his ancestry. Then, together with this, every boy has, in a more or less marked degree, the elements of barbarism. In fact, he is a barbarian without knowing it. His irreflection, his overpowering impulses, his fits of generosity, his reverence for imagined heroes—all these are traits of barbarism, and they harmoniously blend with his racial and genealogical characteristics.

The boy is a frolicsome cartoon of the nation to which he belongs. The French boy, with his air of abandon, cries out in the morning: "Oh, where is my ball?" The German boy, with military gait and lineal countenance, is already an embryo soldier. The English boy, with his lordly mien and his hands in his pockets, shows already the meekness of those of whom it is said: "The meek shall possess the land." But the American boy stands apart from all the rest. The rapid development of some of his faculties above the others, the curious twists and turns in his moral cosmos, and the extraordinary combination of opposite forces that he exhibits, place him on a high pedestal in the museum of juvenile types.

The first thing in the American boy that strikes the casual observer is the old-fashioned seriousness of his nature. In other national playgrounds, whether in Europe or in Australia, the boy just loosed from school is as frisky as a colt on a frosty morning. He romps and plays wanton tricks on his companions through sheer excess of animal spirits. But the American boy either trudges like a man of business to the nearest car for home, or walks maturely to his special haunts of sport or pleasure. Any acceleration of movement is not so much from instructive impulse as from the sober judgment that he has to be at a given spot in a given time.

The same absence of animal esprit shows itself in other ways. Much activity may be shown during the game itself, but in the short intervals of the game when, for example, it is a question of fetching the ball gone beyond the boundary, the slowness and care-

lessness of movement are almost provoking. Such distinctions made between movements that belong to the game and those that do not, clearly show that the game is not so much a relief to an overflow of animal excitement as a series of conscious and deliberate efforts.

The extent to which hazing is carried may be regarded as another illustration in point. Bullying is fairly common in both the English and in the continental schools. Usually, however, it is instinctive and unpremeditated. In America, it is accompanied by a considerable amount of foresight and conscious will-power. Instinct by itself is powerful, but when accompanied by deliberate effort it becomes more so; hence the systematic thoroughness that characterizes the American hazing.

Together with this seriousness of the character of the American boy, there is another remarkable characteristic, and that is his precocity. The practical judgment of the American boy is far more developed than that of his English cousin. He is quick in seeing the practical side of things, in acknowledging the *fait accompli*, and in devising expedients to obtain what he wants. He is also quick in sizing up the qualities of those with whom he comes into contact. These natural gifts are perhaps not altogether compatible with childlike reverence, but they do certainly form a strong basis on which to build his commercial success in after-life.

The American boy is serious, precociously practical; and these qualities largely account for the spirit of independence that he manifests. All over America, professors in colleges and in universities bewail the lack of obedience—that the American boy has no idea of doing anything he does not like. Perhaps it is a pity that the boy should thus anticipate the privileges of adult manhood, but there is a compensation. The American boys in a college show in a remarkable degree what Aristotle calls the power of self-restraint. It is true that they are alive to the fact that they or their parents pay the salary upon which the existence of the college and professors depends, and that they are not slow to exercise this power of the purse, but rarely do they abuse it. The European boy or the English boy, placed in similar circumstances of liberty, would run wild; but among American boys there already exists a certain tradition of order and restraint. The discipline of an American college, unlike that in the old country, depends more upon this tradition, and upon a sort of half-understanding among the pupils themselves than upon any external coercion.

This certainly is one of the most promising features of the American boy, and it shows itself also in the laboring classes. The

average American workman, for self-restraint, for courtesy, far exceeds his compeer in the Old World. Again, an American crowd also exhibits the same high qualities of order and self-restraint.

There is one particular trait in the American boy which not only saves him from a great deal of unhappiness, but also fits him for very high work in the future, he has no nerves. In this respect he is like the Japanese who can sleep soundly in the midst of sudden and most untoward noises. Not only is he obtuse to shocks of a physical nature, but his mental susceptibilities are not easily aroused. He seems to have been fitted out by nature with intellectual oilskins. Rough abuse, pungent sarcasm, are turned off like arrows from the hide of a rhinoceros, and only a smile greets the thrower of the dart.

Though the American living in a variable climate may be swayed by his emotions, he is certainly not liable to that inconstancy that proceeds from the action of outward trivial circumstances. The imperturbability of the American character has been remarked, it has been impersonated on the stage, and it is very conspicuous even in the boy.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the American boy is hard and callous. Perhaps for the very reason that he is not emotional, his moral virtues have a more practical character. He is ever ready to forget and to forgive, and one can often see him performing really self-sacrificing acts for those to whom he owes but little in the way of kindness. But these acts of generosity are done in a typical Yankee matter-of-fact sort of way.

Regarding religion, many are curious to know whether the Yankee lad has any religion at all. No doubt, the Yankee lad would resent any scrutinizing or criticism on this heading as not pertaining to other people's business. A boy's conscience is a more subtle thing than one would imagine, and in the case of the American boy the thick curtain of bluff and adult secretiveness has to be lifted up. But it is sometimes permissible to view him at his acts of private devotion, and even here to a mere casual observer he seems to show the same business-like spirit and easy imperturbability. In fact, he would seem to regard his spiritual exercises as a series of short jobs performed under supernal supervision. There is none of that hushed awe and emotionalism that the English schoolboy shows before any important religious function. Still, if bad deeds are avoided and good ones performed, much will have been accomplished.

On the whole, the American boy has many attractive features, but he requires careful and considerate training. It is easy to

pander to his defects and to fail to bring out those high, sterling qualities with which he is naturally fitted.

We must now consider the second species of boy, namely, the Canadian species. This, however, admits of two different sub-varieties which must be treated separately.

The French-Canadian is a splendid example of the Darwinian theory in a complimentary and not a depreciatory sense. He shows what remarkable results may be obtained by change of climate and environment, and perhaps, also, by judicious cross-breeding. Such circumstances in the animal kingdom have been known to develop new instincts, and new organs, or at least, new use of old organs.

The Canadian French boy, in other words, has developed the use of his fists. The real French boy, such as he is found in English colleges, is a shy, timid creature, always sucking candy and writing perfumed notes. He is simply afraid to fight. In an English college there is nothing more delightful to an English boy than to walk up to a French boy, shake his fists, and say, "Voulez-vous boxer?" Shame on you coward!" He knows quite well that "Frenchy" will quit, and so he enjoys all the pleasantness of a triumphant pugilistic encounter, without the trouble and possible danger or damage.

But the French-Canadian boy would probably fight, and fight, too, with his fists. It would be a mistake, however, to think that for this reason the French-Canadian boy has been merged into the English or Irish type. He still retains a great deal of the old Parisian vivacity, and the abundance of his words still reminds one of "les oiseaux qui chantent sur les arbres."

But what are we to say of the Irish-Canadian? The very name Irish-Canadian suggests a question. Which element has the upper hand, the Irish or the Canadian? Judging from observation elsewhere, only one element could assert itself, and that is the Irish element. A rugged climate, however, and possibly a rugged people with whom he comes into contact, have somewhat modified the effervescent qualities of the Canadian Irish. For the Irish element admits of varying degrees of active self-expression ranging from mere *forte* to *fortissimo*—in this case we have the *mezzo-forte*.

The Canadian Irish boy does not make his presence so perceptible as the Irish Australian. The writer has come across various samples of the latter type both in New Zealand and in Australia, and the expression of the Irish Australian rises to *fortissimo*. Shillelaghs and Donnybrook fairs are not in it. But the Irish-Canadian boy retains the humour and combativeness of the Celt in

a more latent form. The old thing is still there, but it requires a certain amount of poking and probing before it appears.

Taking a general survey of so many juvenile racial types brought together on the same field of observation, nothing can be more interesting than to see how the co-mingling of so many different racial types inter-act on one another. The Englishman claims perfection owing to the blend within him of so many different racial elements. Possibly, for a like reason, there is being formed one common Canadian type endowed with special excellencies of his own. French vivacity, Irish humour and combativeness, and American shrewdness, should make a rare and excellent fusion,—but at present the bubbling is still going on in the national pot.

J. A. DEWE.

The Irish "Te Deum."

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness,
Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow,
Thanks be to God for shower and sunshine,
Thanks be to God for all things that grow.
Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest,
Thanks be to God for weal and for woe,
Thanks be to God for His own great goodness,
Thanks be to God that what is, is so.
Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty,
Thanks be to God when the barn is low,
Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty,
Thanks be to God when again they o'erflow.
Thanks be to God that the Mass bell and steeple
Are heard and seen throughout Erin's green isle,
Thanks be to God that the priest and the people
Are ever united in danger and trial.
Thanks be to God that the brave sons of Erin
Have the faith of their fathers far over the sea,
Thanks be to God that Erin's fair daughters
Press close after Mary on heaven's highway.

—Standard and Times.

On Boffin Island.

(1652.)



HE surrender of the fortress on Boffin Island, off the coast of Donegal, to the Parliamentarians in September, 1652, marked the close of the long struggle which had commenced with the insurrection of 1641. The following lines are extracted from a ballad in preparation. The narrator is supposed to be an Irish captain of horse, addressing his companions in the fortress of Boffin, on the eve of surrender, and recalling the victory of Owen Roe O'Neill over the Scottish and English Puritans at Benburb and the repulse of Cromwell's troops in the breach of Clonmel by Hugh Duff O'Neill's Ulstermen. The Irish soldiers who had fought against Cromwell took service in large numbers in the armies of the Continental nations.—H. O'M.

My lads, though to-morrow the flag goes down,
 Ours still are the strength and the fire of yore!
 Rouse your hearts! Bid defiance to Fortune's frown,
 For the Cause and the years that lie before!
 We shall fare undaunted across the main,
 Though for land and loved ones despair we sup,
 Till we win the succour of France and Spain,
 And for God and Erin the Green raise up!

My lads, though to-morrow the foe prevail
 O'er walls we have held this many a year,
 Shall our pride give way, shall our courage fail,
 Shall we lay by broadsword and battle-gear?
 By the Red Right Hand, they shall never tell
 That our race was bridled and brought to curb
 By the men we hunted from red Clonmel,
 By the hosts we shattered at hot Benburb!

My lads, though to-morrow when comes the foe
 The casque and the cuirass we may not don,
 To charge, as in gallant days long ago
 When Owen the Ruddy-Haired led us on,
 The soul of the hero is with us yet!—
 Though we lay down our arms on Boffin-I*.
 The Sasanach* owes us a vengeance-debt—
 We shall come again with the Red Hand* high!

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

*Sasanach—Englishman.

*I—Island. *The Red Hand—Arms of the O'Neills.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

The year 1909 has been signalized at Ottawa University by many events of interests and importance, among the foremost of which was the reorganization of the St. Thomas Society. In former times the society held a prominent place among organizations of its kind, but since the disastrous fire of 1903, which reduced the once grand structure of our old Alma Mater to a heap of ruins, it has remained a dead factor. But the spirit which had animated former members still lived, and all that was lacking was the opportunity. This year it came, and to Rev. Fr. Jasmin, O.M.I., belongs the honor of being the re-founder and re-organizer of the "philosophers' own club." With untiring energy he set to work, and owing chiefly to his efforts the society is established on as firm a basis as ever. On the 1st March, the philosophers assembled to elect a board of officers, and the result was as follows:

Director—Rev. Fr. Jasmin.

President—A. Couillard, '09.

Vice-President—F. Higgerty, '09.

Secretary—J. Connaghan, '09.

Treasurer—E. Courtois, '09.

Reporters—M. Smith, '10; L. Côté, '10.

Librarians—M. Lachaine, '09; C. Gauthier, '10.

Counsellors—O. Linke, '10; A. Courtois, '10.

On the eve of St. Thomas' Day, the inauguration took place, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presiding. An elaborate programme had been prepared, and the artists taking part received rounds of applause. The chief item, and the most interesting, was a lecture by Mr. J. R. Corkery on the "Origin of the Human Species." With clear, concise, forcible arguments, he demonstrated that man is not a descendant of the monkey. He dwelt with emphasis on the anatomical difference between man and the ape, and laid particular stress upon the fact that one species never changes into another. From the earliest times, he said, the fixity of species has been recognized, and has always been an insuperable obstruction to the Evolution Theory. He showed the steady progression of man toward the goal of perfection, and contracted with this the "eternal sameness" of the ape, who is the same to-day as his ancestor of a thousand years ago.

Opposing Mr. Corkery were Messrs. M. Lachaine, J. Connaghan and I. Desrosiers, who ably upheld the Evolution Theory on the grounds of the inferiority of nations, the evidence of paleontol-

ogy, and spontaneous generation, respectively. Mr. Lachaine pointed out that there are several tribes of men in Central Africa and South America, who much resemble the ape, and do not exceed to a very great degree that animal in intelligence. He maintained that monkeys have a language of their own, and delighted the audience with several specimens of the simian tongue. Mr. Connaghan showed that the Evolution Theory is not incompatible with Christianity. He pointed out the gradual progression in the animal and vegetable world, from the simple marine invertebrates and seaweeds to the higher classes of reptiles, birds, and mammals, as exhibited in the different strata of the earth. He mentioned those strange animals which embodied the character of two distinct species, and laid particular stress upon the skeletons of Java, Neander and La Chapelle aux Saints. Mr. Desrosiers took the law "*corruptio unius est generatio alterius*," and tried to prove from that that spontaneous generation is possible, citing many experiments performed by celebrated scientists, to uphold his argument. The lecturer dealt summarily with the objections of each of these three opponents, ably refuting their chief arguments.

His Grace the Archbishop addressed a few words of compliment to the speakers, congratulating the lecturer, and expressing the hope that those who raised such strong and able objections, would have a thesis to defend at the next meeting.

The next day, St. Thomas' Day, was a holiday for the students. In the morning they assisted at mass in St. Joseph's Church. The ceremonies were of imposing grandeur—the brilliant vestments of the priests, the venerable celebrant, and the thunderous peals of the great organ blended with the volume of fifty voices, all thrilled the hearts of the congregation, and one instinctively thought "what a religion is ours!" The sermon, preached by the Rev. Fr. McNally, was a very eloquent and impressive oration. He told of the good deeds and exemplary life of the Angelic Doctor, and the world's indebtedness to him. St. Thomas, he said, was the Light of the Ages, but his rays have been transmitted with undimmed lustre and brilliance, through long generations, down to our own twentieth century times. The good effects of his doctrines is like the wave caused by dropping a pebble into a sea, which though its motion becomes at last almost imperceptible, continues on and on until it reaches the outmost boundaries of the water.

After Mass the students enjoyed a holiday in honor of St. Thomas. Five years had elapsed since the last celebration of the great saint's feast, but now that the society has been reorganized, we may expect that it will be observed with all honor and respect by the students for all come to come.

J. CONNACHAN, '09,

Washington Club Banquet

On Monday evening, February 22, the Washington Club of the University of Ottawa gathered at Hotel Holt, Aylmer, Que., to celebrate the fifth annual banquet. Previous to the banquet, the time was spent in amusements in the hotel hall, which Mr. Holt opened to the pleasure of the members of the Club.

At 9 o'clock Pres. Linke led the way to the dining hall, which had been fitly decorated for the occasion, and where the dinner was served, the repast being a sumptuous one and meriting much favourable comment for Mr. Holt. Letters of regret were read from Rev. Wm. Murphy, Rector, O.M.I.; Rev. Emery, O.M.I.; Rev. Fortier, O.M.I.; Dr. Sherry, O.M.I.; Rev. Lacey, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Mr. Foster, U. S. Consulate, Ottawa; Frank Johnson, Montreal, and Fred Hatch, Dundwoodie, N.Y.

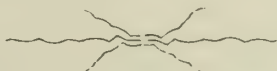
After the dinner Pres. Linke, acting toastmaster, gave a short sketch of the Washington Club, and then afforded the members and guests the pleasure of hearing the various toasts. Toasts were replied to by the following gentlemen: "The Day We Celebrate," Mr. E. Killian, '11; "The Holy Father," Rev. D. F. Finnegan, O.M.I.; "Our Flag," Mr. E. S. Ginna, '12; "The Pres.-Elect," Mr. B. G. Dubois, '10; "Alma Mater," Mr. A. Gilligan, '13; "Canada," Mr. C. E. Gauthier, '10.

We must congratulate all the gentlemen who responded to the various toasts, and special mention must be made of Rev. D. F. Finnegan, O.M.I., who spoke on "The Holy Father," and Mr. E. E. Gauthier who represented the Canadian students. Rev. Fr. Finnegan is well known to the students of Ottawa University and the people of Ottawa as a speaker. He depicted the lives of the different Popes, their accomplishment, zeal and merits, but especially did he make clear the genius of Pope Pius X as a prince of letters, an influential character in the world, as the successor of St. Peter and Pope Leo XIII., as the Father of the Roman Catholics, and the Rock of Christ and His Church.

Mr. Gauthier found little difficulty in worthily representing "Canada," the sister country of the Great American Republic. He pointed out the destiny of his country, and made a comparison of the Dominion with the country south of it. He also pictured the spirit of good feeling existing between the Canadian and American students.

Besides the toasts on the menu card, speeches were made by Fathers Stanton and Hammersley. The banquet closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the rendering of the Varsity cheer. Too much praise cannot be given to the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Hammersley, and the executive, who were instrumental in making the celebration a complete success.

B. G. D., '10.



SUBJECTS FOR THE "SAINT BENEDICT" MEDAL.

(Donated by Dr. F. W. Grey.)

1909.—The Quebec Act, 1774, in its bearing on the American Revolution.

References—Bibliography; Archives' Reports, 1902, 03.

1910.—The Church's part in Canadian History: (a) under French rule; (b) under British rule.

References—Makers of Canada, &c.; Biographies of Laval, &c.; Lord Durham's Report, &c.; Life of Sir G. E. Cartier, &c.

1911.—Racial Interaction and its effects on National character, as shown in: (a) England; (b) Belgium; (c) Canada, with special reference to race affinities in Canada, Celtic, Norman, &c.

References—(a) Green, Freeman, Enc. Brit.: "England"; (b) Enc. Brit. S.V., Fievens Gevaert La Psychologie d'une ville; (c) Enc. Brit. S.V., etc.

1912.—The Union Act of 1840, its Causes and Effects.

References—Makers of Canada, for period specified.

1913.—Canada's Agricultural, as compared with its Industrial, advantages and means of development.

St. Patrick's Day Banquet.



FOR many years past it has been the custom of the students of Ottawa University to celebrate the feast of Ireland's patron saint and apostle, he, who accomplished so much for the Emerald Isle both as regards religion and learning. This year more than ordinary enthusiasm was displayed in doing honor to St. Patrick, and thanks to the untiring zeal of the committee in charge, the annual banquet was a decided success in every respect. Much credit is due to Rev. Father Fallon for the able manner in which he acted as supervisor of all arrangements.

The banquet was given on Tuesday evening, March 16th, and more than one hundred guests, composed of the faculty students and a number of invited friends, assembled at half-past five and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The hall presented a gala appearance, being tastefully decorated for the occasion with red, white, blue and green streamers, and numerous pictures, draped with appropriate flags, adorned the walls on all sides. Ireland's national colors predominated, and as each guest sat down to partake of the good things provided he could not help but be inspired with feelings of affection and loyalty for that little green isle whose emblems he beheld on all sides. During the feast excellent music was generously furnished by the Valentine Orchestra. Among the invited guests were His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sinnott, Rev. W. J. Murphy, rector of University; Canon Sloan, Rev. Father McGowan, Rev. Father Lejeunesse, Rev. Dr. Sherry, Rev. Father Latulippe, Rev. Father Verroneau, Rev. Father Dewe, Rev. Fathers Stanton, Hammersley, Finnegan, Kelly, Collins, Kuntz, Rev. Father M. Murphy, Rev. Father S. Murphy, T. Murphy, Rev. Dr. McNally, Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Hon. Senator Coffey, Dr. White, J. McC. Clarke, Wm. Foran, J. S. Kilt, J. Fahey and Dr. Nagle. Several letters of regret were received by the committee from those who were unable to come.

The position of toastmaster was filled in an able manner by Mr. E. H. McCarthy, '09, who, after the material part of the banquet had been given ample consideration, arose and said:

"Among the great men who have labored for the welfare of mankind, none can boast of a monument greater or more indestructible than that which honors the memory of the glorious saint whose feast we are here celebrating. Set in the deep waters of

the boundless sea, the beautiful Emerald Isle, bedewed with the blood of her martyrs and her heroes, stands as an everlasting memorial to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Erin. 'Twas hither the great saint came to bring the light of faith to his chosen people. He has been aptly styled the key-stone in the bridge over which man passed from the darkness of paganism into the light of christianity. Standing on the famous hill of Tara, surrounded by the Irish sovereign, his chiefs, courtiers, and Druid-priests, the Great Prelate snatched from Mother Nature the little tréfoil and expounded the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Such was his eloquence, that in spite of strong opposition, King Laegaire granted him the right to preach the new religion throughout the kingdom, and with what result? In the short space of about fifteen years the dark clouds of paganism were dispelled and the Irish race was signed forever 'Followers of Christ.'

"Have the labors of St. Patrick and his saintly successors been in vain? Or have the people of Ireland proved themselves worthy of their high calling? Turn to the pages of history. No nation under the sun has passed through such vicissitudes and suffered such cruel oppression as she, and yet, so strong a foundation did St. Patrick give to Irish Catholicity that even the most violent persecutions have been unable to disturb it.

"All honor then to this remarkable man of God, who labored so zealously in the Master's cause, and whose marvelous influence has been felt in every part of the earth. And we, who owe so much to the great apostle, join with the rest of the Catholic world in rendering homage to his eminent sanctity and ardent zeal. I ask you, therefore, gentlemen, to rise and drink to the toast to St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland."

Mr. E. F. Byrnes responded to the toast, and addressed his audience in these glowing terms:

Toast to the Apostle of Ireland.

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers, Gentlemen:—

It is a compliment to the Catholicity of the Irish people that their national festival should be identified with the feast of their patron saint. And it is only proper, too, as St. Patrick has been the greatest benefactor of the Irish race.

He brought them out of a state of spiritual bondage and gave them that true liberty which makes men free no matter what may be the cruelty of the worldly slavery they have to endure. He found them in the ignorance of paganism, and left them in the enjoyment of that perfect wisdom which comes from the possession

of the true faith. The feast of St. Patrick, therefore, should be celebrated with the liveliest enthusiasm. The fame of St. Patrick should be held revered above the names of those other illustrious patriots who have labored and fought for our fatherland, and who have given testimony of their fidelity to Ireland by the sacrifice of honors, wealth and life.

The memory of George Washington is rightly cherished by the lovers of liberty. Liberty, indeed, is deeply indebted to him for the dauntless courage and heroic self-sacrifice that he displayed in combatting oppression, though the odds were overwhelmingly against him; and the fame of George Washington will live as long as mankind continues to appreciate the blessings of genuine liberty. The signal services rendered to the world by the liberator of the slaves have won for Abraham Lincoln a lasting place in the gratitude of men. The name of Daniel O'Connell will be reverently handed down to the generations because of the boon he obtained through Catholic Emancipation for those who had long suffered the most grievous disabilities. But of what significance is the good these men have wrought when compared with that which was effected by the Apostle of Ireland? Their work was largely temporal, his was eternal. Theirs freed from the cruel tyranny of this life and bestowed upon suffering fellow-beings the gift of earthly happiness; his liberated from the thralldom to which the darkest slavery of this world bears no comparison and opened to the Irish people a freedom the sublime grandeur of which since it is in the supernatural order defies adequate conception or description.

Nor is it to be supposed that St. Patrick accomplished the task of christianizing Ireland without arduous labor and intense suffering. It is true that the Irish were brought to the faith without the shedding of a single drop of blood; it is true that the kings as well as the people embraced it with an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of the church; it is true that thousands of the sons and daughters of Ireland, in the very springtime of her Catholicity, consecrated themselves to those sublime vocations that are the most perfect forms of Christian life; and yet, notwithstanding this, the Apostle of Ireland had many bitter crosses to bear and a multitude of the most difficult obstacles to overcome. The writers of his life assure us that he had to suffer untold hardships, that he had to undergo the severest trials, and that his task was in truth a great and laborious one. They tell us that he was forced to labor unceasingly to keep pace with his zeal and ardour, and to bring his work to his high ideal of perfection. They relate that by his rigorous fasts, his prolonged meditations and prayers, and his

numerous acts of mortification, he called down the blessings of Heaven upon his work and upon the land to which he carried the glad tidings of the Gospel.

As, then, St. Patrick has been the greatest of Ireland's benefactors, as his gifts have been so infinite, have been marked by such a spirit of generosity and have been purchased at the cost of such noble self-sacrifice, it is only proper that his name should be placed first among those that Irishmen honor, only just that we should show our gratitude to him by ever remaining faithful to the doctrines he taught us to believe, and only right that we should do all in our power, each in his own way, to extend to the rest of mankind those benefits that our great Apostle brought us.

Rev. Father Finnegan, in his usual capable manner, rendered "Come Back to Erin," and when the sounds of applause had died away the toast-master, in the following befitting words, proposed "The Pope":

"Throughout the civilized world to-day no name stands out with greater lustre, is more honored or commands greater respect, love and admiration, than that of him who represents Christ on earth, the sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X. And deservedly so, for the great Prelate, by his paternal kindness and zeal for religion, has won all hearts. You will kindly rise and drink a toast to His Holiness, and hear the response of Mr. J. C. Connaghan."

These are the words in which Mr. Connaghan sounded the praises of the successor of Peter:

Toast to the Pope.

As we rise to drink the toast to the venerable and saintly Father of Christendom, we are unconsciously carried back 1,400 years to a scene in the Vatican at Rome. With reverent awe and trembling footsteps we approach the holy chamber and enter. And what do we behold? A lowly, kneeling figure, and above him a venerable white-haired old man with hands outstretched and eyes raised to Heaven, calling down God's blessing on the work to be undertaken: "Go forth, my son! Go, preach the Word of Light to our benighted brethren, and God's blessing be upon your labors." Forth went Patrick from that august and holy presence, forth upon his perilous voyage to his own dear Emerald Isle across the sea, to bear the glad tidings to those who waited. With fervid eloquence he told them of the Great God, the Maker and End of all things. He told them of the kind old man, the venerable and saintly Father, who had commissioned him to lead them out of the depths of darkness; and in that moment there sprang up

in the hearts of those wild people a love and affection, a veneration and reverence which ages have failed to dim.

If we again journey back to that old sacred chamber in the Vatican, we see now also a venerable, white-haired old man, his life murmuring prayers, and his hands raised in benediction over thousands of the faithful—Pius X., the beloved Father and Pastor of over 250,000,000 souls. Only five years have elapsed since his coronation; but in that short space of time he has shown himself a worthy successor of the brilliant Leo, and has proved that the voice of God was truly among the Cardinals, when, in solemn Conclave, they chose the humble Sarto to bear the awful responsibility of governing God's Church.

To-day a spirit of religious indifference is sweeping over the world faster than ever did schism or heresy. To combat this spirit the forces of religion could have found no more skillful and zealous leader than Pius X., a man of mature experience, who has devoted all his energy, all his faculties to the cause of Christianity. With characteristic energy and decision he has begun the work of defence, has set up his fortifications, and has instilled a martial spirit into his soldiers which even this great danger has failed to daunt.

To-day, when the rulers of Europe look with troubled eyes on the constantly increasing and menacing danger of anarchy and socialism, the Church brings forward as her head and inspiration this man of lowly origin, whose labor has been chiefly among the poorer classes of society. In an age like ours, when the madness for wealth, for position, for pleasure is eating like a canker-worm into the very souls of men, the children of the Church look toward the Vatican and there behold a living example of her teachings in this Pontiff, whose life is one of sacrifice and self-denial, who is as poor to-day as when he was an humble parish priest, whose voice is never raised in anger, whose hand is ever open to the needy, whose words are those of tenderness for his children, of sympathy with the suffering, of gentle reproof and admonition for the erring. A writer in one of our best Catholic newspapers says: "I have met men of all kinds, great and good men; but I have never met anyone who so radiates gentleness and kindness from his very person as this Pope, considered as a man, aside from his priestly character."

What can be more moving than this lonely figure, simple amidst so much magnificence, with the burden of the universal Church upon his devoted shoulders, a prisoner for life in the Vatican, when all the affections of his ardent nature strive ever after freedom and his beloved people,—a man of one policy, and one

only, to spread the blessings of religion, creed and peace throughout the world.

Such is Pope Pius X., a living monument for the imitation of the faithful, the ideal Pontiff of the XX. Century. All honor him, all love and revere him; and I make bold to say that the sons and daughters of Ireland will yield to none in the sincerity of their affection and loyalty towards their kind and gentle Spiritual Father, that many and fervent are the prayers which they send up to the Heavenly Throne that His Holiness Pope Pius X. may be spared for long years to guide and govern God's Church.

Rev. Father Stanton sang an Irish song, which elicited much applause, after which Mr. E. H. McCarthy proposed a toast to Ireland's saints and scholars in the following terms:

"Irishmen the world over have every reason to feel proud of their native land, and that pride has its origin in no other title as much as that of 'Isle of Saints and Scholars.' I invite you then to drink to a toast to the Saints and Scholars of Ireland."

Mr. C. D. O'Gorman responded, and thus eulogized Ireland's saints and scholars:

Ireland's Saints and Scholars.

The soul of any man with a single drop of Irish blood coursing through his veins must be dead indeed if it is not filled with pride and admiration at the faith and learning of his forefathers. It would require the tongue of a Demosthenes or a Cicero to sound in a becoming manner the praises of Ireland's saints and scholars.

The literary fame of Ireland dates so far back into antiquity that it would be an altogether useless task to attempt to trace it to its origin. Even before the great and glorious St. Patrick placed his foot on her green shore, Hibernia was famed for her bards and her poets. With the coming of St. Patrick, commenced a new era in Irish history, and from the fifth to the tenth century Ireland was the teacher of the proudest nations in Europe. During that time large numbers of Irish teachers penetrated all parts of Central and Western Europe. The memory of their works is still preserved in the lands where they labored. During less than three hundred years they held seven monasteries in Belgium, thirteen in Scotland, thirty-one in Germany, and thirty-seven in France. Irish teachers were the preservers of the Greek and Latin classics, and they have also left in our possession ancient treatises on surveying, geometry, natural science and medicine.

But, ardent as was the zeal of Erin's sons for learning, their zeal for religion was, from the very beginning, incomparably more

intense. Ireland was converted to Christianity early in the fifth century, and so heartily did her entire population enter into the spirit of the gospel that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day that she became a nation of Christians. The lessons taught by St. Patrick sank deep into the hearts of the people, and in the time of her glory, the Emerald Isle gave to the church some of the most illustrious of her saints. And in the lands whither the Irish monks went as apostles and teachers their memory is still held in profound veneration, because of the sublime sanctity of their lives. Germany honors no less than 150 Irish saints, many of whom suffered martyrdom for the doctrines which they taught. France has over 40, Belgium 30, Italy 14, while the Northern countries of Europe, such as Norway, the Hebrides, and even Iceland, have a fair proportion of Irish saints in their calendars.

It is, indeed, sad to turn away from this picture of the ancient glory of Ireland, and to review the untold humiliations which were heaped upon the inhabitants by their ruthless oppressors. But even through the long centuries of persecution to which she was subjected, she never wavered in her allegiance to the faith, though her fidelity obliged her to renounce that learning for which she yearned so intensely, and to be deprived of every other earthly possession. And when the day will come when the Supreme Ruler of all things will mete out justice to oppressor and oppressed, we shall find that Ireland in her humiliation and illiteracy was not less prolific in the production of men and women, true to religion and to the highest type of wisdom, than she was in the days of her national pre-eminence.

At the present time, it is still religion and learning to which she is most devoted. A few years ago, the special representative of our Holy Father—a man of extensive travels and vast experience—declared that the Irish were the most faithful adherents to the Chair of Peter. Though they cannot, now, by any means, be regarded as the leaders of the world in science, for conditions during centuries past have rendered that impossible,—we may look forward with the greatest of confidence to an era, whose dawn seems already to have come, when the flag of freedom will again wave over the green hills and valleys of Ireland; when she shall come into the possession of her own, and when she shall once more merit the proud title of Isle of Saints and Scholars.

The Maple Leaf was then befittingly rendered by Mr. P. C. Harris. Canada was the next number on the list, and Mr. McCarthy, in these few well chosen words, proposed a toast to the Land of the Maple Leaf:

"Among the colonies of the British Empire none is making such rapid advancement as Canada. Of recent years, particularly, her development has been really marvellous, and we may expect then in a comparatively short space of time, wealthy and populous, she will take her place among the leading nations of the world. I will ask you to drink to the toast to Canada, to which I join the name of Mr. N. Bawlf."

Mr. Bawlf arose and said:

Toast to Canada.

A former Governor-General of Canada, himself a distinguished Irishman, used the following fanciful and beautiful language when referring to the young Dominion to which he had been sent as representative of the British Crown: "Like a virgin goddess in the primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods, through her fair and fragrant fields, and by the margins of her countless lakes and of her trackless streams, catches but broken glances of her radiant majesty as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely reckes as yet of the glories awaiting her in the Olympus of nations."

Perhaps when Lord Dufferin used these prophetic words there were few who looked into the future and with as much hope for our country as he. Canadians did not then fully appreciate how bountiful nature had been to them in material and physical resources, and in climatic conditions. Our Western Country, the wonderful fertility of whose vast plains has been but recently realized, was then a great lone land; whilst our mineral wealth that is to-day attracting the attention of the world then slumbered beneath a surface that was apparently nothing else than a worthless track of barren land.

And so it is that, although Canadians in general did not share the optimistic views of Lord Dufferin in his time, they are to-day filled with hopefulness, and believe that the century which is now beginning will see their country, their boast and pride, attain a position of power and wealth that will render her the rival of the greatest commonwealths.

The tides of immigration that have been previously directed especially to the great American republic, have in the past few years been largely drawn to our shores. Hundreds of strangers are coming to us with the hope of finding free and comfortable homes in a free land of sunshine and contentment, where the rights of every man are respected, and where honest toil has meted out to it a generous recompense.

With our fabulous natural wealth, with a population growing by leaps and bounds, with a government that protects the freedom of its subjects, and a people that reveres authority, it does not require any lofty flights of the imagination to behold a Canada in a century to come, occupying a leading place among the nations of the world, ever ready to put forth her powerful arm in the defense of the oppressed and down-trodden, and exerting her influence on behalf of liberty, progress and civilization.

And what, gentlemen, may we look for in Canada's growing time, and in the strength of her nationhood will be her attitude towards Ireland. It will be one of friendship, sympathy and assistance. Canada has always been friendly to Ireland. She has passed through Parliament several resolutions in favor of Home Rule. She has sent many generous contributions to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary Party. She is democratic and hostile to every form of persecution. She believes the land should belong to the people, that the people should govern themselves, and that no man should be obliged to suffer disabilities because of his religious convictions. She maintains that there is no lasting bond between the rulers and the ruled, except that bond of affection which has its origin in justice on the part of government, and obedience on the part of subjects.

And so may we expect that Canada's best wishes will always be with Ireland. As she grows in importance among the nations, and as she becomes a force in the moulding of the world's destiny, her influence will be used for the uplifting of the oppressed in general, and in particular for the betterment of Ireland's condition, for the securing of the peace, contentment and prosperity of a sister nation that has long felt the heavy hand of oppression.

Thus will Canada be rendering a grand service to the cause of suffering humanity, and will be doing her share towards the realization of that great British Empire of the future, from which every semblance of oppression will be banished, which will guarantee to all, without distinction of race or religion, the fullest measure of liberty and justice, and will thus win the confidence, love and loyalty of its millions of subjects.

Mr. J. McCormac Clarke, whose presence at all times is hailed with delight at Ottawa College, brought down the house with his rendering of "The Minstrel Boy." He was forced to answer to an encore, and sang "The Cruiskeen Lawn." After the sound of applause had ceased, the toastmaster announced that His Excellency had informed him that he was unable to remain longer. However, before leaving, he treated us to a pleasant address in which he assured us that he was with the students of Ottawa

University heart and soul in their celebration. Repeated applause greeted his speech, and as he was leaving the hall he was honored with a rousing V-A-R-S-I-T-Y.

The next toast was that to the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the speaker, Mr. V. K. O'Gorman, was introduced in the following manner:

"It affords a son of Erin exiled from the land he 'oves great pleasure to bear testimony to the fact that her children at home have not given up hope, and that their rights are constantly being fought for by a body of devoted, able and tactful representatives. The Irish race is indebted in no small degree to its Parliamentary Party, and I am sure we will all drink to a toast to that party and pledge ourselves to whatever assistance we can lend it.

Mr. O'Gorman replied:

Toast to the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Reverend Fathers, Gentlemen:

It is only just and proper that we, in this celebration, whilst recalling the glories of Ireland's past, and pledging ourselves to her cause until the day of her deliverance has come,—it is only just and proper that we express our appreciation of the noble work that has been accomplished by John Redmond and his Parliamentary Party, and give voice to our admiration for the splendid spirit of loyalty that has animated them in the past, and that, we are sure, will continue to animate them until the last vestige of oppression shall have disappeared from Irish soil.

Though their efforts have not yet been crowned with complete success, they have, even within the last few years, secured from the British Government measures that will do much to remove many of the most serious grievances of their native land; they have exhibited an undying attachment to principle which demonstrates that the most sacred of causes may safely be entrusted to them; they have fought without fear and without remuneration,—and it is not too much to prophesy that in the not far-distant future, they will have won that for which they have so long and so persistently contended,—such a measure of self-government for Ireland as has rendered Canada, Australia, and other British colonies prosperous and happy, and as has been lately granted to the Transvaal, as the only means of uniting that portion of the Empire to the Motherland in a bond of affectionate loyalty.

It is not necessary, gentlemen, for us to review the history of the Irish Parliamentary Party from its very inception, to prove that Irishmen at home and abroad have been justified in the support

that they have generously given to that party. Its recent achievements have been ample recompense for all the financial and moral assistance that it has ever received. The grand example that it has given to the world in the triumphant war it has waged on behalf of religious education, even at the risk of imperilling Home Rule, will pass down in history as one of the greatest glories in the life of a people whose whole existence, since the days when St. Patrick first visited Erin's shores, has been one continual magnificent profession of Faith. Again, gentlemen, it is due to the intelligent and incessant endeavors of the Nationalists the Irish Catholics have been placed in a position of equality, as regards university education, with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. But a few years ago, he who would have foretold an Irish Catholic University as a possibility in our generation, would have been looked upon as an idle visionary. To-day, thanks to John Redmond and his followers, it has become an accomplished fact. All that higher education for Catholic Ireland means, it is impossible for us to foresee at the present moment; but it is beyond all doubt that the establishment of this new university is the greatest boon to Ireland since the days of Catholic emancipation. Another remarkable victory recently won by the Irish Party is that of the Land Purchasing Bill, the result of which will be to take the lands from the merciless landlords, and return them to the people, the original and rightful owners. Thus, vast fertile tracts that have long been mere grazing lands for cattle, will be converted into farms which will give happiness and prosperity to thousands of families that have heretofore been the continual victims of heartless evictions.

But, while the University Bill, the Land Bill, and every instalment of justice to Ireland, is welcomed by the Irish Party, it has warned the British Government that nothing short of a separate legislature dealing with purely Irish affairs will ever be accepted as a final solution of Ireland's troubles. It has declared that parliamentary agitation will never cease until Ireland has been placed on a footing of equality with other self-governing British possessions. In that agitation, gentlemen, all Irishmen must take part. It is the assistance of the scattered sons of St. Patrick that has, up to the present, rendered possible the great struggle maintained by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the Old Land appeals to us yet for that help which is absolutely necessary if agitation for Home Rule would be carried to a successful issue.

To that appeal Irishmen the world over will generously respond; and, though many disappointments may yet have to be mentioned, the entire Irish race will stand by that gallant party that

has shed so much lustre on the history of the Emerald Isle,—the entire Irish race will remain unwaveringly faithful to that gallant party until the glorious day when an Irish parliament will again be guiding the destinies of the Irish people.

The Glee Club then, under the leadership of Mr. O. Linke, treated the guests to a chorus "Alma Mater," in the rendition of which many of the guests joined. This was a suitable prelude to the toast to Alma Mater, which immediately followed. The toast-master arose, saying:

"On all such celebrations as this we are indeed glad to embrace the opportunity of expressing to a slight degree our kindly feeling and gratitude to our Alma Mater. To her we are indebted for much of that foundation upon which we are to build our future. I take great pleasure in proposing the toast to Alma Mater, and in introducing Mr. M. O'Gara, who will respond.

Mr. O'Gara thus bestowed his praises on our College home:

Toast to Alma Mater.

I have the honor to reply to the toast of Alma Mater. It is, indeed, fitting that this toast should occupy a prominent place at any student gathering, and there are reasons which make this doubly so, when the occasion is a function held on Ireland's national day, and in memory of her Patron Saint. Not only because it is a national day and a great festival of the Catholic Church; but, likewise, because it commemorates the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, which event was to play such an important part in the intellectual life of modern nations. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that on the day on which the Gospel was first preached in Ireland was given the guarantee for the permanency of our Christian religion, and the retention of the old learning in the West. For as one speaker has already put it this evening, so rapidly did the faith spread among the Irish, and so rapidly did monasteries and institutions of learning spring up in the land, that, synchronous with the over-running of Western and Southern Europe by the barbarians of the north, Ireland was enabled to send forth from her secluded shores scores of zealous missionaries and educators, who were to evangelize and instruct the barbaric hordes. When, in turn, her shores were visited by the invader, and Persecution strove to stamp out from the land every vestige of the teachings of St. Patrick, Ireland's courage did not fail. Alone, she persevered for many centuries in that long and bitter strife for the defence of those very principles she had imparted to others. Is it not, therefore, fitting that we a body of Catholic students should hold this day as a sacred one?

And surely Alma Mater has some part in the rejoicings of her children on this occasion! For has not that innate love of learning, so peculiar to the Keltic character, and which centuries of privation were unable to diminish, been evident in the support which the Irish have ever generously accorded Ottawa University. In fact, wherever the sons of Ireland have found religious and intellectual tolerance, and a freedom for action, they have not failed to grasp their opportunities; but with the same indomitable courage and persevering zeal, which had characterized their kinsmen of a much earlier age, they set to work to erect churches, and shouldered that enormous burden of maintaining separate schools. Nor did they rest here. Where education is concerned an Irishman's purse-strings are lax, indeed. A mere elementary education, infinitely more, in many cases, than it was possible to acquire at home, could not satisfy the craving in the Irish soul, and though this craving demanded new sacrifices, and imposed new burdens, Irishmen did not flinch. They realized not only the need of priests to see to their spiritual wants, but also the need—so urgent at the present day—of the educated Catholic layman. To this spirit, therefore, is due the erection of many of those seats of learning which to-day are accomplishing such good work in this country, and in the republic towards the south. And this same spirit explains the deep interest which has always been displayed by Irish Canadians and Americans towards our *Alma Mater*.

Like most Catholic institutions of higher learning, her trials have been many. She has not been blessed with that superabundance of material resources with which to ensure development; nor has she had wealthy friends to come forward and shower upon her princely bequests. Only a few years ago a disastrous fire destroyed the work of a generation of zealous educators. But we must not forget, however, that almost all great undertakings have had to encounter serious obstacles, and have had to struggle against adverse conditions. Rome, the resplendent capital of a world-wide empire, was founded, only after most persevering efforts, and after heroic struggles in overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties.

So may we hope that, freeing herself from all impediments, Alma Mater may rejoice in a greatness, a prosperity, and an influence similar to that which was ultimately enjoyed by the great centre of Roman civilization. Let us hope that her most extravagant dreams may be realized, and that even the present generation of students may have the happiness of beholding her a centre of intellectual activity which will spread its influence for good over this entire continent. For the realization of that happy day Irish-

men in this part of the world may be counted upon to do their utmost. That love of learning, which even in pagan times characterized the Emerald Isle, and which after her conversion to Christianity made her the school of Europe, is still possessed in its pristine intensity by her scattered children, and will, we may rest assured, be displayed in the zeal and generosity with which Irishmen will strive to place Our Alma Mater in that lofty position among her sister universities, which her peculiar character and ideal location seem to have ordained that she should occupy.

Mr. F. Higgerty, the next speaker, was introduced as follows:

"Ireland might well be styled the "Land of Hopes." No other nation has even endured such persecution and tyranny as has poor Ireland. Yet she has ever been hopeful, and to-day it would seem that the brightest of her hopes are all but realized. Gentlemen, let me request you to rise and drink to Ireland's hopes.

Mr. Higgerty answered:

Toast to Ireland's Hopes.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen:

You have listened with evident delight to the addresses that have been delivered on Ireland's past, and Ireland's present. To me has been allotted the agreeable task of responding to the toast of Ireland's future. At first thought, you might be inclined to believe that I would assume the mysterious role of some old Celtic soothsayer and picture to you a future for the land of our forefathers, exceeding in grandeur and power the most prosperous era of the greatest state of ancient or modern times. But it is not necessary to assume such a role; it is not necessary to be gifted with any prophetic vision in order to affirm that the future has in store for Ireland an age of true national greatness which will rival those centuries when she won the proud title of "Isle of Saints and Scholars."

The Irish people are possessed in a striking degree of those traits that are the very foundation of the grandeur and durability of a state, and if Ireland to-day does not enjoy influence and prosperity, it is not because her national character lacks any of the elements essential to greatness, but because of that external oppression which has rendered her development absolutely impossible.

Among those traits, and by far the most indispensable in the building up of a nation, is that love and esteem for religion which is the prime characteristic of the Irish race. For them, every-

thing else fades into insignificance when there is question of that faith which St. Patrick preached to them, and to which they have adhered with a tenacity and a fervor that has no parallel in the history of Christianity. In the days of their national eminence, when their country occupied the exalted position of intellectual mistress of the world, as well as in the dark days that followed, when she became the object of the most atrocious persecution, they have demonstrated that neither prosperity nor adversity could interfere with their profound attachment to their religion. And at the present time their representatives in the British Parliament, true to the most glorious traditions of the people that elected them, have placed the cause of Catholic education even before that of Home Rule.

But besides being intensely religious, the Irish are endowed with an extraordinary intellectual ability. Notwithstanding that, even to-day, the avenues to higher education are practically closed against them, they have produced the foremost orator in the British Empire, and their Christian Brothers' Schools have sent to Westminster the most remarkable body of parliamentarians in the greatest popular assembly in the world. At the head of the governments in two of England's colonies are men of the old stock and the old religion. In this Dominion of ours Irishmen have played, and still continue to play, no insignificant part. The most eloquent of Canadian orators, and the most brilliant of Canadian premiers have been Irishmen. The Supreme Court of Canada is presided over by a distinguished son of Erin. The Canadian Pacific Railway is guided by Irish brains, while the Grand Trunk Pacific is largely in the hands of Irish contractors.

As an athlete, the Irishman is without a peer. At the recent Olympics in London, as well as at the international games that occurred some months ago at the Vatican, the Sheridans and the Flanagans and the O'Rourkes were so numerous that one would be almost inclined to believe that the contests were being held at a county fair somewhere in Ireland.

And just as the Irish athlete has become renowned through his wonderful feats of physical strength and dexterity, so the Irish soldier has rendered himself famous by his matchless intrepidity on battlefields in almost every country in the world. All nations pay homage to his prowess:—

“Who carries the gun? A lad from the Emerald Isle.

Then let him go, for well we know, we've tried him many a while;

We've tried him East, we've tried him West, we've tried him by sea and land,

And the man to beat old Erin's best, has never yet been plann'd."

Possessed of such excellent traits of both mind and body, being profoundly religious, intellectual, athletic and brave, the Irish people have within them all that is necessary to create a powerful and highly cultured nation; and so it is not prophecy so much as what must inevitably follow in the very nature of things that Cardinal Newman gave expression to when he said: "I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage between the two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm."

Mr. J. Cusack, one of our junior students, was next called upon to contribute his part to the programme, and he did so in a very able manner by singing: "Dream of the U.S.A."

Mr. M. F. Deahy, the next speaker, answered to the toast to the United States. He was introduced by these words:

"As an Irishman and an American, I take a special pride in proposing a toast to the U. S. She has grown to be one of the most powerful and wealthy nations of the world, and her influence has ever been exerted in the cause of humanity. She has been a good friend to Ireland. She has sympathized with her, has sent her financial assistance, and has given happy homes to millions of Irishmen. And why should she not be toasted on Ireland's festal day? Let me then propose a toast to the U.S."

Mr. Deahy arose and thus spoke of his native land:

Toast to United States.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers, and Gentlemen:

It is characteristic of every devoted citizen to glory in the remarkable achievements of his country, to exult in her strength and to take pride in the wealth she possesses. And so do those whose happiness it is to owe allegiance to the great American Republic, and to enjoy her protection, recall with delight the many heroic deeds of her sons, and dwell with exultation upon her present greatness. They remember that it was Washington who laid the foundation of a democracy, which aimed at the emancipation of man from the tyranny of oppressive rulers, but which did not desire to free him from the Supreme Master of all things. And they rejoice exceedingly when they contemplate that democracy to-day, powerful and rich, and occupying a prominent place among the nations of the world.

But, gentlemen, it seems to me that it would be well this evening to say a word of praise for what our Irish forefathers have done to render "The Land of the Setting Sun" the greatest republic that has ever been, and to have given her that strength and chivalric spirit through which she has become the powerful and valiant defender of liberty. On every battlefield over which the American flag has floated, the Irish have spilled their blood in defense of American principles and American institutions. If we glance back to those gloomy days of the Revolution we can see, in an imaginary view, among the patriots of those days, continuous lines of men with Irish blood in their veins valiantly fighting to make the colonies a free nation.

More than one-third of New York's revolutionary troops were Irish, and through their valor on the field of battle they did much to establish the military reputation of the men from the Empire State. American history records with pride the wonderful feats of the great Irishman, Antony Wayne. The brave Jack Barry was the founder of the American Navy, and nobody would attempt to question his origin. Then there was the famous General Sullivan, and Colonel Fitzgerald, the favorite officer of Washington. These and thousands of other sons of Ireland fought for the cause of America's independence with that fidelity and bravery which have immortalized the Irish soldiers throughout the world. And in every conflict since the formation of the Union, Irish blood has been generously shed in its defence.

But Irishmen have won the gratitude of the United States in other ways than by bravery on the battlefield. They aroused the flames of patriotism, and inspired courage into the struggling colonies by the fire of their eloquence, and have since aided by their political skill in the government of the young republic. The names of the eloquent Patrick Henry, of the devoted Carroll of Carrollton, will live in the veneration of American citizens as long as they look back with pride upon the heroic struggle that was waged before liberty could be enthroned upon this continent. Nor will they ever forget the Clintons of New York, the Reeds of New Jersey, or those other illustrious exiled sons of Erin that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Mexico to Canadian borders, have left every state in the Union indebted to them for the generous manner in which they devoted their distinguished talents to the common good.

Since, therefore, Irishmen have demonstrated so much love for the United States, it is not at all surprising that the staunchest of Ireland's friends should be found under the Stars and Stripes. It is America that has furnished a large portion of the sinews of

war in the combat that has so long been waged at Westminster for the redress of Irish grievances. It is she that has lent sympathy and encouragement to the Old Land in the dark days of eviction and persecution. It is to her shores that Irish envoys have come to plead the cause of their oppressed country! and from her they have always received substantial assistance. And as long as America holds in grateful remembrance those who have labored and died for her, as long as she remains faithful to her high political ideals, she will continue to aid the little Emerald Isle in the noble fight she is making to regain those rights of which she has been so unjustly deprived.

Mr. E. Boyle, '12, in a clear voice, sang "Killarney," which concluded the elegant programme of music.

The next toast on the programme was that of Soggath Aroon. The toastmaster introduced the speaker as follows:

"Several of the speakers to-day have sung the praises of St. Patrick, and that great saint is deserving of the highest tribute we can pay him, for he it was who planted that true faith in Ireland. But to the zealous priesthood is accorded its preservation. Let us drink a toast, then, to the Irish priest, Soggath Aroon, to which I ask Rev. Fr. McGuire to respond.

Soggath Aroon.

Father McGuire replied in a splendid and eloquent tribute to the Irish Clergy, his remarks being punctuated by frequent applause.

Our Guests.

"Our Guests," the last toast of the evening, was fittingly responded to by Senator Coffey and Dr. White, and with a few well-chosen words from Rev. Father Fallon, one of the most successful of St. Patrick's Day celebrations was brought to a close. On rising from their seats the guests were greeted by the soul-stirring strains of "God Save Ireland" from the Glee Club.

The committee of management deserve much praise for the success of their efforts, particularly Rev. Father Fallon, who acted as director.

Executive Committee:—Hon. Chairman, R. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.; Chairman, V. K. O'Gorman, '09; Secretary, J. R. Corkery, '09; Treasurer, M. F. Deahy; E. H. McCarthy, '09; N. Bawlf, '10; C. D. O'Gorman, '10; F. O. Linke, '10.

University of Ottawa Review.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1909.

No. 6

THE IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

As each 17th of March comes round it is customary for the sons and daughters of the Gael to celebrate the glories of the ancient race, to recall its sufferings, and to indulge cherished hopes of its future vindication. This year Ottawa celebrated the day with no less enthusiasm than formerly. The students held a most successful banquet, where in addition to the good things on the table, we were regaled with the more ethereal delights of music, song and fervid oratory.

The key-note of the speeches seemed to be hope, and justly so. The year 1909 sees the dear little isle considerably advanced on the road of progress and prosperity. Thanks to the energetic efforts of the stalwart band who, under the leadership of John Redmond, form the Irish Party; thanks also to the sympathetic attitude of the Liberal Government, and particularly the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, a great improvement has taken place in the country. By the county coun-

cils the various districts enjoy a large measure of autonomy; compulsory land sale has enabled the tenants to throw off the galling yoke of the absentee landlord; the Labourers' Cottages Act is replacing the miserable mud cabin by neat and sanitary dwellings all over the island; the National University gives to Catholic youth the long-sought blessing of Higher Education.

Ireland's industries are being revived, her aged poor are receiving a pension from the Imperial exchequer, the temperance movement is making headway, the young men and women are being taught that the future of the country depends on their remaining in it; last and best of all, the Gaelic tongue is becoming once more the Irishman's medium of thought, and with it there is rapidly growing up a spirit of racial pride and self-consciousness which is the surest and most hopeful sign of national resuscitation.

Exchanges.

Queen's University Journal, among other excellent articles, contains a strong plea for compulsory physical training among students. The writer of the article backs up his plea with a letter from the Director of the Department of Physical Education of Penna. University. In the U. of P. they have a very laudable rule by which all the students are compelled to attend physical exercises in the College Gymnasium. The results are said to be marvellous.

The Collegian for February is taken up with an account of the old missions of California. The struggles of the early Spanish missionaries, their zeal for the cause of Christianity, their troubles and sorrows, are all graphically described. A short biography of the Saintly Father Serra is also given.

We always turn to the Exponent when we want a good laugh. From its February number we quote the following:

Boarding House Geometry.

Boarders in the same boarding house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another.

The landlady can be reduced to the lowest terms by a series of propositions.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

The *Allisonia* and The *Argosy* reflect great credit upon the standard of literature in the Maritime Provinces.

The *D'Youville Magazine*, Buffalo, is one of the most beautiful and artistic college journals we have ever seen. Prosit D'Youville!

This month's *Assumption College Review* contains a very appropriate and excellent little sketch of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The life of the great Irish statesman-historian-poet is traced from his schooldays in Ireland to his rise to prominence in the first Canadian Parliament. The writer, like all true Irishmen, laments the untimely death of McGee, who, but for the hand of the assassin, would undoubtedly have become a power in the land of his adoption.

We are sorry that we cannot extend our praise to every department of the *Assumption Review*. Our eye seeks in vain for the name of Ottawa in the Exchange list. We would advise our brother Ex. man at least to acknowledge receipt of our Review.

THANKS !!

The *University of Ottawa Review* is one of the best papers on our table.—The *Exponent*.

The Editors of the *University of Ottawa Review* handle the heavy questions, "Canada's Manifest Destiny" and "Civilization of the Thirteenth Century" very well.—The *Patrician*.

The January number from our friend from across the border is one of real literary merit. There is an abundance of varied subjects, each capably treated and clothed in choice English. — S. V. C. Index.

After its long journey down here from Canada, the *University of Ottawa Review* we think deserves mention in our humble columns. A serial entitled "A Motor Tour Through Ireland" makes good reading.—The *Xavier*, New York.

The *University of Ottawa Review* always contains a very pleasing array of articles.—The *Xaverian*, Antigonish.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following :

"The *Manitoba College Journal*," "Echoes from the Pines," "St. John's *University Record*," "The *Bethany Messenger*," "Mc-Master *University Monthly*," "The *Solanian*," "The *D'Youville Magazine*," "The *Patrician*," "The *Martlet*," "Bates *Student*," "The *College Spokesman*," "Trinity *University Journal*," "The *Exponent*," "The *Amherst Literary Monthly*," "The *Geneva Cabi-*

net," "The Hya Yaka," "St. Mary's Chimes," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "Villa Shield," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Nazareth Chimes," "Niagara Rainbow," "O.A.C. Review," "Ottawa Campus," "Oracle," "Rosary Magazine," "Vox Lycei," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Young Eagle," "The Columbia," "The Acta Victoriana," "The College Mercury," "The Holy Cross Purple."

Books and Reviews.

The February number of the Contemporary Review contains an interesting article on the love of wild nature. It goes to show where the love of the wilderness had birth and where it grew to maturity. The ancients from all accounts dreaded the lonely solitude of the mountain, cave and chasm. The effect of Christianity was to increase and broaden the love of nature. People began to take pleasure out of seeing the ocean and the desert, and out of living beside them. They came to appreciate more than the useful in the world. The hermits of early Christian times did much to awaken a love of solitude such as is found in the caverns and grottoes, the oases, and the woods.

A very brief summary of the politics of the world may be obtained each month in the Review of Reviews, and thus the publication serves a practical and valuable purpose.

Lord Morley's Indian Reform in the nineteenth century gives us the reasonable assurance that the claims of both Hindus and Mohammedans will soon be settled with entire satisfaction. The idea seems to be to allow India the privilege of self-government by degrees and to avoid the error of judging a people unfit for and unworthy of powers which they rightly deserve, but which they do not possess. In other words, the British Government deems it safer to do justice to India because of her distance, and injustice to Ireland because of her close proximity and exhausted energies.

The qualities of American actors are treated at length in the Fortnightly Review of February. The success of an actor depends upon individual effort provided that the aptitude is there. Now Americans are very industrious and energetic in applying themselves to special branches of knowledge, art and science. This helps them on the stage. In the American of the future will be blended the traits of the excitable Italian, the calm deliberate Ger-

man, and the other types of America's population. The country is still young and the fame of American actors and actresses may yet be world-wide.

Personals.

The Apostolic Chancellor, His Grace; Archbishop Duhamel, was with us on the eve of the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, when a thesis on the "Origin of the Human Species" was read by Mr. J. Corkery, and to which objections were made by Messrs. M. Lachaine, J. Connaghan, and I. Desrosiers. The next morning His Grace celebrated High Mass in St. Joseph's Church for the student body.

His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, in returning from Rome on the 8th inst., paid the University a call.

Dr. M. F. Fallon of Buffalo, Father Wade Smith of Lowell, Mass., and Father Leyden of Columbus, came to the Ottawa for the funeral of the late Mrs. M. P. Davis.

Our former First Prefect, Rev. Father Kirwan, now stationed in the United States, has recently set out on a journey to Italy.

Rev. D. Finnegan, O.M.I., delivered the St. Patrick's Day sermon in St. Joseph's Church; Rev. Dr. Sherry, O.M.I., spoke in St. Bridget's; and Rev. John O'Gorman delivered a short sermon in the original Gaelic at St. Patrick's.

Fathers Kennedy and Brady of the Paulist Order have been giving a most successful mission in St. Joseph's Church. Their untiring labors, and their great kindness, will not soon be forgotten.

Rev. Father Grandin, O.M.I., Provincial of Alberta Province, was here recently on his way back from the Holy See.

The banquet held in the University in honor of St. Patrick, under the direction of Father James P. Fallon, was a decided success. The speeches on that occasion, both of guests and students, showed that the sons of Ireland are still as eloquent as they have been in the past.

The Hon. Chas. Murphy was much appreciated by his audience in Montreal on the evening of the 17th.

At the annual concert of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, at the Russell Theatre, "Ireland's Place in the Empire" was ably defined by Mr. E. B. Devlin, K.C. Mr. J. G. Kilt, as President, filled the chair.

Dr. J. K. Foran's late lectures, one before the A.O.H. on Robert Emmett, the other in the Normal School Assembly Hall on Scottish Bards, were very instructive and entertaining.

Dr. John Francis Waters lectured under the auspices of the d'Youville Circle of the Rideau St. Convent, March 1st, on "Lord Byron: A Character Sketch." The learned gentleman fully justified his subject.

At the Hibernian banquet in the Windsor, which this year replaced the St. Patrick's Day parade, and which was a great success, the County Chaplain, Dr. Sherry, replied to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate"; Fr. Finnegan, Chaplain of No. 2 Division, replied to that of "The Pope"; Fr. Hammersley, Chaplain of No. 3 Division, contributed a couple of songs; and the Rector, Dr. Murphy, made a witty speech.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. R. A. MacDonald, '88, of Greenfield, was a visitor to the College during the past month.

J. R. O'Connor, '92, who is now practising law in Toronto, paid a visit to his Alma Mater lately.

Rev. Father Quilty, '97, who underwent an operation for appendicitis in Water Street Hospital lately, is recovering rapidly, and the Review hopes to see him out again before long.

Mr. A. J. Reynolds, '06, paid a short visit to the College last week on his way home from the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Rev. Father J. Ryan, '97, of Mount St. Patrick, favored us with a visit during the month.

Rev. Father Alex. McDonald, '05, was a welcome visitor to College halls last month.

Rev. Father John O'Gorman, '04, preached a short sermon in Gaelic to the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church on the day of Ireland's National Festival.

Obituary.

On the 17th of February occurred in Hull the death of Reverend Father Drouet, O.M.I. The late priest had many friends among us. Father Drouet was a liberal benefactor of the College

after the fire, having contributed vestments and many altar decorations.

Mrs. M. P. Davis's death came with a severe shock to her relatives and intimate friends, and in a lesser degree to all classes of the city. As well as being prominent in social circles, Mrs. Davis was universally known and loved for her works of charity. Our orphanages, this institution, other educational institutions, and the hospitals, found in her a constant patroness.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Davis is survived by two sons. Mr. William P. Davis and Mr. Michael P. Davis (Jr.), former students; and two daughters, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Mrs. Arthur Brophy.

Mr. Dubé, father of Rev. E. Dubé, O.M.I., died recently at his home. We sincerely sympathize with Father Dubé and his family.

The late W. H. Roger, who died on the 10th inst., at his residence, 23 Delaware Ave., was a man of many friends and great business ability. He belonged to the ranks of our past students. R.I.P.

Athletics.

COLLEGE VS. OTTAWA II.'s.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th February, our scheduled game with Ottawa II.'s took place. All of the boys were anxious for the fray, although they were by no means too strong to meet such a septet as the red, white and black. Our line-up was changed considerably since the Emmett game, and all determined to play the game of their life. Sharp at 8.30 both teams came on the ice, and in short order the referee's shrill whistle blew. The play was exceptionally fast in the first half, with Bawlf and Matton shining on the forward line. Nick was there with some terrific shots, but he was closely watched. Matton remained in the centre of the ice passing and receiving the puck gracefully. Zip McLaughlin and Billy Richards played well, but Zip was handicapped by playing right wing. Ottawa's forwards were all fast and played beautiful combination. Neate, the defence man, was up on the wing, and played well. Snelling, and likewise Boyce, were fast line men. College's defence is without exception the best in the city league. Any combination that gets by Braceland and Dunn, and lands the puck in the nets behind Dickey Long, are certainly deserving of

the score. Dickey in the nets was brilliant all evening. He stopped them from all angles, and two of the goals scored were stopped but were then batted in. Ottawa's defence was also strong, with Merrill shining. At half time the score was 5-2 with everything favoring College. College started out well and were going at a fast clip when their star rover, Matton, was hit by the puck in the ankle, necessitating his leaving the ice for good. Chump O'Neil readily offered his services, and in short order was in the line-up. This spirit displayed by O'Neil is worthy of note, and let us hope that in the future more O'Neils may come to the front. The officials were not as good as we have been favored with in the past. They were very strict on offsidcs, especially when it was College at fault. The final score read 9-3 in favor of Ottawa II's.

EMMETTS VS. COLLEGE.

The game with the undefeated Emmett team resulted in a loss for College. The team was not as strong as previously, having lost a couple of the best players whose places were filled with good but inexperienced men. The team lined up as follows: g., Long; p., Dunn; c.p., Braceland; r.w., Chartrand; l.w., Gauthier; c., Bawlf; r., Binks. All played well, but inasmuch as they had not practiced together, they had little or no combination. Bawlf was easily the star on the ice, he scoring seven out of the eight goals College lodged. For the Emmetts, Currie played a wonderful game, appearing as a star of the first magnitude. Final score: 18-8 for Emmetts. Line-up of Emmetts: Wright, Atcheson, Holt, Currie, Broadbent, Roberts, McLaughlin. Officials: Neate and Phillips, Ottawa's.

Every year the Americans get together to afford their Canadian brothers an hour's amusement. Their efforts to amuse usually meet with the greatest success, for few things about the College cause as much laughter as what is known as "an American game." So hotly was the first game contested that a second one was played, and with a greater amount of interest.

On Sunday, February 7, at 2.31 p.m., the referee's shrill whistle sounded the opening of the great hockey combat, between Captain Sam Weir's team of seven stalwart braves and that captained by one Albert Walter Gilligan, of the village of Watertown. Both teams were in perfect condition, as was announced by Petie Green *Dewey* and John Davis *Harrington*, their respective trainers.

The fray began amid shouts and roars of the excited spectators, who cheered their favorites on to victory. The roof of the rink nearly rose with applause when Samuel K. Weir, the Binghamton captain, made a wild rush the full length of the ice and

notched the first goal. It was, indeed, a most spectacular feat, and performed with great skill. Its real difficulty can only be realized when you stop to consider the fact of his having out-skated all the forwards, passed such stellar players at cover point as Hart and Ginna, and put the puck in the nets through Brophy, the newly imported goal tender from Rochester. Weir's work was nothing short of phenomenal. As a stick-handler he is in a class by himself.

Another who showed up to great advantage was one Claude C. Dewey. At right wing Dewey was a star and his playing the boards was a feature of the game. His excellent work was slightly marred by his repeated attempts to put Capt. Gilligan of the opposing team over the "bank."

As a goaler, Loftus had it on the Rochester importation "like a tent." Pete scored at least four goals on himself. The game was brilliantly contested throughout. It was absolutely free from roughness except on the part of Deahy, who persistently swung his stick about in a reckless manner, taking a clout at all within reach. The final score was 5-4 in favor of Weir's braves. Immediately after the game Brophy pluckily backed his team for a week's dessert, and on account of the "heavy" wager a second game was arranged. Much credit is due Mr. Harrington for the masterly way in which he handled the game.

The second game was played on the following Sunday between the same teams. During the week interest in the great coming event was keen and numerous side bets were made. Referee Harrington was seen making a small wager, and Capt. Gilligan protested against his handling the game, so Bawlf, of hockey fame, was secured. It was only after long and serious consideration that Capt. Weir decided to accept Bawlf, inasmuch as they had previously had words over the "cocoa" question. The difficulty was finally settled, however, by Dewey, who decided that the sugar should be put in first, and the cocoa plucked from the fire, just as it begins to simmer.

The game was called at 3.15 p.m., and in the absence of Weir's point, the services of Harrington were secured. He played a star game, his rushes being fast and effective. During the fray the two captains collided with each other, and their injuries were so serious that both were hurried to the rec. hall in Harris' ambulance. Pres. Gauthier was called to the ice to settle a difficulty which arose between the players due to the rough work and cross-checking of E. Ginna. When playing time was called the score stood 4-4, and it was agreed to play overtime. In the following

ten furious minutes three goals were scored, two by Capt. Gilligan's trojans and one by Weir's pets. Thus the game ended, 6-5.

CLIFFSIDES VS. COLLEGE.

College and Cliffsidess met at Dey's Arena for the second time, the Collegians winning by the score of 7-6. The game was a poor exhibition in the first half, College playing very poorly, allowing their opponents to put in five straight goals to their one.

In the second half the play was reversed. Kieley and Matton scored for College in five minutes, Cliffsidess got another, then Bawlf shot four in succession for College, giving them the game and putting Cliffsidess in last place. The feature of the game was the spectacular rush of Dickie Long, the College goal tender, from his own goal to the other, where he just missed scoring by a hair's breadth. Teams:—College—Long, Dunne, Braceland, Matton, Bawlf, Kieley, Richards. Cliffsidess—McLean, Johnson, Anderson, Davidson, Orme, Bronson, Stewart. Referees: Pulford and Lesueur.

COLLEGE VS. EMMETTS.

College closed the season with a defeat by the Emmetts at the Rideau Rink, by the score 9-5. The game was a fairly good one, and very interesting from a spectator's standpoint. It was very fast from start to finish, the score keeping even till near the end, when the green shirts pulled ahead. Roberts, Currie, McLaughlin and Broadbent shot well for Emmetts. Bawlf shot four for College, and Matton one. Team: Breen, Dunne, Braceland, Matton, Bawlf, Chartrand, Long.

COLLEGE VS. ALEXANDRIA.

College went to Alexandria and defeated that town's team on a very poor sheet of ice by the score 2-1.

Good hockey was an impossibility, as the ice was very soft. Geo. McDonald, a former student, played with Alexandria, while Charlie Gauthier played for O. U. against his native village.

Team: Long, Bawlf, Dunne, Gauthier, Matton, McLaughlin, Chartrand.

The hockey season has come and gone, and nothing remains now save Records.. When Ottawa College entered the city league, three months ago, the championship pennant loomed up largely on its hockey horizon.

But, like many a Russian general during the Russo-Japanese war, "we regret to report" the vision vanished as the season wore on. Ottawa II. and Emmetts tied for the premier honors, and

after two brilliant games the II.'s retained their reputation and the championship of the Ottawa City League for 1909. Ottawa College's record might have been worse. But after all is said and done, the team gave a good account of itself, considering the hockey played by the other teams which was exceedingly good, and also the fact that College was forced to play a different forward line every game.

The practices and games not only provided good amusement for the students, but nursed into senior calibre the following young men: Breen, Freeland, Smith, Lamarche, Kennedy, McLaughlin, Brennan, Chartrand, Sullivan, Burns and Gauthier, whom we hope to see no later than next season scintillating in the Intercollegiate Hockey League. This was the object in view when College entered the city league, and it is to be hoped that it will be realized next season.

BOWLING.

Bowling is a sport which has gained much prominence throughout the city, and which has recently been revived within the College. The alley is in perfect condition, having been entirely remodelled, and the bed leveled, planed and oiled. New balls have been purchased, and the old ones turned so that all is in excellent condition for the carrying out of the league. The league is under the supervision of Rev. Fr. Kelly, and he has it organized in such a systematic way that it certainly has proved a great success. It is composed of seventeen teams which are divided into series, and the winners of each series will compete for the league championship. To overcome the difficulties which frequently arise, due to the absence of players, a set of rules has been drawn up, which is being carried out to the letter. All are keen for the sport, and every day brings forth a change in the leadership.

The O.U.A.A. executive met on March 22nd and began preliminary work for the great C.A.A.U. meet, to be held at Varsity Oval under their auspices on Victoria Day. The executive propose to make this one of the most successful meets ever held in Canada, so let all lend a hand in the good work.

Of Local Interest

Astronomy Prof. (illustrating the phases of the moon): "Let us suppose this hat to be the moon."

Junior: Hadn't we better call it the Dipper?

Prof.: In what state were the most divorces granted last year?

Senior: In the married state.

Prof. of English: What is peculiar about dreams?

Jimmie: Nightmares.

Fuzzy: You were misinformed.

Prof.: It certainly was a Miss informed me.

The Three O's in a consultation:

O'K-f-: What are you going to do?

O'L-n-e: Where are you going?

O'Br-n: Wait a minute.

Too bad Mr. Br-n-n. Too bad.

A CONVENIENT BURG.

First Tourist (in Fitchburg): What car shall I take to reach Lowell?

Second Tourist: Take any car, it will carry you there, or if you 'phone they will send a car immediately.

Oh—(rhetorical pause)—nobody loves a fat man.

DICTIONARY GIRLS.

A disagreeable girl	Annie Mesity.
A sweet girl	Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl	Jenny Rosity.
A smooth girl	Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl	Cora Ander.
A clear case of girl	E. Lucy Date.

A geometrical girl	Polly Gow.
Not orthodox	Hettie Rodoxy.
One of the best girls	Ella Gant.
A flower girl	Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl	Sarah Nade.
A profound girl	Mettie Physics.
A star girl	Meta Oric.
A clinging girl	Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl	Hester Ical.
A muscular girl	Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl	Anna Mation.
An uncertain girl	Eva Nescent.
A sad girl	Ella Gee.
A great big girl	Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl	Millie Tary.
A crazy girl	Luna Tic.
A latin girl	Amanda Sunt.
A light girl	Ruby Foam.
A ringing girl	Clara Bell.
A desert girl	Carrie Van.
An insane girl	Daffy Dill.
A southern girl	Frances Can.
A local girl	Otta Wa.
A cold girl	Fro Sty.
A brainy girl	Sarah Bellum.
A "soda fountain" girl	Mamie Taylor.

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is used in Turkish baths, museums and palm rooms. It also furnishes a scientific base for temperance and curtain lectures. It enters, in some form or other, into most of our industries, and through it we manufacture breadstuffs, dyes and snakes. Although it is not responsible for perpetual motion, it is the only fluid agent known to make the earth go round. It has also made two moons appear in the heavens, where only one moon was seen before.

Alcohol is manufactured in every State in the Union, including the states of matrimony and unrest. It is responsible for the crooked course of the grapevine. It sails the unbridled ocean, and sits on every street corner. It is the most consummate actor known, and in the extent of its marvellous make-ups has never been equalled by any old sleuth. It takes on every form and line,

and as an interior decorator is unequalled. It is fastidious, however, about colors, eradicating the blues and replacing them with reds and purples.

Alcohol is successful in every one of its undertakings. But in spite of all the bad things that have been said about it, it has one great quality. It never forsakes an old friend.—Life.

SOME SMOKES.

The Indian with his pipe of peace
Has long ago gone by;
But the Irishman with his piece of pipe
Will never, never die.

—Ex.

A little piece of rubber,
A little drop of paint,
Make a bad report card
Look as if it ain't.

—Ex.

Junior Department

In the Junior Inter-Provincial League, the Small Yard seven seemed to have "struck their stride" during the last few games of the schedule. They gave the Maple Leafs, the year's champions, the biggest scare of the season when they played them a tie game, three to three, on their home ice. Next they overwhelmingly defeated the Victorias, the prospective champions, by the score of 5-0, and put them out of the running for good. This seems to be an exception to the oft-cited adage: All's well that ends well. If our team had played in the beginning as it did at the end, the championship cup would be with us now. The college representatives for the last two games were: goal, B. Kinsella; point, Brennan; cover, McDermott; rover, Nagle; centre, McMahon; wings, Poulin and Villeneuve.

M-r-p-y has given up all hopes of making his miserable life happy. His trial of trials is to wait from one meal to the other without eating. Just think of it, there are two long hours from 4.30 o'clock until supper! If he consent at all to live, he says, it is just to save funeral expenses.

On account of the unusually early visit of "smiling spring" the schedules of the Inter-Mural Leagues have been left unfinished. As a consequence we cannot say with certainty who would have been champions if winter had lingered a little longer, and this is most unfortunate, as all were working enthusiastically, with more or less chance of success, for first honors. Next year the schedule will have to be arranged that all the games would be played earlier in the season, as our open-air rink cannot be depended on after the first of March.

Several of the students will be honored by the Labor Department with the title of "Knights of the Shovel," in reward for the constant and especially generous services which they rendered during the winter to keep the rink clear of snow. Now who should be numbered among those chosen few? On the other hand it has been discovered that there existed in the Small Yard a secret society of loafers, going by the name of the Ancient Order of the Sons of Rest. To avoid being molested, they kept their existence, and the practice of their principles, or rather the non-practice, an absolute secret. But the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master (the two laziest members, who were very likely born tired) were found out from the fact that they used to go and hide themselves away every time there was a call for work.

The hockey season ended with some very interesting, free-for-all games. In these contests it was customary to assume the name of some great hockey expert, and to hear the comments on the play and players a person would imagine himself present at one of the great professional battles of the season. Ross, Gilmour, Johnson, Taylor, Moran, and many others were all represented, and what clever stick-handling, what tricky dodging, what magnificent stops, what wonderful headwork, etc., went to make those struggles brilliant! Our last game was played on March the 11th. It is with regret that we took our skates off our boots and relegated them with our hockey sticks to their summer resorts.

Two in One—Jo-s and Ma-t-eau.

Three Inseparables—Do-is, F-k, and La-ie.

A juvenile rhyme-maker trying to imitate "Mary had a little Lamb" gave us the following poem:

Br-søn has a fine big lamb,
All tenderly fond and true,
And where'er you find Br-s-on
There you'll find the big lamb too.

For a while this spring wrestling became a very popular sport. Milot and Laroche carry off the laurels in this line with about equal honors. Milot's superior science is counter-balanced by Laroche's superior strength. One evening they struggled for half an hour, at catch-as-catch-can, without a fall.

With the gloves Andrew Murtagh seems to be the undisputed champion of the Small Yard. He could sit down and weep for the want of worthy combatants.

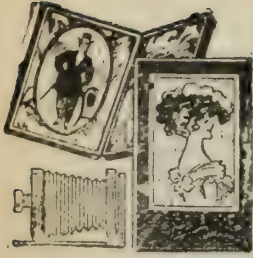
Snow, Snow, please disappear,
Come not again till next year,
As the small boys, one and all,
Have now a craze for baseball.

DONT'S.

Don't get your work from the other fellow.

Don't be late for chapel in the morning.

Don't worry about the future, work in the present.



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A Panorama.



IN the course of our afternoon's walk, we had arrived at the summit of a high, rocky cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from a river at its base; and here, we stopped to rest ourselves and to survey the territory before us.

Spring had set in and though the sky looked dull yet through an opening in the clouds the sun was seen to shine and its keen, penetrating rays danced gayly upon the surface of the waters. The waves were high and dashed wildly against the rocks only to be shattered into spray by the wall of adamantine. On the opposite shore, however, they met with less resistance, for there the banks were low and the stream at points encroached upon the land. A long narrow valley ran parallel with this side of the river and just behind it was a dark winding chain of mountains that formed a background for the country spreading before them.

Immediately before us but across the stream there were lumber yards of acres in extent and beyond these, scattered in every direction, a multitude of little wooden cottages, the homes, as it seemed, of workingmen engaged in the shops and factories of the town. About everything, there was an atmosphere of business. No fine houses were in evidence, nor any signs of luxury and ease. The soot, the noise, the activity would rather have us believe that the people were busy and industrious; and, indeed, they were.

Our attention was attracted by the thick, black smoke rising slowly in majestic columns from the tall brick chimneys and, at great heights, changing its forms and losing itself in space. And thoughts of this brought us to meditate on other things. We could see, in our mind's eye, the buzz and whirl of the workshop, the hurry and flurry in the offices,—the general activity manifested at every turn; and, at once, we were caught by the effect and felt ourselves very deeply impressed. The types of humanity, as they had been known to us, all came running back to our memory and we had vividly portrayed the pinched and hungry looks, the worn and fretted countenances, the serious reflective business man, the rough and ready worker. There were others but these were particularly remarkable for they appeared to harmonize so well with the environment.

Looking up stream, we perceived at intervals of some hundreds of yards huge, massive structures of iron and steel, a regular network of beams and girders lashed together by numberless rivets and plates,—vastly different from those primitive bridges the monkeys made with their tails and swung across narrow streams; and triumphantly marking the progress of science in her efforts to gain the mastery over the forces of nature and to wield them to man's best advantage.


There also came within the range of our view an immense fall over which the water tumbled in great volume striking heavily against the rocky bottom and rising in thick, white, frothy foam into the air. On this soft, light mass the sun shone brilliantly and made the little particles that became detached by the agitation, look like fine, silvery films of vapour. Below these falls the stream quickened its pace rapidly and as it sped along washed the shore and tossed the slender twigs to and fro. As it advanced, its width was considerably increased and at last, the waters were set free to run at random into a broad expanse resembling very much a wide lake.

It was such a scene that met our eyes, rich in variety and likely to stamp itself upon the memory so as not very easily to be forgotten. We had, as it were, feasted on its magnificence when on gazing vacantly over the town in front of us our attention was arrested by the glitter of a small, bright cross on the top of a high church steeple. It was far above the roofs of the

others buildings but appeared to claim no superiority. Rather it assumed an aspect of grace and mildness as pointing up to Heaven it gave a direction to all who might see and a warning to such as would lend their ears. The tiny crucifix stood in strong contrast to the seemingly wonderful scenes round about us and yet its still impressiveness robbed them of all their power and influence because it turned our minds to God who had created them by His Word and would destroy them by the same means. And as this strange, fearful, disturbing feeling passed through us, we began to wonder how many of the busy inhabitants took heed of that warning, how many recognized the significance of the cross, and how many found in it hope and consolation.

EDMUND F. BYRNES, '09.

Advice of Polonius to Laertes.

He object of this essay is not to enlarge upon the maxims which Polonius gave his son on parting, but to consider whether they are to be regarded as a very high strain of morality, or merely the outcome of worldly experience. Let us first, consider the relative importance of the speech; secondly, its substance; and, lastly, the character of the speaker.

We learn in rhetoric, that "the drama is a form of narrative wherein the characters speak for themselves, *making* the story, as it were, before our eyes." Again, we are told that "every part must contribute clearly and obviously to the completed whole;" and, still further, that "the characters must manifest themselves by more pointed language than in the novel." From this, it is evident that the words of Polonius, under consideration, play an important part in making up the sum total of his character. They were uttered on the occasion of Laertes' departure from home, and entrance into the wide world of affairs. It was surely a serious moment for both father and son. More serious, indeed, than the occasion on which Ophelia is cautioned to beware of Hamlet. The first instance was regarded by Polonius as an event in his son's life; the second as a mere frivolity of youth. In both these cases

Polonius is personally concerned, and it is this which distinguishes them from other scenes, in which he is dealing with questions of the state. The advice which Laertes received, containing as we have seen a serious element, is a valuable help in arriving at an appreciation of Polonius as a father.

Having seen that the passage of which we are treating is an important one, let us consider its substance. It is made up of a series of maxims whose pithiness and appropriateness are undoubted. They are the result of careful observation during many years of varied experience. The father poured into his son's ear all his worldly wisdom, concluding with the injunction "To thine own self be true." What is the import of these words? Here is the point at issue. One may be true to oneself through selfish motives, or on account of a sense of moral obligation. Medicine tells us to beware of alcoholic drinks, because by extracting moisture, they harden the tissues of the alimentary canal, with the result that digestion is impaired. Hygiene teaches the benefits of pure air and cleanliness. Chemistry points out to us poisonous substances and gases. Self respect prompts us to avoid foul language, that we may not be lowered in our neighbor's estimation. A person might be living according to all these laws, and true, in one sense, to his physical nature. But how different does he act who is guided by moral consideration! He, too, obeys the same laws as the first man, but for entirely different reasons. For him, good health means more strength, and energy to accomplish good. He is clean of tongue because it offends his conscience to be otherwise. He is true to himself by considering always in what he can be of use to others, and by following as closely as possible the dictates of conscience. In which class, then may we rank Polonius?

If, as we have seen, this passage goes a long way in aiding the reader to know the character of Polonius, and if we bear in mind the rule from rhetoric which says that characters must speak pointedly, surely we must come to the conclusion that, had Shakespeare wished to give to these lines a moral tone, he would have made that particular element predominant, and not contented himself with having conveyed such an important character-making element in an obscure manner. It might be urged that Shakespeare is oftentimes exceedingly brief, and in passages of great consequence. For instance, when he sums up Brutus', whole persona-

lity in the words "This was a man." Here it must be remembered, however, that all that had gone before amply justified such unqualified praise; it was in accordance with the character of Brutus as pictured for us.

This brings us to the consideration of the third point, viz., the character of Polonius. Can we say of him that he was a man who was likely to be acting on unselfish motives, when we have considered him in the light of his actions during the play?

He is a type of a crafty timeserving politician. He never considered the motives of others when judging of an event; he consulted his own experience, and was invariably guided by it. He scoffed at Hamlet's early affection for Ophelia, and called it a youthful prank, which would soon be forgotten. Having learned of Hamlet's madness, he at once saw the cause of it in rejected love. Craft was the ascendant trait in his moral make-up. Thus, we see him counselling Reynaldo how to spy on Laertes; we see him scheming to overhear Hamlet and Ophelia; and lastly, we behold him hidden behind the curtains of the Queen's apartment. But nowhere in all these scenes do we find him acting with any other motive than that of one who is doing all in his power to forward his own ends. Why then should we read into the words of advice which he gave his son, a significance which would give to him a characteristic foreign to his nature as portrayed in all the other passages? One who is in the habit of gaining knowledge by underhand methods is hardly possessed of a high moral calibre.

Judged in this light, then, we may conclude that however deep the wisdom, and wide the experience, this advice may show, yet it does not warrant a conclusion that Shakespeare wished to give it a moral tone when he introduced the words "To thine own self be true."

MARTIN O'GARA, '10

An architect should live as little in cities as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let him study there what nature understands by a buttress, and what by a dome. Ruskin.

How Larry Accomplished his Father's Wish.



SEVERAL years ago, when go'd was first discovered in Alaska, many a man left home, relatives, and friends, to seek his fortunes in this new Eldorado. Some were successful, but the majority lost all they possessed, in their greed for the deadly dust. This little narrative turns on the fortunes of one of the successful. Laurence Winter and William Burton, two inseparable companions, were sitting on the veranda of a neat little house in Ottawa. Winter held in his hand the evening paper, and, as the subject of conversation had been exhausted he unfolded the journal, and, glancing over the different sheets, his eye was attracted by the headliness. Springing up from his chair, he exclaimed: "Great Scott, Bill! Read this. Immense gold fields discovered in Alaska." Bill read, but asked what had that to do with them. Winter sadly replied: "Nothing, perhaps, with you; but with me, everything." He still continued: "I do not know if I should tell you; but, to ease my mind, I will. My father committed a great wrong, of which at the time I was ignorant. When he saw his end was near, after fruitless efforts to retrieve the great injury, he called me to his bedside, and said: "My dear son, many years ago I defrauded a certain man of a considerable sum of money in business. I have been unable to repay it; consequently, it has been weighing on my conscience ever since; and, as a dying request, I beg you to promise me that you will repay the money as soon as your means permit it, so that I may rest peaceably in my grave at least. The man's name and the amount due him you will find in my locker; but don't open it until you have tripled the sum I leave you." I promised my father to repay the money; and, since then, it has been my prime object in life."

Burton though at first thunderstruck, took the hand of his companion, and, with a few words of encouragement, tried to persuade him not to leave. But it was useless. Larry was determined, so they arranged that he should depart on the following Tuesday. Tuesday came too soon for the two friends, but Larry had made the necessary arrangements, so taking as little baggage as possible, he said good bye to his dear friend, and set out on his long journey. He arrived in Dawson City, the scene of his labors. It was already

crowded with miners and fortuneseekers, and he had great trouble in finding a place to pass the night. At last he was fortunate enough to lodge himself in an old rickety-looking shed. Early the next morning he sought the government officials to secure a claim, and he easily succeeded. It would be quite unnecessary to state here the long list of hardships and dangers which he encountered. Suffice it to say that they were many. However, he was successful. Selling his claim for a large sum of money, he returned to his native town. He at once proceeded to the office of his father's lawyer, and procuring the key of the locker, went back home to open it. He found the paper which said: "My dear son, many years ago I defrauded Mr. William Burton of the sum of \$7000.00. During the disastrous speculation I have been unable to restore the money, and, so, beg you, if you love me to do so in my stead. Your loving Father." Poor Larry was greatly surprised to think that he would now have to face his best friend, as Mr. Burton was no other man than Bill's father. But he also had died, and Bill became heir to his money. He, therefore determined to tell his companion, how it was that his father had been defrauded of the money. However, Bill would not take a cent of the \$21,000 offered him, saying that Larry was not responsible for the debts contracted by his father. To-day, they are partners in a large wholesale business, and still there exists between them that bond of union, which neither adversity nor prosperity can ever break.

C. F. G., '10.

The Prize Debate.

With the closing of the scholastic year come the different competitions and examinations and not the least important among them is the annual prize debate. The debating society after a very successful year has chosen a live question for the fit culmination of its good work. Co education will be upheld by Messrs O. Linke and W. Grace while to Messrs J. Connaghan and J. Brennan falls the task of the negative. A very attractive program with noted local talent has been arranged, which promises to make the evening enjoyable as well as instructive.

A Day's Ramble.

ALL day long the busy city was the scene of unceasing traffic. Smiling cabbies, with their dark hansoms and well-groomed horses, went rattling by. Electric cars dashed down the crowded streets. In anxious expectation newsboys called out the latest sensations of the day. It was a revelation to watch those ragged urchins intermingling with the surging mass of humanity, darting here and there, with a dexterity known only to the city waif. Fine ladies in automobiles sped through the parks and over the costly driveways. Far above me rose the lofty buildings of modern Gotham. The continual rattle from the elevated railroad, combined with the faint, hollow, rumble of the subway, gradually grew monotonous. Everything, in fact, made up an ideal picture of life in New York City.

I was tired and dispirited, as, late into the afternoon, I wandered aimlessly to its outskirts. As I went on, the houses became less elegant and lofty. The scenes of life changed. From the rich man's domain I had entered that of the poor. Now and then, when an automobile, conveying some pleasure party, dashed recklessly up the narrow streets, the inhabitants would gaze with astonishment at its fast receding figure. Yet, for all their outward simplicity, they were happy, far happier, indeed, than those poor mortals whose misfortune it was to become the slavess of gold. Sadly I turned away from that simple scene, and bent my weary steps towards the country of the farmer. At first the noise and tumult kept ringing in my ears, but, gradually, as I left the city far behind, it died away in the distance.

At last I reached a place where nature ruled, a monarch in her glory. Everything was beautiful. Far to the right the famous Catskill Mountains rose to a mighty height, their giant shadow seeming to give an unfathomable depth to the Hudson River far below. Across the undulating fields of new-grown hay, I saw the laborer reaping in silence. I heard the birds singing gaily in the tree-tops, their beautiful music marred only by the cackling of the geese, and the noises in the farmyards. Pastured colts galloped in wild delight within the meadows. The air was filled with the sweet smell of roses, and the fragrant odor of the summer flowers. Eagerly

I drank in the beauty of the scene. Ah! How vastly different this all appeared from the busy metropolis I had just left. How much welcome relief stole over my whole spirit! I was not satisfied yet. Something mysterious seemed to urge me on. Again I turned away, and continued on my journey.

The day was well-nigh done when I reached the last resting-place of man. As I lifted the rusted latch, and entered the deserted cemetery, I felt a sudden awe steal over me. Great tombs, of fabulous price, told where the ashes of a Sage or a Rockefeller lay, while the simple wooden cross bedecked the graves of the poor. Generals, presidents, soldiers, commons, all were equal in the grave. Ah! how little that social inequality mattered now! for rich and poor, and young and old, as well as the greatest and the most insignificant, are all alike in the land of the great unknown. As I gazed in silent meditation on the lonely scene of death, unconsciously, I heard myself repeating the words of Gray:

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
Or all that beauty or that wealth e'er gave.
Awaits, alike, the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

I saw myself a boy once more. Sad remembrances darkened the happy scenes of childhood. What a vivid recollection I had of the unhappy day when I followed my good old father's lifeless body to the grave, in a land away beyond the ocean! Many a year had come and gone since then, yet it seemed to me but yesterday

When I awoke from my reverie the sun was peeping over the hills, and its last rays lit up, in celestial brightness, the Western canopy of heaven. Snow-white clouds, bathed in its golden light, moved leisurely across the sky. Slowly the sun sank till at length its bright rays shone no more. Softly, out of the gathering darkness floated the happy song of the milk-maid, and the hearty laugh of the returning reaper. Far to the northward I could hear the beautiful melody, of some master's violin, wafted gently over the sea. Anon I heard the tinkling bells from the sheep-fold. Then, as if by magic, the last peal of the Angelus floated sweetly across the hills, and died away in the distance. After a time the master ceased to play, the reapers' songs were heard no more, and darkness fell upon the land. Majestically the moon came up behind the clouds, one by one the stars shone out from the vault of heaven. The

spectre shadows of the tombs fell across the silent cemetery. Far away upon the Catskill Mountains, I heard the Whippoorwill. Occasionally the owl came out, and flitted in the moon-light. Something seemed to tell me that I had found that which I sought. Slowly I turned away and left the p'ace of death softly, repeating that touching verse from the master-piece of Gray :

" Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculptures decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

M. J. R. '13.

CERTAIN TYPES OF BOYS.

In reference to my article on "Certain types of Boys" exception has been taken to certain observations on the French-Canadian type. The chief topics of complaint have been first, the brevity of my treatment of the French-Canadian as compared with that of the other types, secondly, my reference to the Darwinian Theory in connexion with the development of the French-Canadian boy, and thirdly, the apparent implication on my part that French-Canadians boys have pugilistic perfections nothing more.

Regarding the first ground of exception I should like to say that when writing the article I had the intention of treating the French-Canadian type by itself in a special article — at no distant date. Brevity of treatment might be attributed to various causes, for example, want of knowledge on the part of the investigator, or mysteriousness on the part of the object investigated. But I fail to see how the brevity per se can be considered to mean a reflexion upon the character of the French-Canadian type of boy.

Secondly, my allusion to the Darwinian theory can admit only of a favorable interpretation. That French boys descend from monkeys while the American and Irish-Canadian do not, has never been forced upon my mind by external evidence. Frequent contact with French-Canadian boys has not revealed the existence of those peculiar qualities that would alone justify such a presumption. {Agility of movement, and pulsation of life, in one word, la vivacité there may be, but these are qualities that pertain even to beings very high in the scale of creation. The only element of the Darwinian theory to which I referred was "developement," that upward tendency that shows itself throughout creation.

Thirdly, it has been objected that I impute to the French-Canadians only pugilistic perfections. I can only say that my description was not meant to be a psychological study — that I had reserved for another time — it was only a hasty impressionist sketch. My comparison was between the French-Canadian and the one or two French boys whom I have come across in English colleges. Comparing these types, I merely observed that the French-Canadian boy seems to have developed the use of his fists. It is well-known that the use of the fist is as old as the days of the Greeks and Romans, and, that wall pictures can still be seen of Egyption boys of the Thirteenth Dynasty engaging in fistic encounters. Naturally, there is nothing to prevent the French boy from inheriting this ancient tradition, and I was referring merely to stray types that I had come across in English colleges. My own impression is that, in fighting, the French-Canadian boy uses the organs of his body quite indiscriminately. And in so doing he is but showing his good sense. Why should the code of honor demand that a person may use fists only and not his feet? The main object in a fight is to make the antagonist the under-dog and any means suitable for this purpose can reasonably be employed. Perhaps, in this respect my ideas are un-English.

English and French have crossed swords so often that they cannot but have a mutual respect for each other's valour.

Concerning the intellectual and moral perfections of the French-Canadian type, I could not have entered upon this subject without transgressing my original intention. To have given small space to the description of the higher nature of the French-Canadian type would indeed have been insultingly out of proportion. I thought it therefore more becoming to give only a slight, vague, humoursome sketch, reserving the serious description for another occasion.

I should be sorry if an unjust impression were formed of my article. Some of my staunchest friends are among the French-Canadian students, and I have frequently and profitably availed myself of their services in musical and in the other intellectual lines of activity.

J. A. DEWE

The highest art in all kinds is that which conveys the most truth.—Ruskin.

Tobacco, Its Chemistry.



MOST of us, when we notice a young student contentedly smoking his consoling pipe and blowing dense clouds of tobacco smoke heavenward are very well aware that, the young gentleman is acquiring or has already acquired a noxious habit and a devotion to My Lady Nicotine, which habit and devotion will most certainly do him more harm than good.

But in reality how few know all the deleterious substance that tobacco contains. We are all aware that tobacco is in a certain way poisonous, and that by drawing the smoke into the throat and lungs harm is done. The vast majority claim that it is the poisonous substance known as nicotine causes all the harm, and this drug they also claim is present in the tobacco in large quantities. Both of which statements are rather erroneous. In urging proof they invite the smoker to blow a mouthful of smoke through a white cloth, for instance through his handkerchief. After the smoker has complied there appears on the linen a brownish yellow spot. They point to this spot and with a triumphant look say behold the nicotine. Indeed this trick of blowing tobacco smoke through a handkerchief is so ancient that it is almost in the category of the classics. As an experiment that test is a fraud. The stain we see is no more caused by nicotine than fruit juice. That brown stain is simply due to the condensation of tar that has just been distilled from the woody fibre of the tobacco. Also the brownish juice which collects in the stem and bowl of the pipe is found upon analysis to be a mixture of tar and water, and is not, as commonly supposed, a quantity of nicotine.

Concerning the quantity of nicotine and other poison that the user of the weed absorbs there are a great many fallacies current. The truth is that the quantity absorbed by the smoker is very small. Experiments have shown that from a hundred grains of tobacco leaf about two grains of poisonous substance may be drawn into the mouth. The poisons may be drawn into the mouth but is the quantity entirely absorbed? There are numerous agents which affect the percentage of poisons in the smoke, such as the rapidity of burning, the shape and length of the pipe, the material of the pipe, etc.

Nicotine the most widely known poison in tobacco is of itself an almost colorless alkaloid and is rather volatile, that is it escapes quickly into the air. This alkaloid we find present in rather large quantities in the leaves of the tobacco plant at maturity, but in the preparation of smoking tobacco the leaves are subjected to such a process of drying and curing that a large portion of the nicotine escapes into the air, leaving but a small percentage of the drug in the finished product. Whatever portion does remain is quickly volatilized by the heat of the fire in the bowl of the pipe and passes into the air. So for this reason it may be concluded that very little nicotine ever reaches the mouth of the smoker.

In proof that nicotine is not absorbed in any appreciable quantity we have but to consider the poisonous properties of the drug. Nicotine as a poison is scarcely inferior to prussic acid, as a single drop of it is sufficient to kill a dog. Its vapor is extremely irritating so much so, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where a single drop has been evaporated. Besides nicotine, there is also present in tobacco an empyreumatic oil which is poisonous and contains nicotine's chemical relatives the two volatile alkalies, pyridine and picoline. This oil is supposed to be the "juice of cursed hebeon" described as a distilment in Act I of Hamlet.

As yet it has not been conclusively shown by experiments in any of our laboratories of physiological research that any sensible amount of nicotine or the pyridine bases is absorbed into the system of the smoker. But some clinical reports by men well versed in the practice of medicine seem to indicate that occasionally the system does absorb some nicotine. This we must admit is quite probable, for even if unappreciable quantities are absorbed into the system from time to time, they certainly will in time by cumulative and concentrated effect work a certain amount of harm, if not serious damage to the system and health of the smoker.

Thus we see that the poison nicotine does not, as is commonly supposed, do a very great amount of harm or of injury, and that it will be necessary for us to analyze still farther in our search for the more active poisons.

We have but to light our cigar or pipe and presto these poisons appear. The mere fact of the tobacco burning creates two gases, with which most of us are at least familiar; they are carbon monoxide which is an active poison, and carbon dioxide which is not very

poisonous, but is extremely irritating when inhaled in any considerable quantity ; the amount of these gases given off is a very small volume of the first named, and a large volume of the latter.

Now, knowing that tobacco contains some poisons the question might very naturally arise ; how, and by what means do any or all of these poisons enter the system, and what effects have they on the system of the smoker? In the first place in regard to their entrance into the system we well know that they are very capable of being absorbed by the mucous membrane lining the mouth and throat ; but by far the greater portion of these poisons pass through the lungs of the person who inhales the smoke, and it is here in the lungs that the evils of tobacco first show, and also it is here in the lungs that the major portion if not indeed all the harm of smoking is done.

It is almost entirely to this inhaling of the smoke that the troubles arising from the use of tobacco are due. It is claimed that the burning paper of the cigarette is the cause of the harm done to the system, of the one who uses the weed in that particular form. This may be true, for in the combustion of the paper most naturally some gases are found, which are to a greater or lesser extent poisonous. But of all, the tar and carbon monoxide contained in the smoke are by far the most harmful and detrimental to the membranes of the throat and lungs, than any of the other poisonous substances contained in tobacco.

Besides the disease of the lungs caused by the constant irritation, the poisonous substances pass into the system, and gradually tend toward the physical degeneration of the smoker, who habitually inhales ; some medical authorities also claim that constant smoking causes a hardening of the arteries and angina pectoris.

There exists a rather popular belief that no germs can exist in tobacco, and that it is a rather good disinfectant. This idea is erroneous in such cases. In regard to the former, that there are no germs in tobacco, it has been found that occasionally besides having germs of its own, the tobacco has another crop of bacteria which the enterprising tobacconist has "sown on" in order to improve the flavour. Then again in regard to its merits as a disinfectant, it may act as such during the time that the smoke is passing into the smoker's mouth, but that tobacco smoking is of any benefit as a disinfecting agent is extremely doubtful.

EDW. L. GINNA, '13.

Laughter.



WHAT is laughter? It is something which we all see, which we all know, which we all do. Yet how many have given thought to the matter and conscientiously asked themselves: "Why do I laugh, and what is laughter?"

Doubtless if one were to attempt to answer the question, he would say: "I laugh because of joy, or because something is funny; and laughter is, — er, well I know it, but I cannot exactly say what it is." It would be perhaps difficult to give a real, scientific definition of that strange, intangible something called laughter. Doctor Overton, a celebrated physician of New York defines it as "a succession of short inspirations." But just why this succession of short inspirations and this puckering of the face should invariably and spontaneously follow upon the hearing or seeing of something funny, or upon the discharge of some pent-up emotion, is a difficult question to decide. It is one of the many wonders we find in the make-up of that ingenious piece of mechanism, man.

Laughter is peculiar to man. It is a God-given gift, a distinction, specific characteristic, a channel through which is discharged the burden of emotions peculiar to man. He alone among all animals has a reasoning intellect, and to this we can trace the cause of laughter. He alone by his superior endowments is able to perceive the sense of humor. Humor is that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas an incongruous or fantastic turn, which excites mirth. But in order to have these ideas in the first place, an intellect is necessary, for an idea as St. Thomas defines it is "a representation of something impressed in the mind." Thus we can reason out the relation of humor and laughter with the intellect, and we find that both are dependent upon it, and that if there were no intellect there would be no humor, and if there were no humor there would be no laughter. Laughter then is a sign of intelligence. But it is even more than this; it is a sign of the limit and imperfection of the human intellect, for we find out from Scriptural history that Christ, the most perfect man who ever lived, never once laughed during His entire life.

But you say now a dog laughs. A dog never laughs. He may be so trained as to twist his face through a number of various con-

tortions at the command of his master, but he never gives vent to a laugh. Will a dog laugh for joy, at seeing something funny, at hearing something ridiculous? Here is just where the difference lies between man's laughter and the dog's grin. The former is the act of a rational, soul-possessing being; the latter is an unintelligent, irrational effort, to be commanded by a master mind, just as the figure on the clock tells off the hours in its uncomprehending, brazen voice, when wound by the human hand.

The man who knows how to laugh at the right time, and in the right way is welcome everywhere. How we appreciate the man who can laugh at a joke, who does not grow sour and sullen when one is made at his expense. There is something attractive in the jolly man, as there is repulsive in the morose, sour-faced churl.

Laughter is like one of those instruments which may be put to varied uses, and unhappily, like them, often to perverse ones. It may be the instrument of sarcasm, ridicule, and opprobrium as well as of joy, humor and good-will.

The laugh is dependent upon the will, and this in turn, upon the knowledge received from the intellect, so that we may consider the different kinds, the different forms and modifications of laughter as resulting from the different light in which each individual intellect perceives an object. Thus there is something very expressive and individualistic in laughter. Each and every man has his own peculiar way of laughing, and we can pretty well judge his character from his laugh. There is the affected laugh, the effeminate act of an effeminate character, and there is the sneaking laugh which betrays the inward qualities which the possessor can at other times conceal. There is the loud, boisterous laugh which we hear so often, and the quiet, expressive laugh, which shows that beneath the exterior lies a world of power and force. There is the sarcastic laugh which so grates on the nerves, and the silly, meaningless laugh, which is so disgusting. There is the cold, forced laugh, the hearty, good-natured laugh, and a great many other varieties, all which express so clearly even to the unpracticed mind and eye the hidden traits and qualities of a man's character.

Yet is it not strange that this simple succession of short inspirations, this modification of the respiratory act, should be a sufficient criterion to judge a man's character? Nevertheless anyone who has given the question thought, must see the truth of it. Bismarck, the

great German statesman once said, when a gentleman was recommended to him for a certain office : " Let me hear him laugh first."

What a world of good a laugh can do ! It is essentially the weapon of the weak, it turns aside the poisoned arrows of sarcasm and ridicule, and before its approach sorrow and melancholy flee. The man who can laugh off ridicule and sarcasm possesses one of the most powerful and efficient weapons of self-defence. There is nothing which so exasperates, which so mortifies the attacker, as to have his taunts and irony met with a complacent smile, a short laugh. He is defeated at once, and he realizes it. But more than this, laughter has been the making of some men, and alas, the downfall of others. How many have risen to honor, position and wealth, merely by an opportune laugh, and how many have tumbled down to ruin, dishonor, and disgrace by an inopportune one ! I remember once hearing of an incident in the German court which well illustrated the power of a laugh. The Kaiser was regaling a number of courtiers with amusing stories. As he finished one of which he was particularly proud, and the listeners were all anxiously engaged in the effort to perceive the joke, one of the poorer courtiers suddenly startled the company by an uproariously loud peal of what was apparently laughter, and fell into hysterics. The poor man had sat on a tack of exceptional length placed in his chair by a malicious servant, and naturally became inclined toward the hysterical state. But the Kaiser never understood the real state of affairs ; he thought that the man acted as he did through a thorough appreciation of the joke, and the next week the courtier received the Order of the Blue Ribbon, and was made Lord Chamberlain in the Royal Household.

But the Goddess of Fortune has not been so kind to all hearty laughers. The Czar of Russia once caused a noble to be beheaded for an inopportune laugh, and one of the Henries of England, we are told, deposed the Lord Chancellor for laughing at him on an occasion when he fell into a tub of water.

Perhaps of still greater importance are the medical virtues of laughter. It has become a great factor in the cure of melancholy, nervousness, and indigestion, and the most eminent physicians in the world now endorse it, and recommend it instead of drugs to the nervous and irritable, to the troubled and tired-minded. " Laugh and grow fat " has become almost a maxim. People are beginning to realize the truth of it, and this fact accounts for the crowded

vaudeville theatres, and the great amount of light reading done nowadays. This is the age of material progress, the age of learned research and hard labor ; something is needed to rest the tired mind, to raise the drooping and dejected spirit, and no better remedy than laughter can be found, a good hearty laugh has an invigorating and a soothing effect, spreading its mysterious influence over both body and soul. One always feels better after a good laugh ; the mind is relieved of its strain, and a general feeling of relaxation and ease follows.

Besides its power for working good and evil, laughter sometimes displays very mischievous propensities. It will assert itself at the most embarrassing time, and in the most unheard of places. It will not be hidden or suppressed, but must out and show itself. Everyone knows how difficult it is to suppress a laugh in Church. Something which would not at all seem funny outside becomes the very essence of comicality, and we must laugh. One would be almost inclined to believe that there is some truth in the story so often told to children, that the laugh is transformed into a little devil which tempts to distraction.

Considered altogether, laughter is a very peculiar thing. It is as elusive as Proteus, a something incomprehensible, like the curious being in the old riddle, which, though we possess it, though we use it, though we see it every day and every minute, yet we really do not know what it is. But this we do know, that it is peculiar to man, and that it is a natural gift, a distinctive, specific characteristic which accentuates man's difference from and superiority over other animals. It may truly be called the music of the soul, and as the different tones, the different timbres of musical sounds depend upon the nature and construction of the instrument, so is the character and quality of the laugh dependent upon the nature and condition of the soul.

J. C. CONNAGHAN, '09.

Human Art can only flourish when its dew is Affection ; its air, Devotion ; the rock of its roots, Patience ; and its sunshine, God.
—Ruskin.

Lecture and Concert.



THE most pleasant evening that has been held in Ottawa College for many a day was that one held in the lecture hall Thursday, March 29th. Notice was posted early in the day of a lecture to be given by Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse on his trip to Labrador, to witness the eclipse of the sun. His lectures are always very interesting and this one, in particular was beyond the ordinary. This was of course the main feature of the evening. He had a fine set of views taken on the trip and which were highly appreciated. The evening was in two parts. A duet by Rev. J. A. Dewe and Mr. Derosiers; a Solo and Chorus which made a hit, and Father Lajeunesse's lecture comprised the first part.

The second part was a sort of College night, and one which won't be forgotten for a while.

Mr. Phil. Harris sang "O'Brien" with success, marked by three encores. Mr. Wm. Summers kept the assembly in good spirits with funny songs as can be sung only by himself. Then came the unexpected. Fifteen students sang the Chorus and kept step time to Mr. Summers's Solo, "Girls." This brought an outburst of applause and as the chorus was taken up again, in ran two dainty soubrettes as sweet as ever trod over the hard floor of the lecture room. The audience was somewhat amazed. The two came in quickly and unexpectedly making love to two Chorus men, took the audience by surprise. "Who are those bold girls" inquired one and to his extreme delight he was informed they were no other than two of the football players, whose make up, save their physiognomy, made them charming members of the weaker sex. They made a decided hit, and after dancing with all the grace and beauty of those most proficient in the art, retired, calling for applause such as has never been heard before in the hall.

Father Lajeunesse then amused the audience, by throwing about fifty views of past football teams; past scenes and pictures of the "Old College" and groups of all descriptions on the Canvas, to the pleasure of all present. More songs and chorus were in order, than a vote of thanks was moved to the lecturer.

Hardly had the audience risen when the strains of a band were

heard. Something funny was on so all remained a moment. The sound of a drum, tambourine, and trombone were now very distinct as the "Army" marched along the hall. The O.U.S.A. was out. They entered the large Hall led by Corp. Hackett, bearing the flag of welcome. They were a funny looking bunch. Clad in red coats and pill box caps, wearing holy looks and singing in parts, they presented a very laughable spectacle. The meeting was opened. They all sang and each one told how he saw the light and gave a short story of his life. They were dead in earnest and looked the part. The grand finale came, after Capt. Bawlf had informed the listening sinners that if they would only follow him and his earnest yet foolish looking band, they would go home covered with mud and glory. He entreated his audience in French and immediately brother Guindon arose and entered the fold. What he didn't say wasn't worth saying. "You bet" he told them as he alone can. He was made a soldier there and then, and proceeded between the two Commodores Ryan and "Dakoti Jim" with army back to the hall, after a good outing.

Indeed the evening was a funny one, a laughable one and one that was appreciated by all. The unexpected was always the next number, and it is to be hoped Father Stanton will soon have another such night, as this one, as it was highly appreciated by all.

Good painting, like nature's own work, is infinite, and unreduceable.—Ruskin.

Never if you can help it, miss seeing the sunset and the dawn.
—Ruskin.

War Considered in its Moral Bearings.

IT may be interesting at the present time, when there are rumors of threatening international conflicts in which America and a large portion of Europe might be involved, to briefly consider war in its moral bearings. Our reading of opinions and views on war, taken from some of the recent leading secular journals would lead us to believe that the true moral aspect of the subject never appealed to the minds of the writers. About the only motive prompting them to discourage war is a national selfishness, or rather jealousy lest the power of any nation other than their own should increase. They seem to ignore the fundamental reason against war, namely, that all nations, including the smaller ones over which the greater frequently quarrel, have rights, and that these rights like those of individuals are inviolable.

No man is permitted to take away from another what justly belongs to him. Much less is he allowed to use violence in doing so. A nation is bound to preserve the same regard for the rights of another nation, as citizen for those of another citizen. Both are amenable to the law of God. When one person maltreats another the law of the land comes to the aid of the latter; but where a mighty nation violates the rights of a smaller one, very seldom can human law reach the offender. It may so happen that a person, guilty of injuring another, will escape the penalty of the law of man. We are quite sure however that Divine justice will overtake him. And we are equally certain that, if one nation waxes strong upon the robbery and plunder of another's domain, the wrongs and injustice committed will be avenged by the Supreme Law-maker and Judge upon each and every individual who contributes in any way, as abettor or accomplice to the deeds.

We here speak of retribution upon the individual. For, it is not the nation as a whole that will be called to account before God. Society it is true must answer here below for the wrong-doings of her erring members, upon those outside. Justice demands that reparation be made by the whole body for damages done by a part, whether it is the greater or lesser. But whatever evil may be done does not redound to the guilt of each individual in the society. They

alone are culpable, who have consented to, encouraged, or participated in the injustice, and they alone will be held responsible before the Heavenly Tribunal.

Thus, for the individual, the engaging in war is not altogether a question of patriotic sentiment, but rather one of conscience. A call to arms by those in authority, by no means justifies a mad rush to enlist in a fighting regiment. The rulers and governments which commence hostilities do not determine the morality of the undertaking. The lawfulness of the war upon which they are entering does not depend on their decision. It is based on laws which far transcend any of those framed by men. The war is good or bad quite independently of their wills. Therefore each man, however eager he may be to fight for his country, must first examine, whether or not the cause on his country's part is just. If it is unjust, and he nevertheless enters the fray, then he becomes guilty of murder in the first degree of every victim that falls before his musket or bayonet. No love of his native land, no patriotism, no frenzy for national glory will excuse him, when he is called before the bar of Divine justice. On the other hand if the war is entered upon by a nation in self defence, or to protect a weaker one from oppression, then it is just, and any one may lawfully take up arms.

To show the application of these principles, we will take concrete examples. Canada affords an excellent subject for illustration. There are three ways in which Canada might become involved in an unjust war. The first is by rebellion against British supremacy; the second, by lending assistance to any nation so engaged Great Britain not excluded; the third, by undertaking such a war on her own account. As to the latter, we do not think there is any immediate danger. The former two, however, are not beyond the regions of possibilities. What would be the moral responsibility incurred by Canadians rising in rebellion? We Canadians are, and not without good reason proud of our Dominion. We are practically independent. We are free to work out our own destiny. Yet, although autonomous, we owe allegiance to the British Crown. We are bound on principles of Divine and natural law to recognize Great Britain's ruler as being in the place of highest authority over these domains. Our chief reason for so doing, is as every Catholic school-boy knows, that the power of constituted authority comes from God (cf. Butler's Catechism, Page 58); we must therefore be

loyal on principle. We could never licitly resort to arms to declare independence of Britain, unless as a means of defence against tyrannical oppression. As we are bound to be loyal to England, at the same time we could not enter with her into any war of conquest. Nor would it be a mark of disloyalty if we refused her assistance in such a case. The law of God in all cases demand our first attention and obedience.

Passing beyond our borders we may consider the just attitude which others should bear towards us. We have reasons for doing so. The old question of annexation to the States, from time to time looms up in certain quarters. Canadians as a rule decry such a proposition. We do not think our condition would be improved by becoming a portion of the Great Republic to the south of us. The United States could not justly force upon us any conditions which we were not prepared to receive. If then an attempt on their part was made to wrest Canada from her present moorings, to upset all our present systems of government, and to annihilate our young but vigorous nationality, every Canadian would be justified in taking up arms to defend his rights against the aggressors. On the other hand not a single individual in the American Republic could justly take part directly or indirectly in the conquest of Canada. No Catholic priest could conscientiously grant absolution to an American penitent who was about to encourage or participate in such an enterprise.

We confess that the question we are treating, is by no means a new one. The principles we have enunciated one would think, were familiar to all. We might almost feel tempted to apologize to intelligent readers for calling their attention to them. Yet it seems that there exists a culpable ignorance, of the fundamental principles of international justice and rights, on the part of many editors of journals, which are the chief directors of public opinion. We think that, if less space were given towards counselling retaliation by their own governments, and more to the setting forth of these principles, much might be done towards securing peace, the world over. We believe nations like individuals are not altogether opposed to good advice.

A little such advice based on sound reason, given by responsible journals to governments of other countries than their own, might do much to allay the jealousy and avarice of nations.

G. W. '09.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., APRIL, 1909.

No. 7

IS HIGHER EDUCATION DANGEROUS ?

We are forced to the reluctant conclusion that some of it, as provided in the modern American University, undoubtedly is. A writer in the May number of the "Cosmopolitan" has produced startling revelations regarding the philosophic, sociological and religious teachings in the principal universities of the United States. He has taken special courses, or been present at lectures as a visitor, or interviewed members of the faculty or consulted the printed records of what is taught in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, George Washington, Chicago, Columbia, Syracuse, California, New York, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Cornell, Brown and Leland Stanford. What has he discovered? That in hundreds of class-rooms the future leaders of the nation, both men and women, are being daily taught these revolutionary doctrines:—the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; the home as an institution is doomed; immorality is merely an act in contraven-

tion of society's accepted standards; the change from one religion to another is like getting a new hat; moral precepts are passing shibboleths; conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles of dress; wide stairways are open between social levels, but to the climber children are encumbrances; the sole effect of prolificacy is to fill tiny graves; there can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than with it. Olympus and Mount Sinai are twin peaks beautiful but not made sacred by mythology. There are no God-established covenants—what happens at elections is more important than what took place in Palestine; those who defy the moral code do not offend any deity but simply arouse the venom of the majority that has not yet grasped the new idea; Theology is breaking down; conscience is a false guide and there are no abiding standards of right and wrong. These, we are told by the author, are the doctrines commonly taught by leading professors in the great Universities, and he quotes their own words as proof of his assertions. What a startling state of affairs, when we consider that there are in the States 493 institutions of higher education in which 229,000 students receive instruction from 21,000 professors! If this scientific godlessness is, as we are told, the tendency of modern education, may we not justly fear that it is creeping into the Universities of Canada? Signs are not wanting that such indeed is the case. What then must be the feelings of all truly Christian, and especially Catholic, parents, when they reflect that students in at least some of our own great Universities may freely absorb what society condemns as tainted ethics unless the professor, seeking publicity or inexpert in dodging it, arouses the wrath of the community. As far as Catholics are concerned, the remedy is obvious, though, in sooth, very difficult of realization.

MARION CRAWFORD.

We wish to offer our humble tribute at the grave of the charming novelist, whose death has robbed literature of one of its most brilliant writers. Marion Crawford, though born in Italy, was of American parentage and English education. He knew and loved Italy better than any foreign writer of that time, and he has made her history, her scenery, her people known and appreciated throughout the English-speaking world, in such beautiful books as

"Corleone," "The Heart of Rome," "Saracinesca," and "Ave Roma Immortalis," some of which no doubt will occupy a permanent place among the great books of the XIX. Century. The world of letters, and especially of Catholic writers, is poorer by his death. May his sweet spirit rest in peace.

Exchanges.

"Science is probably the most important subject on the college curriculum of to-day," states the editorial column of the *Okanagan Lyceum* for March. That the study of science is important and urgent cannot be gainsaid, yet we take the liberty of differing with our esteemed contemporary as to whether this branch of knowledge should be the paramount consideration in college circles. We prefer the more tolerant view of Newman, "What an empire is in political history, such is a University in the sphere of philosophy and research. It acts as umpire between truth and truth, and taking into account the nature and importance of each, assigns to all their due order of precedence. It maintains no one department of thought exclusively, however ample and noble; and it sacrifices none. It is deferential and loyal, according to their respective weight, to the claims of literature, of physical research, of history, of metaphysics, of theological science. It is impartial towards them all, and promotes each in its own place and for its own object."

The pages of the same number are well stocked with reading matter as wholesome and refreshing as the air of the Rockies. In "A Toast to the West," the writer has struck a very inspiring tone. It is quite evident that the atmosphere of their beautiful valley is being reflected in the literary work of the students. We hope to see more of this spirited journal from the West.

The *Victorian* contains four essays well worth reading, upon the portrayals of Satan drawn by the great epic poets. The authors differ in their appreciations of the pictures of his Satanic majesty; but upon one point they are all agreed: that the genius of Dante was greater than that of either Milton or Tasso. The *Victorian* also contains a number of excellent poems.

"As usual, 'The University of Ottawa Review' was read with pleasure. We term this magazine, and no doubt correctly so,

an ideal college paper. The writings are always of a highly educational nature, and usually whoever reads the 'Review' concludes a wiser reader. Exchanges of this nature are always most gratefully received and gladly read. Good food for the mind and no silly trash which is as insulting as it is offensive to the intellect, should always be the contents of a college literary magazine." — "The Schoolman."

A man never grows so old or so wise, but that he can learn goodness from his mother.

—"Abbey Student."

Man's words to man are often flat;
 Man's words to woman flatter;
 Two men may often stand and chat;
 Two women stand and chatter.

—Ex.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: "Trinity University Review," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Columbiad," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "The University Monthly," "College Mercury," "Vox Lycei," "The Martlet," "Georgetown College Journal," "Victorian," "The Comet," "Okanagan Lyceum," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "The Argosy," "Vox Collegii," "Xavier," "The Mirror," "Echoes from St. Ann's," "The Laurel," "The Academic Herald," "Vox Wesleyana," "Villa Shield," "Agnesian Monthly," "College Spokesman," "Laurel," "Manitoba College Journal," "Pharos," "S. V.C. Index," "Patrician," "Echoes from Pines," "Fordham Monthly," "Holy Cross Purple," "Niagara Rainbow."

Books and Reviews.



HE reviews become more or less attractive as the subjects treated in them are timely and interesting or stale and insipid. Judging them on this basis it might be said that they were well worth the reading last month. The topics were, indeed, very lively ones.

The March number of the Contemporary Review contained some very good articles. "The Young Generation in Germany." was handled with much ability by one who had spent years in the country

and had ample opportunity to study progress there. The writer states that the youth in the Universities in Germany receive a good grounding in English and French. He notes that the wealthy young men are gradually adopting the style of Englishmen in dress and manners; also that the Germans were growing in that spirit of independence so characteristic of Englishmen which would form a strong combination with the German soberness and steadfastness.

In the *Empire Review*, a writer with an evident grasp of the question wrote at length upon the advisability of uniting all the South African possessions of Britain into one Dominion. According to him it would seem better to form a confederation and still keep the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Cape Colony partly distinct as the populations differed so very much in language and otherwise.

In the *Fortnightly Review* we find a short history of the Russian police. This body is practically a small army. Its objects are various. The police are feared by those who look to them for protection or, at least, who should naturally do so. They keep under surveillance not only the persons within the Czar's dominions but also many in other countries. The revolutionaries have spies on the police forces and they, in return, find those who are willing to play false to the Anarchists. The most regrettable thing in all Russia is the corruption of the police. They are a menace to the citizens instead of being a security and far from offering that freedom to liberal ideas, which is offered here, they repress by brute force everything that speaks for freedom of the press, or of action, or of speech.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Rosary Magazine* for April, Mary E. Mannix writes an excellent article on the life of Pere Didon, O.P., the famous Dominican priest of Paris. With fearless eloquence, he preached the Gospel of truth, and suffered many trials and crosses in his heroic efforts to convert the misguided youth of his country. He was a living example of the truth and force of his own convictions, the embodiment of humility, patience and obedience.

The "Turn of the Road," by Viola Cloud, in the same maga-

zine, is an interesting little story of the losses and good fortune of a good-natured young Englishman.

The Rosary is also valuable for two contributions, *The Passion and Death of Our Lord*, by H. M. Beadle, and *Don Bosco and His Works*, by James M. McDonald. In the first, the author relates in plain, forcible and concise style, the sad and pathetic story of Way of the Cross, quoting and commenting on the Gospels of the Evangelists. In the last named article, the author gives a summary of the life of the founder of the Salesian Congregation, and his heroic efforts in the education of destitute youth.

The Canadian Messenger upholds its reputation as one of the best Catholic periodicals. H. J. James in a short article tells the story of Blessed Clement Hofbauer, the holy German Redemptorist. The article sets forth to good advantage the life of this blessed priest. The "Notes on Moral Training" are particularly good and worth reading. Pius X. and Japan, in the same magazine, tells of the Holy Father's interest in the Christianizing of Japan, and of the efforts of Catholic missionaries in that country.

The Educational Review for April discusses a number of live and interesting questions on education, and contains current news of schools and colleges in the Maritime Provinces.

In the May Court Club Magazine for February we find a very interesting article on the progress of the Woman Suffrage Movement in Great Britain. The writer shows what the aim of this movement, and in a concise and logical manner puts forth the main arguments for and against Woman Suffrage. Then he goes on to say that as woman is the companion of man she must be instructed in public affairs and have a voice in the government.

In the same magazine there is also a short but extremely interesting description of the inhabitants of Arabia. It takes as an example a nomadic tribe called the Bedouins, whose religion is Mohammedanism, and whose life is still one of primitive simplicity.

Lascelles in this same magazine gives us an idea of the Domestic Architecture of England, from the year of the Norman conquest till the reign of Victoria. He divides it into five periods: the Age of Castles, the Tudor Style, the Elizabethan Style, the Renaissance Style, and the Victorian Style. These periods are well described, the writer giving reasons how it was that such a style existed during a certain period and in what each was faulty.

Several other articles very instructive and interesting are contained in this Review, which want of space will not permit to mention.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Fathers J. Harrington, '05, and W. Dooner, '05, paid a visit to the College this month. Their call was no doubt greatly appreciated by the students from "Up-the-Creek."

The Review is glad to see Rev. Father Quilty, who recently went under an operation for appendicition, out once more. His visit to Alma Mater with Rev. Fathers Harrington and Dooner was likewise enjoyed by the students.

Among the talent who took part in the recent Conservatory of Music Concert appears the name of Mr. Gus Lamothe. Mr. Lamothe was a member of the College orchestra two years ago.

At the recent lecture given to the student body by Rev. Father Lajeunesse, Mr. Somers, an old time student, contributed to the musical programme with a number of song hits. It need not be said that they were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The success of the concert held recently in Maniwaki in aid of the church there is in no small part due to two of our old students, Mr. J. Fahey and Mr. P. Connolly, who kindly lent their assistance.

Hon. Chas. J. Doherty, of Montreal, who in 1895 had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by the University, was to have delivered a lecture before St. Patrick's Literary Society recently, but owing to pressure of business at the House he was unable to speak on his subject, and his place was filled by Dr. J. K. Foran. However, the hon. gentleman attended and greeted the audience with a short but brilliant address.

Rev. Father McCauley, '90, of Osgoode, is to be congratulated upon the success he is meeting with since he established military drill in the schools under his jurisdiction over a year ago. The Ottawa Free Press spoke very highly of the work of the Rev. gentleman in its columns a few days ago.

Obituary.

On Friday morning, April 2, there occurred at the home of his father at North Sydney, the death of Rev. David Vincent Phalen, for the past nine years editor of "The Casket." The deceased priest was born in North Sydney on Nov. 23, 1866. Upon the completion of his primary education, he came to Ottawa University in 1884, and under the guiding influence of his Alma Mater he diligently prepared himself for the priesthood and his future journalistic career.

As a priest Father Phalen was characterized by a devotedness and enlightened zeal, which made him dear to those souls for which he labored. As a journalist he won the highest esteem of his colleagues, and his practical and striking contributions in matters of Catholic interest are a force which have left their impress on current thought. The deceased first exercised his talent as a litterateur in the pages of the Ottawa University Review, of which he was one of the founders. Perhaps it was not known to many that Father Phelan, in the discharge of his duties, was in the hands of that dread disease, pulmonary tuberculosis, and his zeal and industry in sticking to his post of duty for a period of ten years under such trying conditions should be an example to us all. By his death has been caused a vacancy in the ranks of Catholic journalism, which will be hard to fill, but it is our wish that ere long there will be raised up another Father Phelan to continue the noble work.

To the bereaved members of the family we extend our sincerest sympathy.

On the 6th of April there took place in Saint Hyacinthe the death of Donat Blanchette, at the age of twenty-one years. The deceased was a student at the Seminary of Saint Hyacinthe, and in former years attended the University here.

We sympathize sincerely with the family of Mr. Blanchette in their sad bereavement.

Rev. Father Hugh J. Canning, '93, of Toronto, recently suffered a loss by the death of his mother. To Father Canning the Review, on behalf of the student body, offers its sincere sympathy.

R. I. P.

Personals.

Mgr. Sbarette celebrated pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral in Toronto on Easter Sunday.

Archbishop Webber of Germany, who is studying social conditions in America, in company with his secretary, paid the University a visit while in the city.

His Grace Archbishop Dontenwill, Superior General of the Order, has received the titular see of Ptolemais in Syria.

Hon. N. A. Belcourt, who in a recent fall from his horse dislocated his arm, is about town again.

Father Gervais, O.M.I., whom we still consider one of ourselves, as he was so long in the faculty, has received the appointment of Superior in Maniwaki.

Rev. Father Nilles, who has been sick in the Water Street Hospital, is much better.

Father Lajeunesse gave the boys a very instructive lecture on his trip to Labrador; and the illustrations thrown on the canvas enabled all to follow and appreciate many strange geological aspects. After the lecture the Science Hall was taken over by the Glee Club, in whose entertainment many rare traits of genius were apparent.

The sermons in St. Joseph's Church for Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday were preached respectively by Rev. Dr. Sherry, Rev. Father Kelly, and Rev. Father Fallon.

Father Stephen Murphy, O.M.I., and Father Quilty, who have been both lately operated on for appendicitis, are rapidly recovering.

Among those of our priests who left the city for Easter are: Rev. P. Hammersly, Rev. L. Binet, Rev. J. McGuire and Rev. Thos. Murphy.

At the Annual Prize Debate to be held in St. Patrick's Hall on Friday night, Co-education is to be discussed. The speakers favoring it are Messrs. F. O. Linke and W. Grace; those opposing are J. C. Connaghan and J. Brennan. The Hon. Judge Gunn, Dr. White, and Mr. E. B. Devlin, M.P., have kindly consented to act as judges.

Mr. Phil Harris went to Maniwaki with the Ottawa Hibernian Sextette and made quite a reputation by his character sketches.

It is rumored that Messrs. Deahy and Linke had an exciting encounter with the goat last week in the Ottawa Council of the K. of C.

L. H. Lamothe, who was a business manager of the Review since September last, has gone with the party sent by the Indian Department to the Peace River District on a tour of inspection.

The result of the elections to the Athletic Association held on the Wednesday following Easter Monday, shows M. O'Gara President; C. Gauthier, First Vice-President; E. Courtois, Second Vice-President; W. Breen, Treasurer; O. Linke, Corresponding Secretary; A. Flemming, Recording Secretary; S. Quilty and S. Coupal, Councillors. The only office contested was that of Corresponding Secretary.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

The Intermural Hockey League, which furnished so much amusement and excitement throughout the winter months, was badly handicapped near the end of the winter by poor ice. However, this did not stop the progress of the League, although it kept some of the "green men" from making a "rep," and the old stars from covering themselves with glory.

As the league drew to a close, the games were more and more hotly contested, rivalry was intense, and "ruling off" became very frequent.

Some of the men developed great speed and clever stick-handling in a surprising degree, becoming better and better as the season progressed. The last two games, which were practically to decide the championship, were fast and furious, despite the heavy condition of the ice.

The League resulted in a tie between the three fast teams captained by Smith, Corkery and Fleming. As no ice could be secured and prospects were exceptionally poor for there being any more, it was agreed that the captains, thus tied, should draw to see who would be the proud possessor of that hard fought for and much coveted trophy. Corkery was the lucky man and was awarded the championship.

INTERMEDIATE BASEBALL.

The good old Springtime is here at last and everyone is busy getting his wing in condition. Already an Intermural League has been organized for the benefit of those not aspirants to senior honors.

The League is in charge of Rev. Fr. Finnegan, an authority on baseball, and its success is a foregone conclusion. He has drawn up an excellent schedule, and the games promise to be more than interesting as the teams are very evenly matched.

The teams are captained by such renowned players as Hackett, who, by the way, is a "coming sprinter"; "Jerry" Harrington, that famous southpaw; J. C. Connaghan, "Dakoty Jim," and Art Lamarche, who says that any of his men are better than he is himself. Romeo Guindon is also a captain, but Romeo says he can't possibly devote all his time and attention to his team as he has to keep up his "high standard" in the "spring" meet.

Judging from form so far shown a representative from Buffalo has it on the other pitchers "for fair." It is rumored that the coach has his eye on him and is going to bring him into fast company. Stay with it, Petite.

Up to the present the league has but one small fault and that is the utter ignorance of any of the acting umpires, even in the rudimentary rules of the game. "Pete" Conway, seeming quite uninterested, went out to pose for the second story window across the street. Who called that a strike?—the umpire. Deahy was awful in his decisions on bases, and Smith seemed to be on the field for no other purpose than to create excitement and he succeeded. Captains, get good umpires and save argument.

BASEBALL.

Though the season is very backward, the ball tossers, over anxious to be at it, have turned out in full form. Coach Rev. Fr. Stanton has the team in charge, and while he admits they do not look as promising as last year's aggregation, nevertheless he expects to be able to develop them into a better bunch of ball players. He says they are not "know-it-alls," and that that's a good sign. We're out to win.

E. H. McCarthy, who captained the team to the championship of the City League last year, has been re-elected captain for the coming season. With "Mac" as a leader, and a little co-operation on the part of the team mates, the championship ought to

come easily. J. P. Corkery, a ball player of some repute, has been elected manager. He has been successful in arranging several games with out of town teams.

To say at this early date who will play the positions would be an impossibility. All we can venture from here is the battery, and that looks like Conway and Linke.

League games are already on our hands, and an important exhibition game with the crack St. Michael's team from the State of Vermont. We hope to be able to give the Green Mountain aggregation a hot contest. They are a good bunch of ball players, and if we win from them our place in the City League is pretty sure.

A few warm days to loosen up the whip and get out the spring kink and the team will be ready for the fray.

HANDBALL.

Never, in years, has Handball been such a popular sport in the University. Everyone in the house, priests and students alike, is deeply interested in it, and every day, during all recreations, the alley is crowded with interested spectators.

The credit of the work of revival is due to Rev. Bro. Bertrand, who together with Pres. Couillard, acting in the interests of all, has formed a league, consisting of twenty of our teams. The league is divided into two sections, A. and B., which play games alternately. A set of rules has been adopted by the league which cover all difficulties which might arise. A referee is appointed for each game by the director, Rev. Bro. Bertrand, who himself is present at nearly every game to settle any minor disputes which might possibly arise.

A large number of excellent players has been developed and it affords a great source of amusement to watch the games. The teams are exceptionally well balanced, and the keenest interest is manifested. About twenty-five games have been played thus far, and it would be indeed a difficult proposition to pick the winning team.

We are look forward to a most exciting and hotly contested termination of the league.

TRACK TEAM.

On Saturday, April 17th, about twenty-five aspirants to positions on the track team turned out in response to the call for can-

didates by Coach Rev. W. J. Stanton, and they are every day practicing faithfully for the big meet on the 24th. The number will probably be reduced considerably, so that special time and attention may be given to the more promising candidates; however, the entry list is so extensive that all may find themselves fitted for some event.

We have lost a number of excellent men of last year's team, but we still have a number of representative men who did wonderful work for us, such as Capt. Nick Bawlf, Mgr. Smith, Guindon, Corkery, Harrington and others, and our prospects are exceptionally bright for the coming event.

On account of the inclemency of the weather lately, Rev. Fr. Stanton has deemed it advisable to keep the sprinters off the outdoor track. The long-distance men, however, are working faithfully every night. A number were sent to represent the University in a Harrier meet last Saturday, and made a very creditable showing. Much of the team's success will be dependent upon the work done by the participants in the coming weeks, so we trust that each will do his utmost.

The committee of management in charge of the meet reported very favorably at the last meeting. Each committeeman finds that he has his hands full, and that the handling of a Dominion championship meet is no boy's play. However, organization, thanks to Rev. Fr. Stanton, was begun early, and we have every reason to believe that the meet will be a greater success even than that one of two years ago.

VICTORIA DAY SPORTS.

The Canadian Championship meet which is being held at Varsity Oval on Victoria Day, under the auspices of the O.U.A.A. is the talk of the town.

It is a big thing and all big things of their nature require much work. Although a great amount of work is being done the burden is very much lightened, because it is being done systematically. Rev. Father Stanton O.M.I. has organized the Meet in the way it should be organized. There are several Committees who look after and report upon the work that has been allotted to them. They are:

Trophy	Committee	E.H. McCarthy, Chairman.	
Programme	"	N. Bawlf	"
Correspondence	"	A. Fleming	"
Advertising	"	F. Corkery	"
Property	"	M. Deahy	"
Reception	"	A. Couillard	"
Grounds	"	C. Gauthier	"

Rev. W. Stanton is general supervisor and the results so far are extremely gratifying.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the O.U.A.A. was held April 18th in the Lecture Hall, all the members being present. Mr. N. Bawlf the retiring President was in the chair and after calling the meeting to order and presenting two amendments to the constitution which were adopted, called on the secretary to read his report. This being over, the Treasurer, Mr. Harris, read his annual statement which showed a good balance on the Credit side, although not so large as the one he had last year. The reports were accepted. The next business in order was the election of officers for the ensuing term, as five of those who had served their Alma Mater so faithfully and so commendably for two years were leaving in June. The Elections were carried out with exceptionally good feeling and the nominees were elected unanimously, it being the opinion of all that the men nominated were the only ones for the positions; with but one exception that of Mr. Linke who was put in, after a close ballot by a small majority over Mr. Oneill. The New Executive reads as follows;

President, M. O'Gara; Vice-Pres., C. Gauthier and A. Courtois; Treasurer, W. Breen; Cor. Sec., F. Linke; Rec. Sec., A. Fleming; Councillors, S. Quilty and S. Coupal.

A vote of thanks was unanimously given to the retiring executive.

Father Stanton, the Director of the Association, spoke at length, and his advice was received with applause.

Mr. N. Bawlf, the retiring President, spoke briefly and to the point. His advice to the members of the Association was that they should in all their dealings and games bear the motto of the Association in mind "Ubi Concordia ibi victoria" and success and good fellowship would be theirs.

Mr. E. H. McCarthy ex Vice-Pres., who arose from the councilorship to the Presidency of the O.U.A.A. two years before and later to the Presidency of the C. I. R. F. U., was the next speaker. He said he was glad to have been able to do something, little as it was for the Association, and would always look back with pleasure to the days when he was a servant of the O.U.A.A. After Messrs. Harris, the ex Treasurer, Deahy, Corkery and Couillard had been heard from, the new President Mr. O'Gara addressed the meeting. He spoke in his usual fluent style, thanking all for the confidence they placed in him by making him President of the Association, and gave assurance that he would spare no efforts to keep the Association in its present high position. After Mr. O'Gara's excellent speech the meeting was adjourned. Mr. O'Gara is a splendid student possessed of a wonderful amount of business ability and will certainly make an excellent President.

As Treasurer, really the next office of importance, a better man

could not possibly have been chosen. He has had ample experience in money matters and is without a doubt the man for the office.

Track and field sports, so long, dormant pastimes, in Canada, have been awakened and are making a marked advancement towards the position they should occupy in the realm of sport. They are the most honest and upright pastimes. They are true tests of speed strength and skill. They are tests of man as man. They are above all the most beneficial of pastimes and after all, this is the primary object of any sport. Besides being beneficial they are amusing and exciting.

In European countries and in the United States they receive a patronage such as they should command. Particularly in the United States do they hold a position almost on a par with the national game of baseball. As a result the Athletes from across the line are about the finest body of young men in the world today and who by the way won the Championship of the world last year over in London, at the Olympic games.

This awakening of athletics in Ottawa was brought about by our own Alma Mater, two years ago and instrumentally by Father Stanton, who at the time stood alone, as regards the holding of a track and field day. The sports which were held on Victoria Day, were a grand success. Last year on account of the late arrival of spring, and other good reasons the meet was cancelled. But this year, Victoria Day will go down into our history. The C.A.A.U. Spring Championship will be run off at Varsity Oval under our auspices. Ottawa University won the Championship cup two years ago, and this year she will make even more strenuous attempts to win greater honor. The meet two years ago was only a local one, this year it is a Canadian Championship Meet and Athletes will be here from all parts. Already numerous entries have been received and from present indications the meet will be one of the largest of its kind ever held in Ottawa.

The Irish Canadians will be strongly represented. The Y. M. C. A. have a fine lot of men, several of whom represented Canada at the Olympic games in London last year. The M.A.A.A. are coming strong. The O.A.A.C. have also a fine squad. These men are coming to carry off the honors, if they can. As yet O. U. has no world beaters in its squad. Nevertheless, it possesses a sturdy

and likely looking lot of candidates, who if they enter the games with the spirit and good will that they should, will make the others look to their laurels. A person never knows what he can do till he tries. Because he can't run a 100yds in ten seconds it doesn't follow that he can't run 440 or 880 in good time and perhaps a little better than some one else. He may be able to jump, he never knows till he tries, and it is his duty to get out and try.

There is one thing he can do and that is be a supporter. Be a "booster" not a "knocker," and you will aid in making the meet a success and advancing the Standard of O. U. and athletics.

Each and every one can be of some little assistance, and if he does his share of the work well, he will be in a position to feel proud that he has done something, should the meet be the success it is expected to be.

Those taking an active part in the sports should endeavor to be in the finest condition by May 24th. Its hard to train faithfully, but faithful training means success. There is no reason why O. U. should not be the most dangerous contender for the Cup emblematic of the Championship. O.U. can win it as well as anything else. O. U. has won the football Championship of Canada over and over again, it has won the handball Championship of Canada. It has won the intercollegiate debating championship, why not win the C.A.A.U. Spring Championship Meet. It can be done, if you say so. Train hard and faithfully, for hard and consistent training mean success.

Of Local Interest

JOE BR-N-N'S SOLILOQUY.

(As written by himself.)

For twelve long months we linger o'er
Our school books trying to learn some more:
We study morning, night and noon,
Preparing for the Ides of June.

Student in Philosophy (having just received a ray of inspiration): "Then there is no *essential* difference between a man and a corpse?"

Found—A curry comb in the back yard. Owner may have same by paying charges of this advertisement.

O'B-i-n: I'm hungry.

L-a-y: See the baker L-nke. He carries a biscuit around with him.

O'G-r-an: A fortification is a big fort, but what is a ratification?

B-e-n: A big rat, I guess.

Seventy-one and one-half, Mr. Nickle.

I held a little hand last night,
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart should surely break
So wildly did it beat.
And never again unto my heart
Can greater solace bring
Than the little hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

— Ex.

SOMNUS: A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Scene I.—Study Hall. Time—Evening study period.

Dramatis Personae C-sick and a desk.

First Scene (Business of nodding his head by C-sick.)

Second Scene—Departure of students for dormitory. (Business of sleeping by C-sick.)

Third Scene—Quietness prevails. Time 11.30. (Business of sleeping continued by C-sick.)

Final Scene—Clock strikes the hour of midnight. (Business of awaking by C-sick.)

C-sick: "Where ain't I?" (No answer.)

(Business of understanding by C-sick.)

C-sick: "Gee whiz!"

(Business of Marathon race to dormitory by C-sick and quick curtain. No applause.

O'B-ien: "Have you any 'Skumerine' "?

Clerk (half an hour later): Ye-es, fifteen and thirty-five.

Tout change, tout s'use, tout s'eteint: mais la cravate d'O'K-fe reste toujours la même.

G-uth-er: Lefty is to be a real estate auctioneer.

L-nke: How do you know?

G-uth-er: He is continually yelling Lots! Lots!

Fl-m-ng: Why are you keeping those oyster-shells?

Po-cy: I may find a pearl in one of them.

Visitor: So you have an army, have you?

Guide: Yes; Fl-m-ng composes the infantry, and L-acy the cavalry.

Unnameable: Good night, old chaps.

O'K-fe: (Silence.)

H-rt: (Huh!)

Gi-a: Have you seen Fatigué O'B.

Herpy C.: Me and you is good friends, eh!

Junior Department.



THE Junior Editor was glad to see that all the boys, with the exception of one or two, returned in good time after the Easter holidays. Permission to go home at Easter has been a privilege of but the last two years. It is granted to those only, who promise to be back and whose parents promise to allow them to come back, in time for the morning classes on Easter Tuesday. So the majority showed themselves boys of their word and run a fair chance of having the same privilege repeated next Easter but the delinquents who have no plausible reason to offer for their tardy return, may expect a cool reception when they present themselves again for the same or a like privilege.

Spring has at last come to stay. Lady Snow has gathered up her white train, made her final bow and disappeared. Jack Frost has bought his ticket for an extended arctic expedition while the Sun reigns supreme with his old-time warmth and vigor. These are welcome signs to the students. They mean, away with the checkers and chess, good bye to billiards and pool and hurrah for baseball and other out-door sports! Then, besides, they tell of the end of the year. The rest of the term is nothing but the home stretch of a home run.

The rage for long trousers has for the time subsided. The dry-goods stores recorded a big sale for the month of April.

The present season bids fair to be a successful one in the annals of baseball for the Junior Department. There is an ample supply of material to pick from. We have on hand, Tobin, Milot, Villeneuve, Harris, McCabe, Cornellier, Martin, Nagle, Brennan, Poulin, DesChamps, Voligny, McClosky, Batterton, Clark, Foley, Murtagh, Jones, Brady, Sullivan and others. Remember there will be many things considered in the choice of the representative nine: the ability to handle the bat as well as to handle the ball, whether the player has good judgment, whether he has a practical knowledge of the game, whether he has foresight and coolness, whether he is a hard worker, whether he is always on hand for practice, etc., etc. The first choice however, is not necessary the final choice. Father Veronneau will coach.

The Small Yard are very anxious to see a junior league formed in the city. The executive of the Junior Athletic Association of Ot-

tawa University has decided to take the initiative and will, on a certain date, call a meeting to which will be invited delegates from different junior teams. The object of the meeting will be to form a league, to make regulations and draw up a schedule.

The Junior relay race was won by the Small Yard four, last year and the year before and it should be won again this year, at the big athletic meet, Victoria Day. Let our champions prepare.

Where did you get that hat?

Those who stayed here during the Easter holidays should long remember their trip to the sugar-bush of the Holy Ghost Fathers on Gatineau River. The journey was made in a 'bus with peanuts as a refreshment and with stories, songs and sallies of wit as an improvised show. On the way out, several boys feeling chilly, were given the "bumps." Arrived on the scene, dinner was in order. The boys never felt so hungry before. The sandwiches and the syrup were delicious, the egg-bread-and-syrup compound was delicious, and to make a long story short, everything was delicious until appetite, the best of sauce, failed and then nobody cared for anything. With the cries of an empty stomach stifled, the company began a minute inspection of the appurtenances of a sugar-camp. The Fathers have an up-to date evaporating apparatus and the boys actually saw the crude sap entering at one end and, after passing through the intermediate partitions, coming out at the other end as golden maple-syrup. The spiles, buckets and the filtering-process were in turn, all examined. A few went out on the jumper to see the men collect the sap. In the afternoon there was a taffy party and a "sugaring off" party and each boy carried home — or at least part of the way — a cake of maple-sugar as a souvenir. The outing was a great success and all returned home, sweet-tempered and learned in the knowledge of modern methods of sugar-making.

Father Turcott was our guest of the day. Come again.

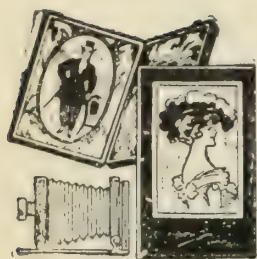
Did you ever see a man dye a horse?—Peanuts

Willie Leclerc was almoner of the party.

Did you ever see a horse with a wooden leg?

Yes, a clotheshorse.—McC-e.

Br-dy and McN-l-y have pretensions of becoming professional long-distance walkers; J-n-s, of catching first team; S-l-v-n of becoming an expert lacrosse player; R-ch-ds-n of becoming a Marathoner; Br-n-t of becoming a "crack" hand-ball player; J-n-t-e of becoming a big man and Q-i-n of becoming a fancy "cake-walk" artist.



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Kindly Patronize Our Advertisers.



Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., MAY, 1909.

No. 8

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

Co-Education.

(Speech delivered at the Prize Debate.)

Mr. Chairman, Rev. Fathers, Worthy Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My honourable colleague has shown that from moral and intellectual considerations co-education is detrimental, destructive and deadly. I will endeavour to unveil the equally pernicious and morbid results which follow it in the educational and social order.

If we follow the human race through its various stages of development, through savagry and paganism, through rudimentary civilization when first the beams of celestial love flickered on the souls of men and reflected from thence the nobleness and beauty which had for so long a period lain dormant; if we follow it through the long lapse of years during which it was cast and re-cast by revolution, religion and war; and if we view it now in all the effulgence of its splendour we see a marked and indelible distinction between the duties of man and woman. While in the savage state the man wielded the arrow and the sword, the woman kept guard over wigwam and children: in the middle ages the man guided the plough, the woman plied the distaff: and to-day the man seeks for a livelihood in the scheming, subtle world while he confides to his wife the sanctity of home and children.

The home is a place of peace, of shelter and protection from the

injury, terror, doubt and division of the world. In this sanctuary the man places his wife ; within its precincts she is queen ; its preservation from stain depends upon her ruling ; in his rough work in the open world he has hardened himself to perils and trials, to failure and subjection, in order that he may keep from her the anxieties of outer life and protect her in her sacred place and vestal temple from the unloved and hostile society of the motley concourse. She must be of queenly disposition and character then in order to prove worthy of her trust ; and he must be so moulded as to keep the hearth aglow and the roof over head.

And since their respective duties in life are so divergent surely it is but poor logic to say that their preparation should be identical : surely it is ill advice that would qualify the girl for her uxorial and maternal duties by subjecting her to the indiscriminate companionship of inconsiderate boys and by giving her the environment of the college campus, indelicate and offensive.

Surely it is anything but charitable to qualify the boy for the adverse fortunes of life which he must necessarily contend with, by saturating his nature with effeminacy, inculcating womanish delicacy and tenderness, melting his manly heart in sentiments of superfluous modesty, shame and fear, to such an extent that he is utterly unfit for the company of men and then ushering him into the world to be a playtoy for all whom his girlish face and silly smile attract to him.

Co-education is therefore undesirable because it does not prepare the man for the duties which in latter life will be incumbent on him and because it robs the woman of those characteristics which are exclusively hers. He is not apt to be successful in competition with hard and exacting men who has spent his previous life in the company of girls ; who has acquired their habits and manners ; who is shocked at insignificant irregularities of conduct ; who thinks he can trust all like he did his female companion in the schoolyard ; who expects the smile and gracefulness from his opponent in life as he was wont to receive them from his dolly friends ; who is surprised and disappointed to find that the caress of the stranger is not as soothing and gentle as that of his mother.

She is not so apt to make a dutiful wife and devoted mother, and confine her affections to one man who as girl mingled with promiscuous youths and loved them all ; who in the morning walked to school with one, in the evening walked home with another, and for

the night had engagements with both of them ; who long since has despoiled herself of that modest and reserved demeanor, that dignified air, that graceful bearing, that grand, elevated, ennobling character so decorous in a lady and which shows "how divine a thing a woman can be made."

Along with being thus sadly deficient in that part of education so essential, the student in the co-educational institution is undeniably subjected to many distractions which, if the other sex were absent, would be absent also. It is at the very least extremely probable that for some the eyes of an attractive miss in the adjacent seat would be more fascinating than those of the sedate old professor, and that more time would be expended in giving attention to her than in following the work of the class. It is also very probable that in the class would be those who would not express their opinions as candidly and work as comfortably and freely as if there were no ladies present ; and vice versa.

The instruction and correction for young ladies along certain lines which are very important, very necessary and highly beneficial, and which in fact are much attended to in convents and ladies' colleges cannot have a place on the day's program in the co-educational institution.

It is readily understood then that the mingling of the sexes in the same room has the effect of retarding the progress of the class, obstructing the acquisition of knowledge by the students, graduating ladies and gentlemen with an education deficient in many respects and impairing their future careers.

From physiological considerations also, co-education is to be rejected and condemned on account of the physical disability of girls to follow the arduous course of training which is necessary for boys, and on account of the deplorable and lasting effects which follow such an injudicious system. From physiology it may be learned that the average excess in the weight of the brain of males as compared with that of females, is one hundred and twenty seven grams, that the girl has not the same intellectual capability as the boy, that her organism is vitally different, that these differences demand a most careful recognition especially in her youth, and that all her powers of body and mind are noticeably inferior to those of man. Is it not then against the order of things as established by Divine Providence, to force on woman burdens which she is not capable of bearing, and

thereby disabling her for that part of life which God has particularly assigned to her?

“The laws of nature are stronger than the theories of man :” The young girl is not able to follow the same course of instruction as her brother : it is not good for her to be put in competition with boys, to deprive the rest of her organism of nurture and strength in order that she may concentrate all her energy in prosecuting her studies ; her constitution, so delicately adjusted, cries out against it, with pains and aches ; and nature, whose warnings were unheeded, comes forth in the form of neuralgia, nervous derangement, and hysteria. Is this evil of co-education not sufficient to counter-balance every possible advantage that may possibly be gained from the commingling of the sexes? It strikes at the very heart and foundation of society ; it fosters and increases the procrastination, restriction and futility of marriage ; it leaves the home lonely, silent, and cheerless ; it condemns itself in the pale and ashen faces of over-worked women ; it is an injustice to the girl, to humanity and to God.

And what are its effects socially? The schools and universities of the country are preparing men and women for places in society; and every year great numbers are given to the different walks in life. What is the effect, I say, if this annual exodus from these preparatory institutions is composed of individuals whose morals have been vitiated : of young men incapable of performing the duties involved in their state of life ; of young women giddy, fickle and thoughtless, without anything definite in view, given to gaiety and a good time? Young men and young women of this type will constitute the greater part of that community where co-education exists. It cannot be otherwise. The underlying principles and the inherent spirit of the system, from which so much good is supposed to result are heavily pregnant with deadly evils. This venom will do its work ; and those who come in contact with it, will mirror co-education in its true colors. They will bring anarchy to the household and ruin to the affections.

This system of education as it is advocated, is like an extensive building erected on sand ; its forbidding walls will crumble away, and ultimately fall with a mighty crash, crushing those who inadvertently reposed under its treacherous shelter ; and from this source

great social destruction will spread far and wide ; moral, intellectual and physical wrecks.

My opponents have argued that co-education should be practised because it is economical and because it is a convenience to patrons. Alas ! What atheistically revolutionary principles have so captivated your fickle and susceptible minds, that you are thus in keeping with that arrogant and godless spirit that has moved so many men to bend their energies against all that is Christian and civilized ? What compromise is this in which you would have the people concede their morals and their education, so sacred and so cherished, and give them in return despicable gold ?

Without apologizing for casting such a reflection on your good sense, they ask you to become adherents of co-education for this reason. You mothers, they ask you to save a little money at the loss of your daughters. You mothers, they offer you a few paltry dollars, but they want in return the deposition of your daughters from their thrones of feminine loveliness and character. You fathers, they offer you an insignificant bribe, in order that you may have your sons develop into men incapable of making a livelihood for themselves, and consequently dependent on you ; they tell you that this is economical. Young men, they will have you believe that you can be happy in a childless, cheerless home, with a woman whose physical and moral constitution is gone ; that you can save money when for six or seven months of the year your wives are down south, or by the seaside. Co-education is not economical ; and if it were, that argument could not be considered, when the disadvantages of the system are so many and so deadly.

To say, as my opponents have said, that it raises the standard of scholarship, and that the presence of the opposite sex is an incentive to study, is but wild speculation ; and if co-education has these good results it more than counterbalances them, by the permanent and deplorable effects which excessive study has on the constitution of young ladies.

As to the refining influence, the inculcation of better manners, the infusing of higher ideals, and the banishing of the consciousness of sex, which my opponents have urged in support of this system, I have shown in the course of my speech, that co-education either cultivates them in the extreme, which has a very evil effect, or in-

stead of fostering them at all generates the opposite vices, the demoralizing effect of which on society I have already explained.

And now, having seen its many and great disadvantages, let us turn from co-education and repress it, for another reason—because there is no necessity for it. We have a plentitude of schools and universities for young men, and we have convents and ladies' colleges for young women. Let us educate our boys to be not only gentlemen, but men in every other sense of the term, adapted and fit to bear the burdens of the world, with broad views and a manly spirit. Let us educate our girls to be ladies, taking the part and having the true characteristics of ladies, with physical, mental and moral health, model wives and ideal mothers.

There is no necessity for this innovation: it bears too foreboding an aspect, to be worthy of substitution, for the present very efficient means of education.

JOSEPH T. BRENNAN, '10.

A New Eucharistic Indulgence.

"Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia; Corda, voces, et opera."



RECENT Circular Letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa calls our pious attention to an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, granted on May 18th, 1907, by His Holiness Pope Pius X., to all those who with faith, piety, and love, regard the Sacred Host, either at the Elevation of the Mass, or during Solemn Exposition, saying at the same time the words of St. Thomas "*Dominus meus et Deus meus*"—or in the vernacular "*My Lord and my God.*" A plenary indulgence can be gained once a week, on the usual conditions, by those who observe this pious practice.

The good priest* to whom belongs the honor of having petitioned and obtained this indulgence has sought to increase the devotion of the faithful towards the Blessed Sacrament, by the revival of an ancient usage in perfect conformity with the spirit of the

* Father Joseph Recorder de Porda Annesci, priest of the Congregation of the Mission, or Lazarist Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul.

Roman Liturgy. The custom of thus regarding the Sacred Host was once widespread, and has only fallen into desuetude of recent years, destroyed, as we shall see, by Protestantism, and obscured by Jansenism. It is in accordance with the Rubrics of the Roman Missal which prescribe that the priest shall elevate the Sacred Host and Chalice, looking on them intently, and *show* them to the people to be adored. The well known and excellent treatise of Father Van Cochem, O.F.M., on the Holy Mass tells us that during the Elevation the people should look towards the altar, and regard the Blessed Sacrament with fervour. For "says the pious author," we read in the life of the illustrious St. Gertrude, that every time we look upon the consecrated Host we grow in merit, and the happiness of eternal life will correspond to that with which we shall have contemplated here below, the precious Body of Jesus. . . . do not, therefore, imitate those badly instructed Christians, who, prostrating themselves too profoundly, put themselves in the impossibility of seeing their Saviour; and he adds that "the priest who having elevated the sacred species, replaces them upon the altar with too much haste, is blameworthy, for he deprives our Saviour of the homages of the assembly."

We have numberless proofs that this devotion was well known and dear to the hearts of our Catholic forefathers. There was a prevailing idea in the Middle Ages that the sight of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament brought health-giving joy to the heart. The "Lay Folks Mass Book"—a popular manual of devotion in the Reformation, England, instructs its readers as follows:—

"Therefore kneeling hold up thy hands,
And with inclination of thy body
Behold the Levation reverently.

Some of us will remember that a similar devotion exists even to-day amongst the devout peasantry of Ireland, who, beating their breasts, whisper soft words of welcome to the Eucharistic presence. In Catholic Wales too, this devotion was known and practised. In an ode written by the poet Morys ap Howel, about 1530, and now preserved in the Cardiff Free Library, we find the lines "Let us over yonder to the Church, on Sunday, to *see* Jesus." The English poet Dan Lydgate bids us, with the quaint affectation of the dawn of the Renaissance.

" Let pale Aurora conduct you and dress
To holy church, of Christ to have a *sight*."

When it became customary for priests to celebrate every day, and Low Masses were consequently multiplied, the devotion of the faithful seemed to have expressed itself in some curious ways. Attendance at Mass was often spoken of as "seeing God," and Becon tells us how a man would jostle his neighbour in his eagerness to look upon the Holy Sacrament, because he could not be blithe until he had seen his Lord God that day ;" and people would run from altar to altar in order to witness the Elevation. As it gradually became the custom to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in every church, it was but a step to the practice of exposing the Sacred Reserve from time to time, in order to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, especially of those about to undertake a perilous journey, etc. From these simple beginnings we may trace the growth of all that the ingenuity of love has since devised in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, by way of Solemn Exposition, Perpetual Adoration, and the Forty Hours Prayer.

Two incidents of the Protestant Reformation in England seem fraught with meaning when regarded in the light of history. In the year 1535, Henry VIII. broke away from Catholic unity and assumed the title of "on earth supreme head of the Church of England." The infamous Thomas Cromwell became his lay Vicar General, and in a few months the saintly religious of the London Charterhouse were sentenced to become victims of the Royal tyranny, and proto-martyrs of the Reformation.

Tremblingly but confident, they had gathered together in their Church for the last Community Mass, when, at the Elevation of the Host, our Lord vouchsafed to them the joys of supernatural consolation. Dom Maurice Chauncey, an eye-witness, tells us that "when the Host was lifted up there came as it were a whisper of air which breathed on our faces as we knelt : and there came a soft sweet sound of music." So did Almighty God reward those who throughout their lives had practised this beautiful devotion ; and with this supreme consolation they went forth to prison and to death. Soon, alas ! came the fiercest days of persecution and abuse—when men dared for the first time to doubt and rail at the doctrine of the Real Presence : when in one Church a Protestant lawyer raised a dog in his hands as the priest elevated the Sacred Host ; and the very words of Consecration became a by word for jugglery as "Hocus Pocus."

The climax was soon to arrive. Elizabeth having succeeded to the throne and being present at the Bishop of Carlisle's Mass on Christmas day, as some assert, and while the cantors at the lectern were singing "Gloria in Excelsis" sent a message to his Lordship forbidding him to elevate the Host. On the prelate's refusal to comply with the royal demand, Elizabeth rose from her footstool, biting her thin lips in anger, stamping vigorously on the floor, and so left the chapel. A few days later she took effectual measures to ensure compliance with her orders, and the abolition of the elevation did but precede by a short time the abolition of the mass itself.

The memory of this devotion lived on in more favoured lands. In France, however, it fell into desuetude under the chilling breath of Jansenism—that insidious heresy which under pretext of safeguarding the honor of Almighty God, kept men from using the sacraments which his love had instituted. It was all in accord with the formal, dramatic, reverence which it exacted, to discourage the reverent familiarity which found its expression in regarding the Sacred Host lifted up in propitiation for our sins. Trembling awe took the place of confident love. Devotion was paralysed and disfigured, until it quickened once more to life moved by the loving revelations of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary.

Our present Pontiff, Pope Pius X., has recently issued a powerful exhortation to frequent and daily communion—and this, not only for favoured souls, but for all in the grace of God and having a pure intention of advancing in virtue. Guided by the Holy Spirit he calls to witness the ancient teaching of the church crystallised in the sane theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, and urges the faithful to a more constant use of the Sacraments.

To the thoughtful observer the revival at the present time of the ancient and devotional practice of regarding the Sacred Host and the fact of its being approved and enriched with indulgences will seem to have a special signification. We may surely hope that it will become once more widely known, and merit the abundant blessing of Him who said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." It is even so in the history of the Catholic Church which, divinely instructed and guided, "bringeth forth out of her treasures new things and old."

I. J. E. D.

"Idea of a University."



FROM the very essence of man, we know that he is a rational being and is composed of a body and soul. We see that the specific difference between him and brute is reason ; also that the soul of man is immaterial and lasts for ever, while that of the brute is material, and thus is destroyed with the body. Having this knowledge as a foundation, we come to the conclusion that life, with this rational being, is not destroyed when the organs of his body fail to perform their functions, but that his happiness in after life depends upon his actions on earth. To attain to *this* end he must be guided by his own reason and conscience. God is the only perfect being ; but, as man is made after God's likeness, he is inclined to become more perfect ; and this is the work of Christian Education.

The chief object of a University should be the development of the intellect and the extension of universal knowledge. In an institution which has always those principles in view, you will find the essence of a University, considered independently of its relation to the Church. However, it has always been affirmed that a place of learning cannot do justice to itself or to its students without the helping hand of God. The Church does not change it in any way in regard to its main characters, but it serves as a support. How often do we find Catholics going to Protestant schools? They go there to obtain something which they cannot find at home, and this is the culture of the mind. By the cultivation of the mind, I mean the ability to command our own powers and to make a just estimate of things as they pass along or before us.

A liberal education does not only manifest itself in a courtesy, propriety and polish of word and action, but it also brings the mind into form. The mind is like the body, and grows in the same way. When young, it has no principles laid down as a foundation for the intellect to build upon ; no discriminating convictions, and no grasp of consequences. When the intellect has once been properly trained, and formed to have a connected view or grasp of things, it will display its powers with more or less effect according to its particular quality and capacity in the individual. Then, we should gain a

habit of method, of starting from fixed points, of making the ground good as we go, and of distinguishing what we know, from what we do not know. Protestants, depending on human means mainly, are led to make the most of them ; their sole resource is to use what they have, as knowledge and nothing else, is their power. It is otherwise with us Catholics, we have a goodly inheritance.

At the present time we see many Universities erected, which do not make any provision at all for Theological Chairs. Now, the question arises ; Should Theology be taught ? A University, I would say, by its very name, professes to teach universal knowledge. Theology is surely a branch of knowledge. Therefore if a University excludes Theology from the subjects of its teaching, it does not profess all branches of learning. Johnson in his Dictionary, defines a University to be a school where all arts and faculties are taught ; and Mosheim, writing as an historian, says that, before the rise of the University of Paris, "The whole circle of sciences then known, was not taught, and that Paris was the first to embrace all the arts and sciences, and therefore first to become a University." Therefore, all knowledge forms one whole, because its subject matter is one, and the systematic omission of any one science from the catalogue prejudices the accuracy and completeness of our knowledge altogether, and that, in proportion to its importance. By Theology we mean the Science of God, or of the truths we know about God, put into system ; just as we have a science of the stars, and call it astronomy, or of the crust of the earth, and call it geology. In a word, Religious Truth is not only a portion, but a condition of general knowledge, and to blot it out is unravelling the web of University Teaching. The human mind cannot refrain from speculating and systematizing, and, if Theology is not allowed to occupy its own territory, adjacent sciences, nay, sciences which are quite foreign to Theology, will take possession of it.

We have now to consider whether and in what sense University teaching, viewed relatively to the taught, carries the attribute of utility along with it. It is a great point to enlarge the range of studies which a University professes, even for the sake of the students ; and though they cannot pursue every subject which is open to them, they will be the gainers by living among those who represent the whole circle. Such education as this is called " Liberal." By it, a habit of the mind is formed which lasts through life, of which

the attributes are : freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom. This, then, is the main purpose of a University in its treatment of its students. Liberal education is the forming of a gentleman ; and, by the grammatical sense of the word, we see that it is opposed to servile ; and by servile work is understood, bodily labour, mechanical employment, and the like, in which the mind has little or no part. Then we may say that those are useful which bear fruit ; and those liberal which tend to enjoyment. Therefore, there are two methods of education ; the end of the one is to be philosophical, and of the other to be mechanical. Liberal education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman.

A boy's business, when he goes to school, is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts. These must be of some utility, and this is Liberal Education. It affords a real benefit to its subjects, as members of society in the various duties and circumstances and accidents of life. Then a practical end of training good members of society must be assigned to a University course.

M. J. SMITH, '10.

The Cub Reporter.

(What the City Editor once got in a fire report.)



HE angels of night had spread their ebony wings over the vast city, and a stillness as deep and profound as that which envelops the starlit, trackless prairie was brooding o'er the red-tilted cottages of Kimberly Crescent wherein the weary workers, worn out by their herculean labors, were snatching an all too brief interval of repose on the lotus-scented breast of Morpheus, when from out the eerie void of silence there rang forth, with paralyzing suddenness, a stentorian shout of "Fire !"

No sooner had the dread alarm ceased to fling its reverberating thunder over the responsive housetops than the sleeping settlement became a veritable pandemonium of noise and confusion. Like myriads of bees from an overturned hive, the denizens swarmed into the streets and focused their dilating eyes upon a dazzling effulgence in the skies, the crimson luster of which made it all too awfully evident that a conflagration of unprecedented fury was raging in the near vicinity.

Like a flotilla of fishing boats swept irresistibly on before a mighty, rushing tidal wave, the crowd surged in a conglomerate, inextricable mass to the precise locality where the fire demon held maniacal sway, and a wail, resembling the cry of a lost soul shut out of Paradise, filtered through their lips as they discerned the form of a wonderously beautiful maiden, clad in an exquisitely chaste robe de nuit, peering with the eyes of a startled fawn from one of the upper windows of the burning domicile.

"Merciful heavens she will perish;" vociferated the crowd in cyclonic chorus. "For pity's sake, save her!" And, as if in providential answer to this clamorous appeal, the fire engine thundered like a rampant monster of the antediluvian period down the congested thoroughfare, and a tumult of cheering that seemed to cleave the heavens in twain greeted the appearance of an intrepid young fireman of Titanic proportions who had reared an elongated ladder against the side of the burning edifice, and was bounding up with the strides of a Colossus to the rescue of the distressed damsel.

With what a dazzling luminosity did the pellucid orbs of the prepossessing young lady light up when she described amid the asphyxiant smoke the form of her indomitable deliverer! And what a mighty fusillade of ecstatic shouts burst from the leather-lined lungs of the marvelling multitude as the valiant fireman's axe shivered the window frame! Instantly a dense exhalation of volcanic vapor rolled forth with Vesuvius velocity, but the imperturbable fireman leaped into the red-hot furnace of flame with the invulnerability of a salamander, and when he reappeared he held in his charred and blackened arms something, which, but for an occasional eel-like wriggle and a characteristically feminine anxiety concerning the symmetry of its back hair, might have been mistaken for a marble statue.

For a moment the magnificent figure of the lion-hearted rescuer poised itself, in an eye-blinding frame of fire, on the scorched window sill, then, enfolding his fair burden in a giant-like, yet infinitely tender, embrace, he made a breath-suspending dive into the yawning fire escape, and not a second too soon, for, simultaneously with his precipitous passage into safety, a gorgeous pyrotechnical display of sparks betokened the collapse of the roof, and the fire demon wearying of his saturnalian holocaust, permitted himself to be reduced to impotence by the tons and tons of aqueous artillery which the firemen poured in a Niagara-like cataclysm upon the once massive but now woefully marred and mutilated cottage.

Marion Crawford.



WE are indebted to Messrs. MacMillan for the following interesting notes on the lately deceased novelist, which we feel sure will prove interesting to some of his many admirers.

Francis Marion Crawford, who died at Sorrento, Italy, on April 9th, has been so continuously and prominently before the public since his first book was published that it is hard to realize how comparatively short his career has been. A prodigious worker, he produced not less than forty novels and historical works; yet *Mr. Isaacs*, his first book, was written only twenty-eight years ago. With this and the books that followed in rapid succession he perhaps reached a larger public than any other American novelist of the last fifty years. Not only was he immensely popular in America, but he was equally a favorite in England, while his following in Italy, France, Germany and other European countries was undoubtedly greater than that of any other American.

Mr. Crawford once told a newspaper reporter that he had written one of his longest novels in six weeks, and, moreover, this novel was written out in his own hand, within that space of time. Much of the manuscript was so minutely written as to be almost impossible to decipher except by the strongest eyes. When a glass was used upon it, however, it was found that every letter was perfectly formed; and among the friends to whom his manuscripts were shown it became a matter of remark that the more closely a manuscript was written the better and more interesting it turned out to be.

This remark of Mr. Crawford's to the reporter, however, was unfortunate, as it led to the inference that he worked hastily, and used his great talent chiefly with a view to its immediate reward. Those who knew him well, and had watched his career since his first success know that such an inference would be unjust to his high sense of responsibility towards himself and the public. He had many natural gifts, but he had also the patience and power of concentration which are often lacking in gifted natures. His observation was always, and almost unconsciously, keen, and his desire to learn unbounded. As he used to say, "I like to know how things are done," and he could do many different things himself. Readers of

Casa Braccio (which he thought his best book), may remember that one of the minor characters, an old cobbler, is described in a manner which shows intimate acquaintance with his trade. That was easy to do, because when Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis, the "Lonely Parish," one of his friends had been the village shoemaker, and he made pair of shoes "just to learn how." He also joined the local bellringers, and became familiar with their complicated peals and chimes. The description of silver chiselling in *Marzio's Crucifix* is also the result of actual experience, for he once worked at this branch of art, and if he had gone on could have supported himself by it. Like many left-handed men, he was skillful in the use of tools, and his capacity as a practical mechanic was tested when he put a complete system of American plumbing into his villa at Sorrento, assisted by a couple of workmen who had never seen such appliances and could only solder a joint.

As a young man Mr. Crawford was the envy of his acquaintances, not only was he tall and straight, extremely handsome, and possessed of great bodily strength, but he had in addition much charm of manner, and a mind capable of grasping with ease tasks which were impossible to others, or only obtainable by months or even years of effort. One of his talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been born and partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of its many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter in Prague, in order to obtain local colour and atmosphere for one of his novels and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue.

But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; a grammar and dictionary always aided the service of his quick ear and iron memory. His knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani and Urdu was not of much use to him after his early manhood, but in Greek and Latin he found his familiar friends until the very end. Latin, either classic or mediæval, was almost as simple to him as English, and only a few months ago, as an amusement for his leisure, he read everything of Pindar's that survives, "because some of it was pretty tough Greek."

His characteristic thoroughness was shown in the way he took his pleasure. Always a lover of the sea, and an expert sailor of that swift but dangerous craft, the Italian felucca, he could not afford a yacht, but happening to be in America when the sailing pilot-boats were replaced by steamers, he bought one for a song and set to work to make himself proficient in navigation, of which he already knew something. In a short time he passed his examination before the United States Marine Board and the Association of American Shipmasters and obtained a master's certificate, entitling him to command any sailing vessel on the high seas. Then, with a young Scandinavian mate and a very small crew, he sailed his forty-ton schooner, re-christened the "Alda," (which means "deep sea wave" in Icelandic) back to the Mediterranean. They touched at the Azores, and his scratch crew came on board again fighting drunk, but the mate was a good man of his hands, and Crawford had been the best boxer in the University when he was at Cambridge, so, as he expressed it "we got under weigh after a few lively minutes."

While he was at Cambridge his family met with money losses which made it necessary that he should support himself, and the hard training which he underwent for several years was invaluable in his after career. For some time in Rome he did any sort of work that he could get, such as translation and newspaper correspondence; then he decided to try his luck as a professor of philology in India, and he started for Bombay on money lent him by his old friend Augustus J. C. Hare. Things went so badly with him there that he was on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment, when the editor of the *Allahabad Herald* having died of cholera, his place was offered to Crawford. For the following eighteen months he did everything connected with a newspaper, not only writing it all, including the advertisements and correcting the proof, but sometimes helping his slender native staff to strike it off.

When he first "found himself" as writer of fiction at the age of twenty-eight, the result was like the rush of an artesian well when rock is pierced, and one book followed another in rapid succession. Those who think that he forced himself to write are mistaken; the writing forced him. When he was at work on a novel he was possessed by it—he heard the characters speak and saw them move, and they were as real to him for the time as living men and women. No novelist who has written many books is always at his best—there

would be no "best" if that were so—but Marion Crawford from first to last, gave all that was in him to his work, and a proof of its high average is that half a dozen people will often give as many different opinions as to which is his "best book." Even when not at work, his mind was always collecting material for future use, and, as often happens, when he was thought to have invented wildly improbable situations, he was only setting down facts. The triple tragedy in *Greifenstein* occurred in a noble German family before the middle of the last century, and the son of the house, the last of his race, entered the Church and died a Cardinal. There are two well-known instances in which priests kept the secret of the confessional as Don Ippolito does in *Corleone*, but with the difference that they were convicted of the crimes which they had not committed, one being sent to Siberia, the other to a French penal colony.

He had finished two novels before his fatal illness, but when they have appeared there will be no more. The pen which has brightened so many hours for thousands since the first words of *Mr. Isaacs* were written is quiet now, and its master has gone to his own place.

To those who knew the man well no such presence will ever come again. His devotion to his family and to those friends outside it whom he loved; his high sense of honour, his absence of vanity, his simplicity of nature, and his generosity of thought and deed combined to make him a companion who was always desired. It may truly be said that much as he gave the world, he left it nothing so good as what died with him. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, he was a part of all that he had met, and like him he has touched the Happy Isles and seen the great Achilles, whom he knew.

Recollections.



THE sun had set, leaving a reddish pathway on the horizon of the distant Syrian mountains; the full moon in the Orient was gradually rising from the low shores of the Euphrates and was gliding smoothly in a deep blue sky. The heavens were clear, the air was calm and the splendor of the dying day modified the horror of coming darkness, the coolness of

the advancing night quenching the burning heat of the tropical desert. The camels with their masters had retired, the eye could not detect the slightest movement on this gray and monotonous plain, a deep and sacred silence hung over the desert. I could only hear at long intervals the mournful cry of some night-hawk or the vicious yelp of a jackal.

The shades of night were imperceptibly increasing and in the twilight all I could now distinguish was the white walls and pillars which had become shapeless phantoms. The solitude of the spot, the stillness of the evening and the majesty of the scene, all inspired me to higher thoughts. The sight of a large and deserted city, the recollections of the past, the comparisons of the present cast me into a deep reverie. Here I reflected, here, once prospered an opulent city, here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes, these deserted spots once witnessed a vast living multitude, this very road, now grim and solitary, was once a public street, full of active wayfarers. In those walls, where silence now holds its sway, the cries of joy and feasting, the tumult of industry and of arts were continually re-echoed; those stones heaped in shapeless masses once formed regular palaces; those scattered pillars were the ornaments of majestic temples; those crushed galleries were once the limits of sumptuous parks. There, to accomplish the duties of her creed, or to attend to her daily needs, a vast nation was thriving. Hither a pleasure-creating industry, called the riches of every climate, the precious silks of China, the downy rugs of Lydia, the Amber of the Baltic, and the gems and perfumes of Araby.

But lo! is this dismal skeleton all that remains of a powerful capital? Are these vain and obscure recollections the only relics of a vast domination? Oh! then how true are these immortal verses of Gray's *Elegy*:—

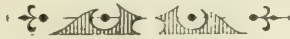
"The boast of heraldry, the pomps of power,
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Yes, the silence or the grave has succeeded the murmur of a busy population and a dreadful poverty has superseded the magnificence of a great commercial city. The royal palaces have become the dens

of wild beasts, the herds now graze on the threshold of the temples and filthy reptiles have their abodes in the sanctuaries of the gods.

Thus haughty Palmyra has crumbled to dust, thus the works of men vanish and are forgotten.

J. F. SIMARD, '12.



THE PRIZE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, April 30, at 8 p.m., the annual prize debate took place in St. Patrick's Hall. It was by far the most successful debate in years. An added feature of the programme was the excellent musical entertainment, which was a treat everybody enjoyed. Almost every available seat was taken.

The opening number was a solo by Mr. P. C. Harris, who was joined in the chorus by the University Glee Club of forty voices. The "Auld Plaid Shawl" was rendered very pleasingly by Miss Kathleen Corridan. The debate was then in order. The chairman, Mr. Edmund F. Byrnes, in a few well chosen words, addressed the audience and announced the subject under discussion—"That Co-Education is in the Interest of Higher Education." The affirmative was in the hands of Messrs. O. Linke and J. W. Grace, while the negative was assigned to Messrs. J. Connaghan and J. Brennan.

The judges of the evening were His Honor, Judge R. D. Gunn, Jas. F. White, LL.D., and Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D. The distinguished gentlemen, after some discussion, concluded that the negative side had won, and that Mr. J. Connaghan was the winner of the medal.

Miss Madge Rammage then sang in a pleasing voice two solos. She was followed by Mr. T. P. Murphy, who by his character songs was recalled three times. Miss Bessie Boyle then sang Maytime, which everybody enjoyed. The programme was concluded with solos by Mr. W. P. Somers, who was joined in the chorus by the Glee Club.

Too much praise and appreciation cannot be expressed to the talent for the generous manner in which they lent their services on so short notice.

Ancient Irish Books.



IN ancient times the Irish nobility, gentry and people in general were ardent lovers of their native language and literature, and certainly showed this love by their many productions of known repute. The great Anglo-Norman nobles also, having effected permanent settlement in Ireland, seem to have adopted what they must have considered the best manners, customs, language and literature, for they immediately set about learning the Gaelic language, and attained such proficiency that they have been reproached by their compatriots as being "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In these days so great a value was set on literary productions that it often happened that a much prized MS. was the stipulated ransom of a captive noble, and became the object of a tedious warfare. But this glory of the Emerald Isle in the literary field was not to last forever for she became the prey to successive attacks from the Danes, the Norsemen, the Anglo-Romans, and the English under Elizabeth, Cromwell and William of Orange. The result of these attacks was the fall of the Supreme Monarchy and the dispersion of the native chiefs, and consequently many of the great books were altogether lost. At the termination of the wars of the seventeenth century, the examples of the old Gaelic literature were so few that it was impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the language in its purity.

Considering all these things which worked towards its destruction, it is a great wonder that we still have any fragments of the ancient literature of Ireland, however extensive it may have been at one time. And it must have been extensive if we can judge from those selections which have withstood the ravages of invasion and the destruction of time. We find that the collection of old Irish books is still of very large extent and if we can judge the literature of our ancestors from the fragments which are left we are justified in experiencing some feeling of national pride.

In Trinity College, Dublin, is to be found a collection consisting of 140 volumes dating from the early part of the twelfth century to the middle of the eighteenth. In this collection we find beautiful copies of the gospels. Here we also see the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals, and besides, many historical and family poems of great antiquity. There is also a large

number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of love, of war, and of social life in general are vividly and elegantly portrayed. This collection contains also volumes of laws of the Irish Saints and ancient forms of prayer; and besides all these we find many curious treatises on medicine.

Another great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy. In this collection the most valuable are original Gaelic composition, but there is also quite a number of translations from Latin, Greek and other languages. The latter productions are principally of a religious character, but there are many from various Latin authors which are of great value to the Gaelic student for they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many words now obsolete or obscure. Among these are to be found the Argonautic Expedition, the Destruction of Troy, Life of Alexander the Great, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Wars of Charlemagne and many other important works.

But it is not only in Ireland that important Gaelic selections are to be found, but also in England, Scotland and the Continent of Europe. In the British Museum, London, and in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are some valuable works. At the latter place the collection is not very extensive for it consists of but sixteen volumes but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. There are other collections in England, the property of private individuals. The Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, contains some precious books.

Passing over to the continent of Europe, in the Library of Paris we find a few Gaelic volumes; in Belgium is to be found part of the treasures which formerly belonged to Louvain College. Michael O'Cleary, a celebrated Franciscan friar, collected for the College of Louvain as many books as he could relating to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. At the time of the French Revolution these were widely scattered and in the College of St. Isidore at Rome are twenty volumes which at one time formed part of the Louvain collections. Among these manuscripts are some of the most valuable materials for the study of Irish language and history. In this latter collection we find many volumes relating to Irish history, of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere.

C., '10.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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No. 8

A LITERARY EVENT.

Whether the cause be ignorance or malice, we know not, but it is an indisputable fact that Catholic ideas and happenings receive scant consideration from the great majority of papers and periodicals. Garbled reports, fictitious interviews, falsified statements, and misquoted speeches seem to be in order whenever Catholicism is concerned. No one will deny that the power of the Press either for good or evil is to-day well-nigh incalculable. The Holy Father himself has repeatedly said that in order to face opposing forces the Church must, in every country, arm itself with a militant Catholic journalism. Hence the publication of the new weekly "America," will be a source of great satisfaction to English-speaking Catholics the world over, and in particular to the fourteen millions who own allegiance to Uncle Sam.

The editorial staff appears to be an able one, and the first few numbers give promise of a very high standard from every point

of view. Let us hope that "America" will be to this continent what "The Tablet" is to our European brethren. *Prosit!*

Exchanges.

The best story in this month's exchanges we judge to be "The Portrait-Painter of Berlin" in *Acta Diurna*. The plot is good and in a general sense very well developed, the style spicy. We hope to have the pleasure of reading stories of an equally high character in *Acta Diurna* in the future.

The St. Mary's Collegian afforded an interesting perusal. The style prevalent throughout has a persuasive air, while the poems are replete with appropriate thoughts. "The Mission of Ireland" contains a very good exposition of the subject treated, and the truth of all assertions regarding "The Home of the Faith" is evident, while their manner of expression is praiseworthy.

We welcome heartily each week the "Notre Dame Scholastic." The issue for March contains some worthy contributions. College Drama was greatly enjoyed as a specimen of what College literary efforts should produce.

We congratulate the editors of *Vox Studenti* on the neatness of their periodical. "The Elbow Curve" and "A Soldier of the Queen" are its most important articles. The former is a baseball story, while the latter is an essay, telling of the bravery of a small regiment of British soldiers who fought in South Africa. The joke column is full of wit.

If you know some feller's failin's just forget 'em, for you know

The same feller's got some good points, them's the ones you want to show.

"Cast your loaves out on the waters," they'll come back, (a sayin' true).

Mebbe they will come back buttered when some fellow boosts for you.

Ex.

"The University of Ottawa Review publishes several scholarly essays, prominent among which is *L'Eglise des Saints*," by Mr. La Mothe. In reading this article the reader invariably recalls Washington Irving's *Description of Westminster Abbey*; for while *L'Eglise des Saints* in no respects appears to be an imitation of the other, yet both produce the same feeling of awe and sublimity, so evident when one is alone in the midst of the solemn grandeur of nature."—Ex.

Young Eagle is well decked out and fair to look at. The convent monthlies are all good, while the organ of St. Clara is one of the best.

Besides the above we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following: "College Mercury," "St. Mary's Chimes," "McMaster Monthly," "St. Thomas Collegian," "The Villa Shield," "The Argosy," "St. Mary's Messenger," "Allisonia," "The Comet," "The Solonian," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Mirror," "The Hya Yaka," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "St. Joseph's Collegian," "Niagara Index," "The Queen's University Journal," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "The Young Eagle," "Amherst Literary Monthly," "Assumption College Review," "Abbey Student," "Bethany Messenger," "St. John's University Record," "The Collegian," "The Agnetian Monthly," "The O.A.C. Review," "The Xaverian," "The Viatorian," "The Columbiad," "Vox Collegii," "The Exponent," "St. Mary's Angelos," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "The Pharos," "Academic Herald," "The Bethany Messenger," "The Patrician," "The Mitre," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "Acta Victoriana."

Books and Reviews.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for April may be seen a very good article on William Henry Drummond. He is there represented, as he truly was, patriotic, generous and very appreciative. By him more than by anyone before or after was the true, distinctive character of the French-Canadian peasant brought to light; by him, better than any one else could have pictured it, was the innate, unquenchable spirit of cheer and contentedness of the French-

Canadian peasant portrayed. This spirit is reflected in the lines of *The Habitant's Jubilee*:

"All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey get ev'rybody
Dat is, plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever so long I was leev'."

Nor did Drummond desire to speak in caricature of the French-Canadian. No, his was a nobler, a more charitable disposition. He was deep and penetrative, and his large, overflowing nature delighted in painting what his insight could penetrate. To unite the two Canadian races, the French and the English, into one, solid, cohesive people, formed the object of his serious and constant efforts; and it seems that he considered his hope already possible of realization when he made the remark,

"Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de best', bes' frien'."

The *Contemporary Review* gives the views of Edward A. Parry concerning the advisability of having those taking oaths, kiss the Bible, or Book as he calls it. His reasons against this practice are very sound and persuading. He quotes authentically and exhaustively from lawyers and judges of different times and nations to show that it is but a matter of custom and not really compulsory by law. He goes further, though, and besides demonstrating his good sense, he demonstrates his deep prejudice. He cannot think of the fact that the Church, that is the Catholic Church, instituted this practice, but he must, at once, begin to vent his spleen against that Church, calling it foolishly superstitious. Well!

"Wisdom and virtue to the vile seem vile,
Filths savor but themselves."

"The Irish Dialect of English" has been ably and agreeably treated in the *Fortnightly Review*. The author goes on to show how the Irish retain the Irish accent through centuries, though ignorant of Ireland's tongue and picturesque scenery; also that the English language contains very many suggestive, racy, logical idioms translated literally from the Gaelic.

Among the Magazines.

To anyone who makes a dispassionate study of recent German naval development, says a writer in the *Scientific American* of May 1st, there is nothing to indicate that her present activity in the construction of "Dreadnoughts" is aimed at any particular power, or has anything in the nature of an intended challenge. The writer compares the naval strength of Great Britain and Germany and shows that in every department England excels, possessing a greater number of "Dreadnoughts," armored cruisers, and second-class battleships.

In the same magazine Henry Morris Russell, Ph. D., writes an article on "The Heavens in May," an interesting and useful one for astronomers.

The May number of the *Educational Review* as usual contains interesting items concerning the Maritime Provinces. "Some Ideas of Loyalty," "School Excursions and Patriotism," and "Empire Day" are three excellent articles, exposing, as their titles imply, methods for instilling loyalty and patriotism into the hearts of our Canadian youth.

In the same magazine W. H. Moore gives some interesting facts about birds. There is a more or less intimate relationship existing between the feathery covering and the song or voice of all wild birds, says the author, "and the more thought and study one gives to this phrase of bird-life, the more one is inclined to believe that there is something drawing birds, flowers, insects and man, mammals, reptiles, and plants all, more or less, in touch with one another, and all more or less for the benefit of each other."

America, the Catholic weekly which replaces the *Messenger*, ably upholds the reputation of that magazine as one of the best Catholic Reviews in circulation. The last two April numbers contain pithy articles on many of the most interesting and live questions of the day, political, religious and social. "Mr. Chesterson's Orthodoxy" is an appreciative article on one of the most learned philosophical works of modern time. "The Situation of Christians in Turkey," "Russia," and "Ireland To-day" discuss political questions which are absorbing the attention of people all over the world. "Blessed Jeanne D'Arc" is an excellent article in which Rev.

Michael Kenney, S. J. relates some of the great historical events during the life of the Maid of Orleans. He descants upon her many virtues, her exemplary life, and her undaunted heroism. "In declaring Blessed this Matchless Maid," he concludes. "Pius X. is crowning the brow of Heroism and raising Patriotism to the Altars of the Church."

The May number of the *Canadian Messenger* is particularly valuable for several interesting articles, chief of which are "Pilgrimages," by E. J. Devine, S. J., and "Notes on Moral Training." Father Devine gives us the reason why pilgrimages are resorted to by Catholics and their history. They date back before the time of Christ, when the Jews, as history tells us, made it a matter of conscience to be present in Jerusalem every year, for the offering of sacrifice and prayer.

We find in the exercise and practice of true principles, says the author of the Notes on Moral Training, that God gives us three powerful aids, all accompanied with special grace, which are increased as we correspond with them. They are: "The law of God imprinted in our hearts, revealed by God and expounded and enforced by the Church; the gift of moral sense, the faculty of discerning what is right and wrong in and with regard to our own acts; and finally, conscience in its true form and right capacity, that judges and passes sentence on every deliberate act of our lives."

The *Catholic University Bulletin* for April contains an interesting history of the famous St. Mary's College, O-cott, and an article by P. J. Lennox on Early Printing in Ireland, which is of great interest to every student of Irish history.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father McCauley, '90, of Osgoode, was a visitor at the College this month.

During the month Alma Mater was favoured with a visit from Rev. Father Francis French, '91, of Brudenell.

The Review wishes to congratulate one of its former editors, Rev. T. W. Albin, '00, on his success in parish work in Onaway,

Michigan. Last Easter his new church was formally opened amid imposing services. The Detroit Free Press, in speaking of the Rev. gentleman, predicts a bright future for him.

Hugh J. McDonald, '03, who has just completed his exams. successfully at Osgoode Hall, has been admitted as junior partner in the law firm with which he has been serving in the past.

Messrs. Gerald and Philip Kirwin have just completed successful years at Toronto University. The former, who is studying Analytical Chemistry, will pursue laboratory work under Dr. Haanel, Director of the Dominion Dept. of Mines.

Mr. W. Derham, '06, has successfully completed his exams. in Electrical Engineering at Toronto University

Mr. Roddy Byrnes, '05, has successfully completed his law course at Osgoode Hall.

Rev. Father W. E. Cavanagh, '93, was a visitor to the Sanctum last week.

Rev. Father Fay, '00, of South March, paid a short visit to Alma Mater this month.

Mr. Harry McDonald, '10, who is studying science at McGill, has reflected great credit on his Alma Mater by coming out first in his exams. last month.

Rev. Father Prudhomme, of Gloucester, favoured us with a visit lately.

Mr. Ernest Brunet, '09, has successfully passed his M.D. exams. at Queen's, and has been appointed House Surgeon at Water Street Hospital, Ottawa.

Mr. Arthur Derosiers, '12, occupied a high place in the honour list in the recent exams. in Science at McGill.

Revs. J. J. Meagher, '92, of Kemptville; R. A. Carey, '02, of Prescott; J. O. Dowd, '03, of Cantley, paid a visit to the Sanctum on May 25th.

Rev. J. Keeley, '02, is at present curate under Ven. Arch-deacon Casey, of Lindsay.

Rev. R. Halligan, '03, is in Kingston, recovering from a very serious illness. We wish the Rev. gentleman a speedy return to health and strength.

Personals.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the widely known missionary, has been in the city for some days, and honored the boys of the Juniorate by giving them a lecture on the North-West. Father Lacombe, who is now in his eighty-third year, has been among the Indians for over half a century.

At the concert given by the Catholic Athletic Club, of Ottawa, in the hall of St. Mary's Church, Ottawa East, on May 18th, the University Glee Club performed very creditably. Mr. Martin O'Gara, '10, the president, was in the chair.

The recent euchre in aid of the Sacred Heart Church Re-building Fund, which was held in the basement of the Juniorate, was largely attended, and was a pronounced success.

Mr. Louis J. Kehoe, B.A., '94, has been elected president of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association; Chas. F. O'Neill, '11, still retains the office of secretary-treasurer.

The County Chaplain of the A.O.H., Dr. Sherry, is organizing a large pilgrimage in connection with the unveiling of the monument at Grosse Isle on August 15th. It is expected that Hibernians from all over Ontario will take part in it.

Rev. Father Cousineau, of Sarsfield, paid us a call on the 21st inst.

Rev. C. F. Gorman, of Spencerville, visited the University during the month.

Right Rev. A. MacDonald, the recently appointed Bishop of Victoria in Vancouver, passed through Ottawa the other day on his way out to the coast. The scholarly prelate dined at the University and told us many interesting things connected with his travels abroad.



ATHLETICS

Baseball.

The greatest sport in the world is now occupying the attention of hundreds of athletes. Throughout the entire country the keenest interest is everywhere manifested.

Up to the present time the sport has not taken a very firm foothold in our country, but it is now fast gaining in popularity.

In Toronto and Montreal, the most progressive cities of Canada, much interest is taken in the game, and great crowds attend to see the stars perform.

Ottawa, once the proud possessor of one of the fastest teams in the Northern League, was buncoed out of vast sums of money by poor management, and as a result the game received such a severe shunt that professional ball will probably be dead for some years to come.

However, the best means is being taken to revive the game, by the establishment of a fast city league, and the efforts of its promoters are meeting with great success.

The league comprises four clubs—O.A.A.C., Capitals, Columbias and College, all of which are represented by comparatively good teams.

Up to the present five league games have been played, all of which were fast and interesting. Of these College participated in three, winning one and losing two.

The first game between College and Capitals resulted in a loss to College by a score of 11 to 6. The weather had been so wet that it was impossible to practice, so the team was picked on former showing and expectation of some "touted" stars. There was nothing to it and the team was badly beaten. The line-up was as follows: battery, Linke, Dubois; 1st b., Corkery; 2nd b., Bawlf; ss., McCarthy; 3rd, Muzanti; lf., Conway; cf., O'Neill. rf Deahy, Smith and Ryan spares.

In the second game the team lined up the same as in the opening game. This game things came our way more or less, and we

got away with a neat little victory over O.A.A.C. by the score of 2-0. It was an excellent exhibition of baseball, and the large crowd which was in attendance greatly appreciated the good work of both teams. Rivard and Freeland worked well together for O.A.A.C., but poor support lost them the game. It looked bad for College at one stage of the game, when the bases were full and only one man out. Linke couldn't find the plate, so he was pulled out and Muzanti substituted. By excellent work on the part of the team the difficulty was overcome.

The third league game in which College was interested was played on Ascension Thursday vs. Capitals. This was a very important game and both teams were out to win.

The day was ideal for baseball, and in the "warm-up" both teams showed good form, but with "play ball" things took on another aspect, and the game became very loose, especially "lose" for College. The Capitals were gracefully presented the game by a number of costly errors on the part of the Collegians.

Linke and Dubois worked for College. In the fifth with two men down, Linke passed two men and was taken out and replaced by Muzanti. The umpire was rather strict on balls and strikes, and made it pretty difficult for the pitchers.

In the same fatal fifth, O'Neill dropped a nice fly to deep centre, the "ump." misjudged a man on the bases, and McCarthy threw wide to first. The team played loosely at times throughout the game and consequently the game went to the Capitals, the score reading 6-4. Deahy and Bawlf were the stars of College. For the winners, Ashton pitched a beautiful game, and by keeping his hits scattered, was in a great measure responsible for the victory.

Handball.

Since the Easter holidays much interest has been evinced by the students in that game of games, namely handball. Under the direction of Brother Bertrand, two leagues were formed, consisting of about twelve teams each, and during every recreation period the alley was the scene of many hotly-contested games, and also spirited disputes amongst the spectators as well as amongst the parties directly interested. From the first to the last, interest never flagged, and as a consequence we have in our midst many who have become experts at the game.

The championship of the A series was won by a team consisting of Bonhomme (Capt.), Boisvert and McDonald, while that of the B series by Burrows (Capt.), Rev. Father Lajeunesse and Linke. To decide the championship of the College a game was played between Rev. Father Lajeunesse and Bonhomme. Rev. Father Lajeunesse carried off the palm of victory.

During the time allotted for the games, which lasted from Easter until about May 24th, much genuine pleasure was afforded the student body as well as some of the professors, who are, indeed, stars. The handball games of 1909 will often be recalled with pleasure.

St. Michael's College vs. Ottawa College.

The most exciting game of the season was played on the College Holiday vs. the crack American team representing St. Michael's College of Burlington, Vt. The game was scheduled to take place on the day preceding, but owing to bad weather it was deferred till the following. It was owing to this change of date that the crowd was not up to the usual size. The game was most hotly contested, and both teams were thoroughly awake throughout the game. College got away to a bad start, giving the visitors a lead of 5 runs. With this heavy handicap, the College "lads" tightened up and brought the score to the interesting reading of 5-6. Then our American friends found it getting too interesting, and with little or no difficulty lifted the ball for a number of safe hits, driving in four runs. This put victory so far out of sight of the Collegians that they lost hope and were unable to score further.

Ryan for the visitors was all to the good and kept the College fanners more than busy. The game resulted in an easy victory for St. Michael's, the score being 11-6.

The team was composed of a number of perfect young gentlemen who did honor to the College they represented.

Our feelings were extended particularly to Mr. Meagher, the good catcher, who so deeply felt the need of a good umpire.

Victoria Day Meet.

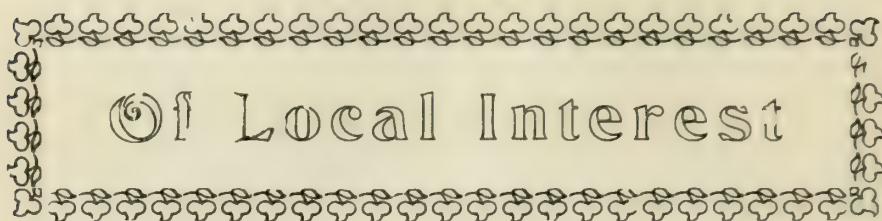
Everything is in readiness for the big meet to be held on the 24th, and inclement weather is the only thing that will prevent it from being a huge success. For the past month the different committees are hustling around to get everything into shape. The

grounds have been surveyed for the different races, and a cinder track, one hundred and twenty yards in length, has been laid. On this will be run the hundred yards dash and the hurdle race.

The entries are all in and are good both in quality and quantity. Among the entries are Bobbie Kerr, Frank Lukeman, Goulding, Knox, Barber and many others, besides our own track team which is a formidable one. Kinsella, who won the hundred yard dash in Hamilton; Smith, who did so well at the last meet; Corkery, Bawlf and others are on this team. The O.A.A.C. have also a good team entered. The fifteen mile marathon has a big list of entries.

A good day's sport is provided, and there should be a bumper crowd in attendance.





Of Local Interest

NEVER MIND THE KNOCKERS.

Never mind the knockers,
Go ahead and make your play;
They're in every worker's way;
 Never mind the knockers.
Every one who seeks to shine,
If successful, they malign;
'Tis of fame a certain sign—
 Never mind the knockers.

They strike only those who climb,
 Never mind the knockers.
'Tis success they deem a crime;
 Never mind the knockers.
If they hammer at your name,
Then, be sure, you're in the game;
'Tis a species of acclaim.
 Never mind the knockers.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

When picking up a lucky horseshoe, take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner table which is laid for 12 only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

—Ex.

"Say, Jim, what would you like to be?"

Jim—"Well, I think I'd like to B.A. just now."

Professor—"Mr. B—n, what would you consider the first idea of the human intellect?"

B-n—"Hunger."

"Where is my trunk?"

"Under the bed, me laird."

Ch-p has bought out Sam's lunch room. Good luck to the new proprietor.

"Who was at the ice cream contest?"

"Oh, only the light eating crowd."

Stop that, Riley, do you hear. Whoa!

L-y, who was your friend from St. M's the evening of the 13th? What's his name?

"JUNE 17."

I go to class at early morn
With pencil, pad and books well worn;
I sit and listen, talk and think,
And sometimes steal a short sweet wink.

The same thing o'er each day I do
Till ten short months have by me flew;
Alas! the end comes round too soon,
Oh! how I fear the Ides of June.

That Greek and Latin, French and Dutch,
Now give me cause to fear them much;
The why, this fear, is that I've thunk—
I see the Ides and see a flunk.

Cheer up, old chap, you'll soon be through
Do your best for it's up to you;
Trust to your noodle and good luck,
And like the goose may avoid a pluck.

Stay with the books till the Ides have gone,
Stay up at night and work till dawn,
Stay under cover like highway thug,
Stay in your room and *plug, plug, plug*.

G—. "Say, M—, what delivery ought I to use in that debate?"

M—. "The spit-ball, of course!"

Junior Department.



THE meeting for the purpose of forming a Junior League and of which notice was given in last month's REVIEW, was held in Ottawa University, on April 30th. There were present : Messrs. Lachapelle and Lamoureux, from the Juniorate ; Messrs. Cross and Mooney from the Ermines ; and Messrs. Poulin and Tobin from the Small Yard. Father Veronneau occupied the chair. A league was formed consisting of teams from the three Associations sending representatives, and the "Intermediate City League," was the name unanimously chosen for it. The following were the officers selected : Hon. President, Dr. J. Chabot ; First Hon. Vice-President, Mr. Hurd ; Second Hon. Vice-President, Dr. Baird ; President, Mr. Lachapelle ; Vice-President, Mr. J. Cross and Secretary, Mr. J. Tobin. At the same meeting, a schedule was drawn up and a few simple regulations about the selection of umpires and the conduct of players were formulated. At another meeting called for May 7th, the application of Sandy Hill for entrance into the League was accepted, and the schedule re-arranged accordingly.

Why do you think J. D. and Fernie are good debaters ?

Because, though vanquished, they can argue still."—I-i-n.

On Wednesday, May 12th, Small Yard, opened the season against the Juniorate. The final score was 7 to 3, in favor of the sturdy ball tossers, from 600, Cumberland Avenue. The Juniorate has a good team but we feel confident that our team will hand them out a trimming the next time they meet them. Small Yard :—Poulin rf, Tobin 3b, Nagle ss, Brennan 1b, Milob c, McCabe lf, Harris 2b, Villeneuve cf, and DesChamps p. The Juniorate :—Lachapelle rf, Killian M. ss, Caron lf, Morisseau cf, Poulin 1b, Killian E. c, Larose 2b, Goyet 3b, and Lamoureux p.

WANTED.—A pitcher for second team. Those applying must have the motion, must be able to control at least one curve, and must be strictly amateur.

The Minims are in charge of Father Voyer for baseball. He has formed a league for them and is recognized as their official umpire in all their games. If we were to judge from the noise they make during a match, we would conclude that the youngsters are taking

very enthusiastically to baseball. The Junior Editor would like to have the line-up of the winning team for June REVIEW.

What about our relay team for Victoria Day? Things are not turning out just as we planned. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." At the moment of going to press, two of our best speeders, Batterton and Cornellier, who were sure of a place on the team, are on the sick list. But even with this handicap we expect to win. There are others willing to jump into the vacancies, and though they will not be able to do as well, as those whose places they fill, they will do their best to land the cup. Ribout and Nagle are training faithfully and are showing class.

Two in One is still on the market.

Father Veronneau has picked from the smaller boys three teams for a mile relay race. In A Team, there are DesRosiers, McNally, Quinn and Dozois ; in B Team, Braithwaite, Lamonde, Hansberry and Gelineault ; and in C Team, Cote, O'Neill, Brisson and McCabe. The winning team will have their photo taken at the expense of the Junior Athletic Association.

Remember there will be a Boarders' Field Day, at some convenient date in the near future, and very likely we will go to Britannia-on-the-Bay to hold our athletic competitions. It should be the commendable ambition of each and everyone to carry off the prize in some particular item of the day's events. Practise, therefore, especially along the lines in which there is most chance of your excelling.

Some time ago, the International Society of Dopes, lost their very efficient president, in the person of Mr. E. L-l-de. To succeed him in the high office, it was tacitly conceded by the many members that J. M-N-ly was the one best qualified, on account of the multiplicity and length of his "dopes." For admission into the society, or for permission "to go into a dope," write to the secretary L. B-dy.



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OUR DECEASED CHANCELLOR.

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No. 9

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

EUGE, SERVE BONE.

In Memoriam : Josephi Thomae, Archiep. Ottawensis.

Obiit die V Junii, 1909.

R. I. P.

Soldier and Priest of God, the victory won,
Now hast thou laid aside the shield and sword ;
And to the very presence of thy Lord
—Thy task accomplished, and thy rest begun,
The homeward journey ended now; and run,
Thy prayers and praises to the last outpour'd—
Passed, to the gaining of thy sure reward.

Soldier and Priest of God Most High, well done !
Oh, may He give thee peace, for whose dear sake
Thy life was lived, thy sufferings bravely borne ;
Hasten the coming of the glorious morn
When thou to all the brightness shalt awake ;
Crown thee with glory for thy crown of thorn,
Grant thee his joys eternal to partake.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Daniel O'Connell.



DANIEL O'CONNELL was born near the town of Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland on August 6, 1775. He attended the first Catholic school that had been established since the enactment of the Penal Laws. This had been founded at Cork by Father Harrington. His parents were resolved that he should have a good Christian education and history tells us how O'Connell profited by it. His later studies were pursued at St. Omer and Douay.

He became a lawyer in 1798 and from that on vehemently opposed the unjust laws against his co-religionists. Ireland at this time was in a pitiful state. The dark and evil days of "ninety-eight" had closed in a nation's tears and blood. The Act of Union was carried and Emmet's unsuccessful rising had taken place. Then followed black and bitter despair. The people were hopeless and helpless. The landlords crushed the very lives out of them. An alien church levied tithes and the Orange clubs tyrannized it over the unfortunate Catholic.

This was the condition of Ireland when O'Connell took up her cause. He pitted himself against the power of England and the hopelessness of Ireland. Never before had a patriot set himself to so mighty a task. He made strong and forceful speeches against the Act of Union. He imitated none of the great orators of the day; neither Burke, nor Sheridan, nor Curran, nor Gratton. He had a style all his own. He did not seek to seduce or dazzle or surprise his hearers but to make them clearly understand the question and to convince them. In the plainest and strongest language he stated the facts that most concerned the case and urged the consideration that ought to influence his countrymen.

In 1823 O'Connell founded the Catholic Association. Under it were marshalled the entire forces of Catholic Ireland, moral and physical. More than a million of members were enrolled in its ranks and the eloquence and ability displayed in its proceedings have never been excelled in any other popular movement. England at this time scoffed at the idea of Catholic Emancipation but this power was irresistible. O'Connell himself attributed the principal power to the people. He said: "It was not I, nor any man in my

class that obtained Emancipation,—it was the honesty, the determination, the self-sacrifice of the Irish peasant."

Everybody knows the history of the Clare election and the Emancipation Act. By his labors and his victory he fairly won the title of Liberator and had he never toiled more in the service of his country after 1829 Ireland would still owe him a monument among the greatest of her patriots. His patriotic labours did not cease, however, in 1829. For a dozen consecutive years he strove with all the means in his power to obtain further relief for his countrymen. He soon saw that the only way to solve the question was to re-establish the Irish Parliament. He went on a tour through Ireland speaking to monster meetings. At Nenagh, it is said, he addressed 350,000 people at Mullingar 160,000, at Cannachtmen 150,000 and so on throughout Ireland. On Oct. 8, 1843 a monster meeting was to be held at Clontarf, but the British Ministry, becoming alarmed, ordered the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to prevent it. He accordingly issued a proclamation forbidding the people to attend. O'Connell issued a counter-proclamation advising the people to remain at home and declaring the intended meeting abandoned.

On Oct. 14 the Government issued a warrant for the arrest of O'Connell and a picked jury found him guilty: An appeal was taken and by a masterful speech to the House of Lords he convinced them that his conviction was unjust. After this, however, O'Connell never regained his former health. He was no longer young and both mind and body were worn down by the continuous excitement of his life.

In January 1837 he was ordered by his physician to the Continent and as he was anxious to visit Rome he set out on his journey. He never reached the Eternal City dying at Genoa on Jan. 15th. His heart, at his own request, was sent to Rome and his body rests in Glasnevin Cemetery Dublin.

"O'Connell was the first man" says Canning, who summoned a race into existence, and who restored the balance of the world. He was the first man in Great Britain who taught the Crown to look outside the house of Commons for the dictator of its policy. In a certain sense he molded the age and revolutionized the systems of all civilized governments. Not only Ireland, then, but the whole world stands indebted to "Daniel O'Connell."

The Idea of a University.



THE title of the discourse which has been assigned to me is one which, at first thought, would seem to suggest a mere summing up of the aims and endeavours of the ordinary, everyday University; but, after a little serious reflection, it becomes obvious that it embraces something higher and more extensive, that of a University as it should exist under the guidance of the Church. And this is the topic upon which I am to give my views, with whatever substantiating proofs as seem necessary, and which time and place will admit.

It is far from my intention to treat the subject from all aspects, as it is too extensive, and embraces such a field as will lead the mind into deeper subjects, all of which require lengthy discourses and argument. I will, therefore, generalize as much as possible regarding the one idea, a University as it should be; and even in this, that I may not be too long, I will be compelled to rely considerably upon those sound principles of faith, which I know you to possess.

In endeavoring to give this general view of a perfect University, you will kindly pardon me, if I seem harsh in my criticisms of so-called Universities, and energetic in my upholding of the former; but Religion teaches us that education goes hand in hand with itself, and the very philosophy of education is founded on truth in the natural order; which, if we follow to the utmost, pleases God; and, beyond nature, we must rely upon faith and hope. If we are to be guided by religious principles in the acquirement of education, we must give credence to the decision of the Pope, who is the supreme ruler and guide of all Catholics in matters of religion. He, long since, manifested to the world, his feelings for a pure University system for the Catholic youth, and forbade compromise or accommodation of any kind, no matter what purposes they satisfied. If we were to be guided by example in this matter, we would but have to recall the schools of the Middle Ages, which have made them famous. All these were founded upon religion.

To-day Universities exist throughout the world, or so-called Universities, which make no pretence at teaching religion. By a brief argument I will endeavor to show the absurdity of such institutions. By a University, as the word itself implies, is meant an institution wherein universal knowledge is taught. No one in

right reason can deny the fact that Theology is a branch of knowledge. How, then, I ask, can a University properly exist, which does not embrace within its category of studies, a subject so important as Theology? It is, therefore, inconsistent for an institution to call itself a University, and at the same time exclude Theology. If it exists in such a state, it admits that the province of Religion is very barren of real knowledge, or that, under such conditions, an important branch of knowledge is omitted. It must be admitted that there is nothing to learn of the Supreme Being, or that the University calls itself what it is not. And, further, a University excluding Religion cannot possibly be what it claims if there is a God,—for the very meaning of the word includes God. Knowledge has its very source in God Himself; and how could that source be excluded from a University course whose aim is knowledge?

Theology is certainly a branch of knowledge, for it has its very source in God, and permeates into every science. Consequently that science, which treats of the source of all knowledge must certainly be embraced in the pure University course.

Now, let us see what bearing Theology has upon the other branches of knowledge. We all understand that it is really a separate science in itself, as distinctly marked in its own province as any. But let us see if its influences are not excellent. Truth is the object of knowledge of every kind, and Truth deals with facts and their relation to each other. Knowledge forms one whole, not many, because its subject matter is one; and, as God is the Creator of the world, he has so implicated Himself with it by His very presence in it, His dominion over it, and His impressions and influences upon it, that we really cannot contemplate it without contemplating Him. If, therefore, God in His creation is so essential in every part of it, the science of Him, or Theology, must necessarily exist in a pure University course including all sciences. He is the very fountain of all knowledge, and, when the study of Him is left out of the University, the most essential part is taken away. The first principle, then, for the establishment of a proper University, lies in the establishing a chair of Theology affording the youth the opportunity of studying those essential principles of the science of God, the founder of all things.

Theology, in its foundation and extensiveness, bears a most important influence upon all other sciences, and has a tendency to enlarge and purify them; and, since it holds such a prominent place among them, and its foundation upon truth itself is so firm, it can-

not in justice, without great prejudice being displayed, be omitted from the University course of studies. And, furthermore, if it be omitted, it is so extensive that false conclusions will be drawn by subjects which extend out of their own province and into a subject too extensive for their own comprehension.

We all understand that it is a great advantage to the student to enlarge the course of studies in a University, and a great recommendation to the institution to possess a diversified course. While all the students may not be able to pursue all the branches, yet, by their very communication with one another, pursuing different branches, they become learned in all branches, or at least familiar with them, and certainly profit. This, then, is what we understand by a liberal education. He, therefore, by his associations, acquires that much coveted possession, known as the "philosophical habit," together with a wonderfully developed mind which possesses freedom; and this is the object or fruit of a University.

While the end of a University education, or the knowledge which it imparts, is real and sufficient in itself, it cannot be separated from knowledge. The desire for perfect knowledge in man is natural, and its end lies in its acquirement. "Knowledge, which a liberal education affords, gives a man a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of his life." All these excellent characteristics are only qualities of a large knowledge, and form the object and end of a University.

This perfection of the intellect is called philosophical knowledge, or Philosophy, or enlargement of the mind; and every University should make this intellect culture its aim. As the intellect is cultivated, so also is knowledge acquired. The development of the one produces the acquisition of the other. Knowledge, therefore, is the indispensable condition of the expansion of the mind and the instrument of attaining it. Thus the mind is being constantly developed by observation as well as by books. The coming in contact with people of a different race, studying their habits, customs and language, all produce an impression upon the mind, and tend to enlarge and elevate it. In the same manner, religion, when carefully practised, will also tend to the mind's enlightenment and enlargement. The desirable characteristic produced by our close communication with other influences is not the most important quality imparted; but it lies in that locomotion, that movement upward and onward to the desired end of all.

The great fault of the University education was the extensiveness of the various courses which were made compulsory by the University authorities. Thus the mind was retarded by a smattering of a great number of subjects and the mastery of none. This was not advancement, but, on the contrary, had a tendency toward enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects. The University which brings a large number of young men together for a number of years, with no compulsory course of studies, but allowed to pursue their own choice, will develop the intellect to better advantage and send forth better men in the world, than will that so-called University which dispenses with residence superintendence and grants its degrees to persons passing examinations in a wide range of subjects. The former will develop the intellect and build up a character in the young men, by the mere fact of their constant communication with one another, their interchange of ideas develop and advance the mind, and fit them for the problems of life with which they will have to contend.

So, also, is self-education, without University or professor, with all its great disadvantages of imperfect grounding, deficiencies and irregularities of knowledge, eccentricity of opinion and confusion of principle, without any restraint or guide, better for the advancement and development of the intellect, than that so-called University education which fills the mind with nothing but subjects, and leaves it in one grand muddle, so overcome by confusion as to compel the student to despair and give up all in disgust.

We shall now view the subject from a different standpoint, that of its relation to professional skill. It is an admitted fact that professional skill is one of the world's greatest attainments, and that it displays in a great measure wonderful intellect development; and, while it is also admitted that the attainment of such skill can be best acquired by a seclusion from other subjects, yet it is preferable to generalize, as much as possible, that the demands of a professional position may be satisfied. Thus the world at large profits by the development of that professional mind. Thus, also, are the exterior advantages of such development felt; which, in reality contain the personal reward for the labors spent in the acquisition of it; and so the intellect development with this exerted exterior influence produces a social and political usefulness on the entire world.

Just as the culture of the intellect has its influence upon social and political activities, so also has it its influence upon "Religion." Every educated mind is in a sense religious; not necessarily Cath-

olic, nevertheless religious, and frequently founded upon pure reason. There are, indeed, numerous modes of reasoning, and, consequently, numerous kinds of Religion. It, therefore, becomes our aim to set down some outlines of the Religion of Civilization, and determine how they lie in respect to those principles and doctrines of the Catholic Church. Knowledge, or intellectual pursuit, relative to religious subjects, would be excellent if it did no more than take the mind off subjects which would prove detrimental. How much more elevating is it, then, since it deals with such subjects as are embraced under the title of Religion. The great guide or pathway to religion is the voice of conscience, taken in its proper sense. Many there are who base their religion on conscience; but conscience to them is not the word of the great Lawgiver, as it should be, but the dictate of their own feeble minds and for their own personal ends, and not their Maker.

Another religion there is, equally as bad, which is based upon honor; maintaining vice to be evil because it is unworthy, dispicable and odious. They, too, make their own weak minds their sanctuary, and their own ideas their oracle; and conscience to them is like genius in art.

There is still another Religion which Julian, the Apostate professed, called the Religion of Reason, which I have previously mentioned, and which is ever to be avoided. That Religion of Philosophy is most false, not that it does not contain some truth, but that it does not contain the whole truth, and thus things are misrepresented. It has really nothing to do with the saving of the immortal soul, and this is the great aim of Catholicity.

The Church aims at regenerating the very depths of the heart. She begins at the beginning, and is ever busy building on that firm foundation. She is employed in that which is essential. She is curing men and keeping them out of mortal sin. She is treating of justice and chastity, and the judgment to come, and ever insisting on faith, hope and charity, devotion and honesty. She is putting souls on the way of salvation, and fitting them for the attainment of their desired end, that Eternal peace and happiness which rests in God.

However much we, as Catholics, feel and appreciate our excellence of position over the rest of the world, still we cannot in justice deny the fact that great intellect development, exerted on a form of religion other than our own, may make it seem to possess some excellent principles; and when handled by such an intellect, with its wonderful powers of perception, and insight into

character, develop it so as to make it very convincing. Thus these wonderful intellectual powers, working in religious strains, partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic Church.

Before concluding, it seems necessary to say a word on the duties of the Church toward knowledge and education. It seems reasonable, you must admit, that the Church should possess a direct and active jurisdiction over knowledge, because it might become a rival of the Church in communities in Theological matters, which are exclusively committed to the Church. And if the Catholic Church and her teachings are true, as we know them to be, a University cannot exist outside of it, for it cannot possibly teach universal knowledge, and exclude Theology, which is admitted to be a branch of knowledge. Nor must we suppose that it is sufficient for a University to teach Theology, as a branch of knowledge. It must be ever guided by the Church, which breathes its own pure and unearthly spirit into it, fashions and moulds its organization, and watches over its teaching, knits together its pupils, and superintends its actions.

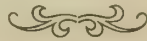
While the intention of Universities outside the Church may be good, and I am inclined to believe it is, it confines itself to the pursuit of liberal knowledge, which may very easily become hostile to Revealed Truth. In pursuing it you are apt to make present utility and natural beauty the best end of truth and the sufficient object of the intellect. Thus you will gradually be lead astray, by first beginning to ignore Theological Truth, and then by an adulteration of its spirit. The pursuits of Literature, too, are excellent in their means to acquire knowledge, but they have their tendency to lead the mind astray. Literature most certainly should form one of the leading branches of the University course. The Church has remedies for all these evils arising in the pursuit of knowledge, which should be exerted through the pure University.

A pure University training is a great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end. It aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm, at the enlargement and sobriety of the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power and refining the intercourse of private life.

It affords a man a clear view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, and a force in urging them. It gives him a keen insight into all matters, and enables him to detect, readily, whatever is false or irrelevant. It makes of him a

man of the world, and fits him for his particular walk in life. It makes of him a leader among men, with that keen insight into character which is so essential and beneficial. He becomes at once a desirable person to society, a pleasant companion, and a dependable comrade. He develops that repose of mind which lives in itself, while in the world, and finds true peace and happiness in the home. He acquires a gift which serves him in public and supports him in retirement, without which, good fortune is but vulgar, and, with which, failure and disappointment have a charm. To make a man the proud possessor of all these excellent characteristics is, or rather should be, the idea or end of a University.

E. H. MCCARTHY, '09.



Dermot MacMurrough.

(Translated from the Irish of Owen MacNaughton.)

AN old man was seated, sorrowfully, beside a bright fire in a palace chamber in Ferns. With his elbow on the table and his cheek resting in the palm of his hand, he was gazing into the fire. His long, gray hair fell to his shoulders. The man was bareheaded.

He raised his head after a while and called an attendant. The attendant entered and stood before him.

"Where is Murrough?" asked the old man.

"He has been hunting the boar since morning, King of Leinster," said the attendant.

"Send MacLoughlin to me, then," said the king. With that the attendant departed to tell MacLoughlin, the king's treasurer, to come to him. When the attendant was gone, the king, Dermot MacMurrough, fell into a soliloquy.

"I will not allow these clerics," he said to himself, "to have it all their own way with me till the last. They are raising trouble now since I was lenient with themselves and O'Moore long

ago, but I will so press them that they shall not be so bold nor so troublesome as they have been this last half-year. Should it not be a matter of life and death to me, at this stage of my life, that—

The attendant broke in on him, saying:

“Cahal MacTeig is here at the door, King of Leinster, and he is in sore dismay. He hath some great news for thee.”

Cahal was admitted. He was covered with clay and mire from head to foot. He told the king that a host of men was approaching the city from the northwest. They were then but three miles away, having encamped for the night. The king asked impatiently who they were, and what their numbers, did he think. Cahal answered that they were the men of Brefney, the men of Meath, the Foreigners* of Dublin, and that all were under the command of Tiernan O'Rourke.

“Where is Murrough, or hast thou been in his company?” asked Dermot.

“Thus, O king,” said Cahal, “he tarried after me to seek sure tidings of their numbers and purpose.”

“Made he any delay?”

“Once or twice he paused to consider with himself, O king.”

“That will do our affair,” said the king, as he saw MacLoughlin enter.

“These brutes are upon ús again, it seemeth, and they are in strong force,” said the king.

“Who are they, O king?” said MacLoughlin.

“The O'Rourke and his host, the men of Meath and the Foreigners of Dublin, I hear,” said Dermot. “I was about to ask thee concerning the people of Leix, but they may even wait as they now are till this brush be over, they and their clerics. Away with thee now, let not the day pass without all things be set aright for the morning. Murrough will be here shortly, with news of them in plenty.”

But after Murrough had set all in readiness for the host of O'Rourke, this is what he gained by it. They came down on the town in the darkness of the morning, and slew every man who sought to hinder them. In the end, they seized upon the king, Dermot MacMurrough, and brought him before Tiernan O'Rourke. The sentence pronounced by O'Rourke was that he should be banished from the country and replaced as king by his son Murrough.

Dermot MacMurrough was exiled overseas that same year—

1166—after being deprived of his kingship, which was bestowed on his son. He sought out the king of England, asking help from him to win back his own kingdom. The king of England was in France at that time, and he had enough to occupy him without giving help to anybody else. But he told Dermot to speak to some of his own people in England, and if they wished to go with him, he would set no hindrance on them. The king of Leinster returned to England, where he made the acquaintance of the Earl Strongbow and four or five more of the chief men of Wales. He promised them that, if they should come with him, he would grant them land without charge as long as they remained, and that he would give his daughter in marriage to Strongbow himself, with the inheritance of his kingdom, that is to say, the right to be king after his death.

Thus the bargain was made between them, and, in May, there came about five hundred men into the County of Wexford. Dermot was before them, and had himself gathered five hundred men. They attacked the town of Wexford and captured it; from there they marched to Ferns, which place they captured also. By that time Dermot had three thousand men, and was in high spirits at being in his old home again. He marched rapidly on Ossory after that, with three thousand men, and he won satisfaction from Fitzpatrick, the chief of that district, for something which he had done to him years before.

The High King—Roderick O'Connor—received tidings of these events, and he summoned his councillors to see what was best to be done. Roderick came, with his army, to Ferns, and made a settlement with Dermot MacMurrough. Dermot promised that he would bring in no more of the English, that he would send away all that were with him, and that he would acknowledge Roderick as his Overking. But he was only seeking time to strengthen himself. The following year he sent word to the English once more, and Strongbow came with over a thousand men. He landed at Waterford, and reduced that city to submission in three days. Thence he marched with Dermot to Dublin, for Dermot already held possession of that city. "Dermot of the Foreigners" the people named him, for he was the first man that brought the English into Ireland. He died in May of the same year, "unshriven and unrepentant," in the town of Ferns.

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

*Danes and other Northmen.

Pro Archiepiscopo Ottawiensi Defuncto.

Die V Iunii MDCMIX.

Ecce Sacerdos, qui in die sua
Placuit Deo, iustus est inventus ;
Nunc qui triumphans, lætusque discedit,
Hinc in æternum.

Serve fidelis, tu pro gloria eius
Qui te elegit, semper laborasti ;
Nunc te dimisit ; videas in pace,
Vultum Magistri.

Det tibi pacem, requiem, coronam
Olim promissam, qui in servis suis
Semper delectat, semper et laudatur,
Glorificatur.

Det nobis tecum semel introire
Regnum iucundum, nobis præparatum,
Sis memor nostri, pater, et dignetur,
Te exaudire.

Iesu, Rex bone, Pastorque pastorum,
Ei concedas veniam optatam ;
Desque in luce tua, et nitore,
Lumen videre.

Apud te, fontem vitæ sempiternæ,
Sitim digneris eius satiare ;
Præmium concedas meritis condigne,
Dona Teipsum.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Down the Bonnechere.

IT was a beautiful afternoon as we left Reid and set out in our canoe for Round Lake. The late summer sun beamed down in genial warmth, and a light breeze wafted our canoe on across the rippling waves. Our way lay down the Bonnechere river. This is a beautiful little stream which has its origin up among the Killaloe mountains, flows thence through the rough and hilly tracts of Bromley, and then onward through the fertile plains of Tramore. Our destination, Round Lake, lay about 15 miles below Reid, and the intervening district comprised some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery, rough majestic hills alternating with smiling valleys and plains, and golden fields with wooded heights.

The breeze died out, and the sun was rapidly sinking into the West. The water now became a mass of burnished gold, reflecting the glories of the summer sunset. Not a sound was heard but the gentle plashing of our paddle as we glided over the placid bosom of the river. The view on every side of us was beautiful and variegated. From the left shore stretched away verdant plains, gently undulating, dotted here and there with the whitewashed cottages of the farmers, like so many phantom ships riding the long, rolling swells of the ocean. From the orchards the sweet smell of ripening fruit, mingled with the perfume of the late summer flowers, floated over the silent evening air greeting us with their fragrance.

To the right, away in the distance rose the Granger hills, piled tier upon tier as by the giant hands of some mythical Cyclops, and surmounted by the towering dome of Mount Russel, which lifted its proud head and shoulders upwards into the regions of perpetual ice and snow, as if scorning to associate with its more humble neighbors. What a picture it was—the broad undulating plain on the one side, the majestic and towering mountains on the other, and bathed in the purple and golden splendor of the setting sun!

As we sailed on the hues of sunset left the West and soon no light was there but the pale eyes of twilight. Gradually the stars began to appear, dotting the sky. I was reminded of a beautiful legend often heard in childhood that the stars are so many chinks in Heaven, and that their twinkling is caused by the dancing feet of angels on Hea-

ven's floor. Anon the moon rose from her silvery couch, radiant in her pale glory and swept majestically across the blue vault of the sky, followed by long ripples of white fleecy clouds, bathing the surface of the river in a silvery sheen, and flooding the hills and valleys with a play of iridescent light.

A silence came over us as we gazed on the beautiful scene. All nature seemed asleep. Not a sound was heard but the occasional hoot of the screech-owl or the far-away mournful cry of the whip-poor-will, and the gentle plashing of the water on the shore. As we rounded a bend in the river, the water which had been gliding along so peacefully, seemed suddenly to awake from its revery, and anxious to make up for lost time. Such a tumbling and hurrying, such a laughing and murmuring of water, we had never seen before. At first it leaped lightly and gaily over the various obstructions trying to impede its progress, but farther down in the distance, its murmur gradually changed to a hissing and this to a dull angry roar as it neared the rocks and crags of Danger Rapids, and the peaceful element of a while ago became now a seething boiling mass of foam and spray, as it surged and throbbed with the effort to regain its onward course. Here indeed was danger, and the paddlers, throwing off the dreary languor of a while ago, became all alert, ready to guide our craft down the narrow path to safety. One slip, one misplaced stroke, all would have been hurled into that foaming mass, to be dashed to pieces against the treacherous rocks! But thanks to the skill of the canoeists and the bright moonlight, we passed safely and continued on our peaceful voyage. Our destination was not far distant now. We glided on for a short time, till we came to another curve in the river. As we rounded the bend, there straight ahead of us lay the lake in all its midnight glory, a pale sea of luring splendor, flashing back from its surface the silver arrows of the moon's light. On all sides rose mountains, low and wooded near the verge of the lake, but increasing in height and grandeur as they receded, so that the whole looked like a gigantic amphitheatre, one of nature's own making.

But though the scene was truly beautiful, many of the more exquisite details and the real grandeur of the mountain scenery could not be seen as well by moonlight as during the day. This, combined with our natural fatigue after the long sail, impelled us to direct our course to the shore, where, after a few necessary preparations we dropped off into a slumber troubled only by "dreams of all the beauties we had seen."

J. J. CONNAGHAN, '09

POPE'S CRITICISM.

EACH one criticises what he reads, and is influenced in his choice of work by another's opinion. But he seldom stops to consider the qualifications that should be found in a critic deserving of the name, or, indeed, in anyone who wishes to rightly appreciate art. It was with the object of placing before the English-speaking people the principles by which we ought to judge poetry that Alexander Pope published, in 1711, his "Essay on Criticism." The poem puts forth the qualities of a good critic, his essential virtues, and the causes of wrong judgment.

Bad criticism, says Pope, is more common than bad poetry. And this may be accounted for by noticing that most men rely upon judgment alone, forgetful how often it varies under the subjecting influence of fashion. The unlearned and vain, blind to those beauties above rules, censure little deviations whose results are sublime. They, forsooth, are not critics. The critic must know where "sense and dullness meet," have a taste for the truly beautiful, and, in a word, be himself a poet. Nor is this his only qualification; for, as Homer and other ancients drew from nature the rules of construction, and, as follows, rules also of criticism, he must be versed in Greek and Latin to grasp the underlying maxims of his profession.

The essential virtues of a critic are: Candor, that errors may be admitted; Modesty, to enable him to be silent in doubt, always reserved in judging, and to make "each day a critique on the last"; finally, Good-breeding, which makes a man, still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know." The fathers of art in ancient Rome and Athens such as Dionysius, Quintilian, and Longinus, possessed these characteristics of perfection. Among those of his own time the poet considers Boileau and the Duke of Buckingham qualified critics. He takes particular pleasure in mentioning with these two the name of his beloved preceptor, Walsh, who was: "To failings mild but jealous for desert"; a principle which seems to be the key to criticism, and the safest axiom to follow.

Certain critics hold peculiar "loved follies." Some look to "concert" only, others to expression, and others judge the harmony apart from its subject. The ignorant often allow the theme to influence them inasmuch as it treats of foreign or native, ancient or modern topics, while the rich may follow a pet novelty.

But a criticism is not to be directed to any special part. It rather embraces the entire work, which, answering all just rules in presenting a perfect whole, should be considered a finished production of its class.

Pope submits to the reading world his *Essay on Criticism*, whose sound principles and elegance have since gained for it a high place in English literature.

"Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend."

W. GRACE, 'II.



WEALTH.

BEFORE proceeding with our treatise on wealth, it might be well for us to define economics; that is, give a definition which, although not in accordance with the one of leading schools of the past, nevertheless is the one, and the only one, which can possibly be accepted by modern writers. "The science that establishes the general laws which determine the activity and efficacy of human efforts in the production and rightful enjoyments of wealth, which nature does not grant freely and spontaneously to man." Thus we see that the material object of this useful science is wealth, the formal one being the well being of society. Knowing therefore what place wealth holds in economics, we define it thus: "The sum total of the material objects found in nature, possessed by man in excess of pure need, and having the twofold capacity of exchangeability and of gratifying a desire." This is the true and only definition of wealth that, as I have said, can be accepted by moderns. In explanation of our definition we are able to say it is at least a logical

one, and by showing the fallacies of other definitions offered us by economists, we will thereby prove its correctness. We stated in the first part of our definition that wealth consisted in the possession of material objects over and above the need. The very meaning of the word wealth itself is significant of this fact. The word comes to us, as have hundreds of others, from old English, wherein it was spelled *welthe* and meant a sound and prosperous state. And a man who has the products of nature in excess of his need, is he not in at least a prosperous state. We say such a farmer is wealthy, and for what reasons other than that he has and has had excesses, and can now show an equivalent of such, over and above his own need. So much for the first part of our definition. Besides being an excess over pure need, it must have the twofold capacity of exchangeability and gratifying a desire. That is to say, it must be of such a nature that you are sure someone else, either at home or abroad, desires it, and in order to satisfy this desire he exchanges with you something which you do not possess, or nowadays he gives you its equivalent value in money, the undisputed medium of exchange. For an example of this, and one which will prove my assertion, and in so doing, will prove the second part of the definition of wealth, let us take a fruit grower in California and one here in Ontario. The one in California has an excess of oranges, the other an excess of apples. The two products are exchangeable and both gratify a desire. So if the Californian desires apples or their equivalent money he will make an exchange, and the same for the other. In either case they carry out the statement of our definition, because they possess goods that are exchangeable, and which will remunerate in a manner such that places them in a position to satisfy their relative desires by apples or oranges or by means of money, the all-powerful god, most sought for by men, and whose power is almost unlimited as far as the gratification of desires is concerned. The most common erroneous notion of wealth is this. The possession of a great abundance of material objects. The error of this idea is evident. If a man has an abundance of a thing which has neither the capacity of exchangeableness or of the gratification of a desire, are we going to say he is a wealthy man? Certainly not. On the contrary, he may have all this, still he may not have, and even these may not be able to bring him enough to buy, a square meal. Still some would have him and you believe that he is a wealthy man. I fail to see it. Others try to bring the virtues and wisdom into play. No doubt a man who possesses both is rich or wealthy

in a certain sense, but from an economic point of view he, too, could never satisfy the demands of an empty stomach. With these two erroneous statements before us, our own common sense would show us that they are false, but they go all the more to prove the correctness of the definition that has been previously given.

In considering those things that constitute wealth, one must naturally stop and consider its utility, its value, and its price. In speaking of utility as regards wealth we venture to say in opposition to so many economists that it is more than its backbone, it is its cause. According to our definition of wealth, we said it to be the excess of material objects which being exchangeable, serve to satisfy plentifully man's desires. But fitness to satisfy the wants of man constitutes usefulness, therefore in considering wealth we see utility pre-eminently as its cause. If a thing is not of any use to our own need or betterment it should not be made mention of in economy, and especially in wealth is an absurdity to do so. Because since it cannot serve a want of man, it naturally cannot be a fitness, because fitness to serve man's wants is the constituent of utility, and in that case it is quite clear value cannot possibly be the cause of wealth. Nevertheless, this idea is a common one, and one which is not easily understood.

Before proceeding any farther, let us examine and see for ourselves where in economy is the term value applicable. It is applicable to the products of nature, raw material transformed by labour, thereby showing the aptitude of one thing that is capable of being exchanged for another. Services, public or private, have their own specific value, but beyond these two divisions, natural wealth, whether limited or unlimited, have no extrinsic value of their own. The fundamental conditions of value of a thing may then be summed up from an economic view under two great heads. Desirability and difficulty of acquisition. The desirability of a thing comes into consideration when speaking of value because as the desirability is increased either on account of its utility or its agreeableness, the value is increased and is made known to us by its price. It is only reasonable to say that the difficulty in acquiring a thing is going to play an important part when value is mentioned. You will notice the term Price has come to use. Well, by price we simply mean the expression of value in form of money. However, it may not represent the real or intrinsic value, and as a general rule it does not. Price is then the term given to the measure of value, nominally speaking, for as yet there is not fixed value. It cannot be money, nor can it be labour, nor is it utility

or scarcity. In my estimation a definition of a measure of value must contain in it that which will show the labour, utility, scarcity, need, and satisfaction, because individually they are not measures of value, but taken as one they are, and represented by the term price. Some say labour, others money; others utility, and still others scarcity is the real measure of value. But on careful scrutiny we find them all wanting, and we come to the conclusion that there is no real measure of value, because to measure value a steady value is needed, but if there is no ready or fixed value how can there possibly be a definite and unchangeable measure? Values fluctuate, caused by the intensity of the desire on the part of the non-possessor and by the difficulty of acquisition on the part of the possessor, or in brief caused by the law of supply and demand. This accounts for the instability of that thing which might, though not probably, be recognized as a real measure of value.

That the cause of wealth is attributable to the utility of things and not to their value can be proved by the following argument. We know that nature, labour and capital are the producers of wealth, and wealth itself serves to satisfy the wants of man, and we know that it is this fitness to satisfy the wants of man that constitutes utility and not value, therefore we should know that it is utility and not value that cause wealth. Value then must be the property or aggregate properties of a thing rendered useful or desirable. Consequently value, which may be represented by a very inadequate price cannot be the cause of wealth.

That economics should embrace in its object material objects only, is evident from its definition. Economy arises from the depth of want, and since natural gifts cannot come under this heading, and since the virtues and wisdom cannot be trafficked in, it is reasonable to conclude that economics as a practical science should look after the well-being of man in its widest sense, and in so doing material objects alone should come into consideration.

N. BAWLF, '10.

The perpetual snow fields of four mountain ranges and Mt. Rainier, the highest peak in the United States, offer an unsurpassed view from the central court on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

The Seattle Exposition.

UNIQUE among colleges of the world, the University of Washington will soon be the possessor of several magnificent new buildings which a college would not ordinarily obtain in a decade. Lack of accommodations for the normal increase of students has resulted in a decrease in enrollment of new students this school year, and the natural growth of the school has been seriously retarded. Now a remedy for these evils has been found in an appropriation of one million dollars by the state for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held next summer on the University campus. Six hundred thousand dollars of this goes to permanent buildings for the University. Three of the largest are the Auditorium, the Machinery Hall and the Fine Arts buildings, which are destined to become the University Auditorium, the Mechanics' Hall and the Chemistry building.

These are all of pleasing architectural design and finish, harmonizing well with the present Administration building, and besides serving in an eminently satisfactory manner the uses to which they are destined, will be a distinct adornment to the campus.

Besides these buildings, built by legislative appropriation, there will be other permanent and semi-permanent buildings erected by various states, counties and societies, which will serve to house new departments and provide much needed class-rooms. Although it has not yet been definitely decided to what purpose each building will be dedicated, some have been assigned, as for instance, the unique Forestry Building of logs and native woods, appropriately enough, to the Forestry Department, and the California State Building, a beautiful example of Spanish Mission architecture, will be used for recitation rooms in the Department of Liberal Arts.

Athletes at the University are training steadily for the big track meets which are to be held this summer on the campus. The mild weather permits out-door training all through the winter, and without doubt the athletes will make a very creditable showing in competition with the men from Eastern schools who are invited to enter the numerous contests to be held in the new stadium this summer. The stadium, which is being built especially for track events will be one of the best on the coast. It is being erected by the officials of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, and after

the fair will revert to the University since it is on the campus of the University.

The meets this summer will be held under the auspices of the Exposition, and many attractive prizes will be offered to the contestants. The Exposition will be opened on June 1st, and a schedule of meets will be arranged, starting from that time. There will be a wide quarter-mile track and grounds for baseball, tennis and all field events for track meets within the stadium, and an active summer is expected by the University students.

Built of huge logs, five feet in diameter, forty feet long, and standing upright with the bark still on, the Forestry Building of the University of Washington will be the most striking structure and contain the most valuable forestry exhibit of any college in the world. The state commission is erecting the building to house the Forestry Exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which is to be held on the lower campus of the University of Washington during the summer of 1909. At the close of the Fair the huge structure reverts to the University. This exposition is the first World's Fair ever held on a college campus.

Fir, hemlock, cedar and spruce will be used in the building which will be composed entirely of products of the State of Washington. The materials will be utilized in every way that shows their values and rugged beauty to the best possible advantage. The building is rectangular in shape, being 300 feet long and 145 feet wide.

The entrance will be a large arch. A portico at the rear affords a magnificent view of Lake Washington, the tall, uncut forests across the lake and the snow-capped Cascade Mountains in the distance.

The laboratories will be the best furnished of any college in America, being surpassed only by that one in the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington city. The timber testing machines are only duplicated in the National Forest service.

April 1 is the date for the completion of the building. The estimated cost is \$100,000.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition has appropriated \$100,000 for premiums in the live stock show to be held in connection with the 1909 exposition.

The American Invasion.

UNCLE SAM'S invasion of the Canadian West is undoubtedly. The estimate that seventy thousand persons from the United States during the past spring have come to seek homes for themselves in the new provinces, makes it evident that an American element is being added to our population larger than that of any other nationality.

They are undoubtedly attracted hither by real advantages, and firstly by the valuable homesteads which so easily are made the property of the willing worker. The rich prairie soil only needs to be overturned by the plough to give forth its teeming crops, among which wheat alone has a peer nowhere else on earth. Then there is the busy commercial life that necessarily exists in a country where thrives an agricultural community. That these advantages are deemed of a worthy and permanent character, even in comparison with the much lauded American conditions of prosperity, is proven by the yearly increasing numbers making their way northward to this land of promise.

But what shall be the ultimate consequences of this invasion? Must the primitive element of Canadian nationality be submerged by the incoming tide? True to their national instinct, we are told that the immigrants immediately on arrival take steps to obtain an active part in the civil life of the land, in fact become duly qualified citizens of the Dominion. But dominating by their very numbers and love of enterprise, shall the old national spirit so survive in them that they will still regard themselves as a body of exiles on the borders of the land of liberty, very soon by annexation of the territory on which they have founded their homes to constitute once more an integral part of the great Republic. However devoutly this consummation is to be wished for by all loyal Americans, it is hard to see in the natural course of events how it shall ever be brought about.

Indeed the stamp of Canadian nationality has been too deeply imprinted on the new region to be easily obliterated. The very children of these immigrants at an age when most susceptible to influences are bound to imbibe the northern spirit by being brought in contact with the prevailing school system—a system that has been made efficient by a generous allowance of rates and special landed endowment. Old and young alike must feel the protection of Canadian law, and its thorough administration even in the most

retired parts. No one in fact can fail to appreciate the admirable order and security that reign where swift justice surely overtakes disturbers of the public good. The chief outlets of trade by which a prompt and ready market is procured are over Canadian routes, and each railroad which has been subsidized by a government grant is a bond of iron drawing the new region nearer to the older provinces. The institutions peculiar to our land have been before hand, preparation has been slowly but well carried out for the progress that now seems to be so rapid. The influx of our Southern neighbors will help along the movement, and they will rather be carried along by it than change its course.

MONA.



BOARD OF OFFICERS '08-09

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., JUNE, 1909.

No. 9

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue the board of directors for '08-'09 terminate their labors and make their final bow. They have endeavored to provide interesting and instructive reading, and to faithfully reflect the doings of the college men, in and out of class. Whether they have failed or succeeded is for their readers to judge. At the same time they cannot but look back with pleasure to the many complimentary criticisms of the numerous exchanges. They wish to thank the student body for its support and encouragement, the advertisers and subscribers for their kind patronage, and, in particular, the Editor-in-Chief, Rev. Dr. Sherry, for his timely criticism and advice, and his painstaking and successful efforts to raise the literary standard of the Review.

Finally, to the students, one and all, they wish a most pleasant and prosperous vacation.

CANADIAN DREADNOUGHTS.

The question of Canadian co-operation in the support and maintenance of the British navy has, as our readers know, been for some months in the forefront of topics of public interest. It seems to be the accepted view with many of our people that Canada, whose coasts, in case of war, would, presumably, be under the protection of British warships, should relieve the Imperial Government of that obligation, and take upon herself the defence of her coast-line as she has already done with her land defences. The British regulars garrisoning our seaports of Halifax and Esquimaux have been replaced by Canadian troops. The objection naturally arises, however, that the creation and development of a Canadian navy worthy of the name would involve an expense unwarranted by the present resources of our country. There are those who favour the contribution to the British navy of one or more battleships of the Dreadnought class, built at Canada's own expense—or, at least, of a sum equivalent to the cost of such. But, though New Zealand, South Africa and one or more of the Australian states may have done so, that places no obligation on Canada to do likewise. The growing school of Canadian national opinion seems, if one may so judge from the press and public sentiment, to pronounce itself strongly in favour of the creation of the nucleus, at least, of a navy which, as circumstances warranted, would increase with the natural development of our country. What the future may hold for Canada no man may foretell. But she has set her face to the future and she will not shrink from the responsibilities of nationhood. If the discussion of these points in the press and in Parliament had done no more, it would still have done a great deal in enlightening and consolidating public opinion.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father R. MacDonald, '89, of Gracefield, paid a visit to the Sanctum this month.

Rev. R. Lapointe, '05, was raised to the dignity of the holy Priesthood on Saturday, the 5th inst., at the Basilica, by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

Rev. Father J. McDonald, '03, of Kingston, was a visitor here this month.

Rev. Father G. Prudhomme, '97, was one of the interested spectators at the athletic games on May 24, and watched the sports from his "auto."

Obituary.

OUR DECEASED CHANCELLOR.

The sadness that pervades Catholic circles in the Capital at the death of Archbishop Duhamel, on the 5th inst., is especially felt by the inmates of the University of Ottawa. For none of the Alumni as much as he were bound to us by ties commanding respect and esteem. "I have been with you heart and soul," he said, in addressing the student body last September, "for thirty-four years as Bishop, for ten years as Priest, for six years as Seminarian, and for many years as a student. I doubt very much if there is present here to-day a student as small as myself when first I entered the portals of old Ottawa College in the year 1848." On a former occasion during the celebration of the silver jubilee of his Episcopacy, in 1899, he declared, "If I am in this distinguished and honorable position here to-day, I owe it all to the Oblate Fathers; I owe it all to Ottawa University."

Hence, if our regretted Archbishop by his own avowal was connected with our Alma Mater when her scope was much humbler than it is at present, if he grew up from his tenderest years in full sympathy with her aspirations, watching her advance year by year to higher things, and seek wider aims for her growing prosperity, we would indeed be void of heart and feeling did we not deeply mourn the loss of so true a friend.

But we feel that we have been deprived of more than a friend, a kind and thoughtful friend though he was, who let slip no opportunity of giving us assistance and encouragement. We have been bereaved of a father, for such he was to us in deed and in truth as the well-beloved Chancellor of that Alma Mater whose powers and privileges of Catholic University he himself in 1889 had advocated at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff.

With heads bowed in grief, we pray God soon to receive him into the company of the Saints.

JOHN FRANCIS WATERS, M.A., LL.D.

It will be long before the friends and admirers of Dr. John Francis Waters can feel that his sudden departure from the scene of his beloved and interesting work was for the best; he himself, a very sincere Catholic, must often, when thinking of death, have said "God's will be done," but those who mourn him need strength of Heaven to bow to this sacrifice, he seemed so necessary in his marked capacity as a leader in the way of higher education. No one who ever heard him in his lectures could hesitate to endorse what was said of him that "he was an unordained preacher." He was the last member of a highly family, all born at Fermoy, in Cork, Ireland; his father was a scholar and gentleman of the old type, Head-Master in the "Royal School" at Banagher; his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bell, an Englishman. She became a Catholic sometime before her marriage. There were three sons and three daughters, all died in Canada. Frank, the author of the "Water Lily" and of "The Musician," and of a large number of exquisite sonnets and devotional pieces—many of which appeared in the "Review,"—was always in very delicate health. His death a little over a year ago preyed much on the mind of his sole surviving relative. The sudden demise of the Doctor was not unforeseen by him nor by his few very intimate friends, and his wonderful trust in God, his perfect faith and humble piety, help to believe that he was not without comfort in the last moment. We can ill afford to lose our eminent Catholic men of culture. Dr. Waters was a man of broad and deep learning. His treatment of the subjects he chose for his lectures proved his capacity for taking pains. Those who have been privileged to hear him can never forget how he defended Catholic principles and denounced evil in all his lectures. His Joan of Arc, his Mary Tudor, among the historical studies, could not be repeated too often. He had been working very hard during the past few months on the lecture he wanted to have considered his best: "Saint Augustine, the Champion of Grace." It was to have been given for the d'Youville Circle on the nineteenth of May. He had it written, but not memorized, when a bad cold compelled him to submit to treatment for some weeks; when he rallied sufficiently, just one week ago, to return to his office in the Department of the Secretary of State, it was to be brought to his untimely end. He took pleasure in the honors conferred on him by the University of Ottawa, Queen's, and Saint Francis Xavier's at Antigonish. He

was singularly fond of young men of studious tastes. He was a born professor; he held that position at Toronto and at Buffalo, N.Y., for some years before entering on the Civil Service and the lecture course. One who knew him very well says he had a child's devotion to the Blessed Mother. He never omitted the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament; he never failed to use the reverential clause, "please God," in planning his work and movements. It will be difficult to say which of his eighteen lectures is the best, but his Dickens was the most widely known. He himself was much impressed with his Joan of Arc, but the one that was to be the most sacredly dear was his Saint Augustine. He had a rare library, which he willed to the University at Antigonish. These precious books give evidence of his deep religious conviction, his wide secular reading, and of his refined taste.

May he rest in peace.

Personals.

During the current month we have been favored with visits from a great many friends, old and new. We were particularly pleased to see the following:—

His Grace Archbishop McEvay, of Toronto.

Mgr. McCann, Toronto.

Father Hand, Toronto.

Father Walsh, St. Michael's, Toronto.

Father Lacey and Mgr Conroy, Ogdensburg.

Father Lombard, Alfred.

Father Casey, Lindsay.

Very Rev. Father Dozois, Montreal.

Father Nilles, Mattawa.

Father Gervais, Maniwaki.

Father Forget, Quebec.

Very Rev. Fr. David, St. Alexandre.

Very Rev. Fr. O'Healy, Dublin, Ireland.

Mr. J. Sheehy, Peterboro.

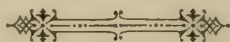
Father Wade Smith, Lowell, Mass.

Very Rev. Father Fallon, Buffalo.

On June the 11th, Rev. J. A. Dewe and Ovila Julien, son of Mr. Gilbert Julien, George street, Ottawa, start on a long tour through England and Europe. They leave Montreal on the Dominion White Star liner, "Canada," arriving at Liverpool in the course of about six or seven days. They spend about a week in London, after which they proceed through the greater part of England and Central Europe. About two weeks will be spent in Paris, probably being there for the Great "National Fete," 14th of July. From Paris they go through Dijon, Switzerland, Lake Geneva, and after crossing the Simplon Pass will spend two or three days at Domodossola, in order to go through a preliminary mountain-climbing in the Italian Alps. Thence they go via Milan to the Lago Maggiore to view the famous miracle at the sanctuary of Santa Catharina Del Sasso, and thence to Venice. If the time and the heat will allow, they will also visit Rome.

Leaving Italy, they go to Austria, spending two weeks in serious mountain-climbing in the Tyrolese Alps, making Innsbruck the centre. Germany will then be visited, the chief cities, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, being visited in succession.

Their return route will take them through Northwestern Germany, Holland, Belgium, Paris and London, back to Canada by the steamer "Megantic."



ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

Prospects for a good football team next fall look bright at present, although the season is three months away.

There is a lot of promising material here which will be available next term, and will no doubt, with some coaching, make good.

Quite a few stars will be missing next fall, including Frank Higgerty, Nick Bawlf, John Corkery, MacCarthy and Mac O'Neill. The greatest loss, however, to be sustained by the association will be that of our Director, famous all over Canada as a football coach. Rev. Fr. Stanton feels that he cannot do justice to himself and remain at the helm, however much he would like to do so. His loss is indeed a heavy one as his services have been in-

valuable to the association in particular, and to Ottawa in general. The Rev. Director has accomplished a great deal since his first connection with our college's athletics some years ago. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the winning of the Intercollegiate Football Championship last year, and the success with which he, after securing the C.A.A.U. Spring Meet, carried it out on Victoria Day. Rev. Father Stanton has wielded the greatest influence in the sporting circles of our city, and has maintained Ottawa College in her high position in the world of sport.

His personality alone has won for him the esteem and admiration of every admirer of true sport, be he player or follower, and it will be with the deepest regret that they will learn that he has given up the position which he has so nobly filled and in which he has won friends and fame for himself and glory for his Alma Mater.

C.A.A.U. SPRING CHAMPIONSHIP MEET, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF O.U.A.A.

Victoria Day, 1909, will go down in our athletic history as the most successful day in track and field athletics that our Association has known. It was not only a red letter day for the O.U.A.A. but was also a red letter day in the history of the City of Ottawa's athletic festivals, and one that will be remembered by the four thousand spectators whose good fortune it was to be present.

The Meet, and especially the manner in which it was carried out, was a revelation in Ottawa, and reflects the greatest credit upon the management under whose direction it was held. There were no delays. Everything was accomplished smoothly and quickly with the result that everyone left the Oval satisfied. The management has been the recipient of congratulations from almost every one prominently connected with athletics in the city for the efficient programme. The meet was a huge success financially, over \$1,200.00 being added to the treasury.

A great galaxy of Canada's finest athletic talent competed under a bright blue sky in the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union annual spring championships at the Oval. The games were conducted under the auspices of the O.U.A.A., and eclipsed beyond a doubt any field and track events previously held in Ottawa. The inimitable Bobby Kerr, the world's champion for 220 yards, was the most prominent of the runners. Running within one-fifth

of a second of the world's record, Bobby won the 100 yards, and equalled the Canadian record of 2.14-5 in the 220 yds. This exhibition was the finest ever seen in the capital, especially the final of the 220 yards, where his speed and action were a revelation to the crowd. "Bobby" won the affections of the sporting public of Ottawa, and will always be welcomed in our midst. He is a credit to Hamilton and to the Dominion, and a model to be copied by those striving for honors on the cinder path.

The most prominent citizens of Ottawa acted in the capacity of officials, and to them the O.U.A.A. is very much indebted.

OFFICIALS.

Games Committee—Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I., E. H. McCarthy, Percival J. Lee, Martin O'Gara.

Referee—Wm. Foran.

Starter—Harry Ketchum.

Clerk of Course—E. H. McCarthy.

Marshal—Martin O'Gara.

Official Announcer—P. C. Harris.

Judges at Finish—J. E. Merrick, E. Tassé, H. McGivern, M.P.

Time Keepers—S. Rosenthal, S. Bilsky, Dr. Baird.

Official Scorers—P. J. Lee, J. Casey.

Inspectors and Field Judges—Sir Jno. Hanbury-Williams, B. Slattery, H. Sims, Dr. Lacey, E. C. Green, D. Mulligan, Dr. Pinard, W. W. Cory, L. N. Bate (O.A.A.C.), Dr. O'Brien, Dr. Chevrier, J. Clarke, Capt. E. Clarke, J. Cowan, P. Baskerville, Geo. Bryson, Auguste Lemieux, K.C., H. Carson, J. McLaren, E. P. Gleeson, Dr. Chabot, C. N. Crowe (C.A.A.U.), E. H. H. Williamson (O.A.A.C.), Crawford Ross, J. Casey, T. Clancy, Ald. Davidson, Dr. Chabot, Dr. Nagle.

The feature of the afternoon was the final of the 100 yards dash. Bawlf (O.U.), Kerr, Kinsella (O.U.), Smith (O.U.), and House (O.A.A.C.) got on their marks for the gun. The start was a perfect one. The men remained bunched for sixty yards, then Kerr gained a few feet, and won out in 9 4-5 seconds, with Kinsella, Bawlf and Smith a few feet behind.

The meet was, as we said, a great success, with obligations to good weather and good management. The management and organization was almost perfect, and to this must be attributed the success attained. The meet required a lot of hard work, perseverance and good judgment, and the management deserves credit.

The greatest share of this is due to the indefatigable director, Rev. Father Stanton, who spared neither himself nor his time. He has an eye for business, and for doing things quickly and at the right time. He it was who secured the meet for Ottawa several months ago, and that it was a success may be best determined when it is noted that the gate receipts amounted to over \$1,200.00. The Rev. Father, assisted by the various committee, has done a great deal of hard and successful work, and to him the O.U.A.A. and the city in general are indebted. Nor were those present slow to recognize this. Besides being the recipient of warm letters of praise from Bobby Kerr, Bricker, Lukeman, Ald. Church, Mr. Crowe of the C.A.A.U., and Mr. Stafford, for the manner in which the meet was conducted, and the treatment shown the visiting athletes, he has received the personal congratulations of a host of those who were at the meet, many of whom are prominent business and professional men of the city.

SUMMARY.

Marathon, 15 miles—1, Robson, G. H.; 2, Davidson, O.A.A.C.; 3, Kerr, G. N. Time, 1.30.

100 yards dash—1, Kerr; 2, Kinsella, O.U.; 3, Bawlf and Smith. Time, 9 4-5.

Putting 16-lb. shot—1, Culver, Y.M.C.A., 41 ft. 6 in.; Mortimer, O.A.A.C.; Harrington, O.U.

Broad jump—1, Bricker, W. E., Y.M.C.A., 23 ft. 1½ inches; 2, Lamarche, M.A.A.A., 19 ft. 1 in.; 3, Culver, Y.M.C.A., 18 ft. 10 in.

One mile run—1, Tait, C., Y.M.C.A.; 2, Knox, C., Y.M.C.A.; 3, Nutting, O.A.A.C. Time, 4.38.

One mile walk—1, Goulding, C., Y.M.C.A.; 2, Seymour; 3, Thompson, O.A.A.C. Time, 6.53.

440 yards dash—1, Sebert, W. E., Y.M.C.A.; 2, Tait; 3, Knox. Time, 53 secs.

120 yards hurdles—1, Bricker; 2, Stronach, O.A.A.C. Time, 17 secs.

Pole vault—1, Bricker; 2, Bell; 3, Guindon. 11 ft., 4 in.

COMMITTEES OF MANAGEMENT.

Rev. Wm. J. Stanton, O.M.I., Director.

N. Bawlf, Chairman Programme Committee.

E. H. McCarthy, Chairman Trophy Committee.

A. Couillard, Chairman Citizens Committee.

- M. F. Deahy, Chairman Property Committee.
A. Fleming, Chairman Correspondence Committee.
J. Corkery, Chairman Advertising Committee.
C. Gauthier, Chairman Grounds Committee.

With June 16th a grand year of athletics terminates in the University. I say grand, not because our year was a succession of crowning victories; alas, no, but because never before, in years, were athletics so much encouraged and handled so successfully as throughout this past season.

The fact that our athletes did not decorate the walls of our Alma Mater with championship trophies is surely no indication that our athletics were not a success. Far from it. The teams representing O. U. throughout the past year were certainly all that could be desired, and it can be conscientiously said that the University was never more honorably represented.

Athletics, like the majority of other good things in the world, is not judged by the excellence a man attains in its various branches. It is something more, something which the very participation in any of its lines, develops most desirable characteristics and tends to make a man a man, not only physically, but mentally and morally.

And so in Ottawa University, the athletic year of '08-'09 has been a grand success, for it has afforded the students an opportunity to create and develop those manly characteristics which are so necessary in the life of every human individual.

From the 4th of last September to the June closing, athletics of some sort have been the constant source of amusement and development of the student "body." They were indulged in to the fullest extent throughout the entire year, and the result is that numerous excellent athletes have been developed.

The question might be asked, "why has Ottawa University taken such great strides of late in the athletic world?"

Because the material for teams among the students themselves has been consistently developed, and to-day from within her own walls she is represented by teams almost in every branch of sport, and all capable of competing very creditably with Canada's best athletes.

To Father Stanton is due the lion's share of praise in this connection.

Early in September, when the students returned to begin the Scholastic year, a number of baseball games were played. The

team was somewhat weakened owing to the fact that a number of last year's stars did not return, and there was not sufficient time to whip the raw material into condition, so the games were lost to the City League teams, which, by the way, had been playing together all summer.

However, it was a source of great amusement and an initiation for the newcomers. The team was successful in winning the Championship of the City League, and bringing a number of valuable trophies to the halls of the University.

The baseball season had scarcely terminated when the football appeared, and immediately a large number of husky aspirants trotted out on the field in uniform to try for places on the respective teams. Prospects for a team were very poor, but our Director went at the bunch heart and soul and whipped up a remarkably good team. The season was a real success, although the championship was not won. The team made a very creditable showing in every game, and reflected a great deal of honor upon the University.

Throughout the season the University was represented by a basketball team. Much interest was taken in the sport, particularly by those participating, and by faithful practice of the enthusiasts an excellent team was developed. A number of games were played vs. Y.M.C.A. and O.A.A.C., and the team showed splendid form. The game which, up to the present, has not been very popular in Ottawa, now has a foothold, and the University team of next year will undoubtedly have a number of competitors.

Hockey, which forms the leading sport of winter, was greatly indulged in. A senior team was entered in the fast City League, by way of an experiment that a number of the younger players might be developed, so as to be able to place a team in the Intercollegiate Union in the course of a year or two. City League company became so fast that it became necessary to solicit the assistance of a few of our old students who were glad to again don the garnet and gray and lend their aid to O. U. All things considered, the team was comparatively good, and was a boost for Ottawa University. A fast Intermural League was formed, which afforded ample opportunity for the College stars to shine in their own class. The League was a great success. In addition to these greater sports a number of minor ones were indulged in by the students. An excellent Bowling League, consisting of some twenty-five teams, was organized, and carried out with the keenest interest. This very pleasantly helped to pass the long hours of winter.

Toward Spring, when the snow betook itself thither to the deep recesses of the earth, a number of enthusiasts organized a Handball League. This proved to be one of the greatest attractions throughout the season. The teams were very evenly balanced and the keenest interest was taken through the entire schdule.

The baseball season which has so recently closed was in every respect a success. No, we did not win the championship, but we did take a great deal of amusement out of the season, and we did derive a great deal of benefit. Would the winning of the championship have meant any more to us? Yes, it would have given us an opportunity to laud it over our adversaries, but that is of so little consequence, really, that it is hardly worth considering.

From the very opening of the season it was quite evident to those in charge that College would not land the trophy with the aggregation of ball-tossers from which the team had to be picked. Never before in years has College been represented in baseball by a poorer aggregation. In previous years there was keen competition for every position, while this year some of the most important positions had to be filled by the greenest of young material.

In addition to this sad state of affairs, we had no pitcher. Our supposed twirler didn't have the goods on him to deliver, and it was toward the end of the season that in coming to his much-needed assistance we discovered a man who might have been coached into a winner. However, let bygones be bygones, and be good sports. One man never made a team anyway; what we needed and needed badly was a few more of the old fellows of last year.

The championship went to Ottawa City Amateur Athletic Club, and it is retained by a body of good sports. The Capital team made an excellent fight throughout the season, and might have carried off the honors had not they been so handicapped in the last game.

On the morning of May 24 an excellent exhibition of baseball was pulled off against McCarthy's team from Ogdensburg. Many were of the opinion that a morning game would not pay, but those in charge having had a little experience from previous years thought that it is easy money, and they were right. The game proved a great success financially, being by far the largest gate of the season. The Ogdensburg team was a little late in arriving, owing to the fact that a large excursion from intermediate points along the route necessitated slow running. Upon their arrival the game was im-

mediately commenced, and the large crowd which gathered to see the State team perform was thoroughly satisfied with the exhibition. The game was a victory for College, the score standing six to five. The Ogdensburg team "could" play ball, and many accused "Mac" of having them fixed. However, the game was a comparatively good one, in any event, and that is the main thing.

The Ketchum junior Marathon race which finished on the Oval the same morning caused no end of favorable comment, and afforded great pleasure to those present to see the youngsters finish. McGovern was the winner of that most-talked-of race ever held in Ottawa.

In the afternoon of that most eventful day in the athletic history of Ottawa University, the greatest athletic meet ever held in the Capital was witnessed by thousands of enthusiastic spectators. This was a most wonderful termination to the College athletic year, and the Director and those most intimately connected with the management of athletic affairs about the University throughout the year should feel fully recompensed for their untiring efforts. To terminate a year with such a grand success is no small achievement and every student in the University is grateful to Rev. Fr. Stanton and his able assistants.

The athletic year of Ottawa University was in every respect a huge success, and we sincerely trust that the efforts of those who follow and are to guide the destinies of the O.U.A.A. in that great wide field of athletics will be crowned with even greater success than were those of their predecessors.

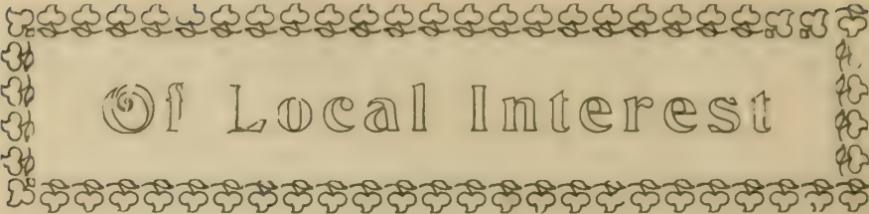
A VOTE OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Executive of the University Athletic Association, the following resolution, moved by Mr. W. Breen, and seconded by Mr. A. Courtois, was unanimously adopted:

"That it is the wish of the Executive to express its sincere thanks to those who so generously donated prizes for the Victoria Day Meet;

"That it likewise desires to acknowledge a debt of obligation to Rev. Father Rheame, for valuable professional services in surveying the Oval, and to Ketchum & Co., for the use of an automobile for the laying out of the Marathon course;

"Also, that it wishes to extend its hearty thanks and to express its deep appreciation to the student body for the valuable assistance which it so willingly accorded those who were in charge of the Meet."



Of Local Interest

TOUCHY PEOPLE.

Some people go about with a chip on their shoulders, ready at the slightest provocation to fly off the handle. These touchy folks are a nuisance, and are constantly in hot water over their dignity and rights. The well-poised student is not soon vexed. It is always a sign of weakness when a fellow is easily provoked. Sound yourself on the point. Of course there are phlegmatic people who would not stir from their snail's gait if the heavens collapsed, and to whom compliments and insults are alike. A man without spirit is only half a man, but these hot-headed fellows are insufferable bores. Says the Wise Man: "A fool's wrath is presently known," so that even in Solomon's day the world had its estimate of fiery tempered individuals who are in the habit of expressing their feelings on the spot. The shallowest lakes develop the quickest and fiercest storms.

A "HARD" CASE.

Heigho! the marble stair,
Whereon my lady one did sit;
Heigho! the marble stair,
For, oh, I sat beside her there
And told my love tale bit by bit,
To get, alas! the icy mitt.
Heigho! the marble "stare."

To close following of the "ponies" results in a brand of "stable" Latin.

Prof.: There's no Scotch in me.
D-k-ty: I know it.

NEW VERSION OF A VERSE OF "IN MEMORIAM."

I do not envy the cruel fate,
Of having no hair on one's pate.

II. Form Slogan:—

Alaloi, alaloi,
Alala, alala,
Greek, Greek,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Junior Department

The month of June is here at last, and, in parting, the Junior Editor wishes all the Small Boys a profitable and most enjoyable vacation.

In our last issue we published only the opening game of the Intermediate City League, but since then the championship has been decided. The Juniorate has as good a team as any of the senior teams of the city, and as a result they went through the season without a loss. Our team came second, winning easily all the other games except the two against the champions. Those figuring on the year's picture as having taken part in championship games are: Milot, Deschamps, Brennan, Harris, Tobin, Cornellier, Poulin, Richardson, Jones, Nagle, Batterton, Brady and Villeneuve.

Great interest was taken by the boarders this spring in the games of the Inter-Mural Baseball League. The League consisted of four teams—A, B, C and D—and a double schedule was worked off ambitiously on the part of the players, but with perfect order, to the great amusement of the small, though noisy, crowd that was always in attendance. As we go to press A and C are tied for first place with three wins each, and there is much speculation as to the final result. The players of A are: Chartrand, Sullivan, Courtois, Rev. T. Turcotte, McCabe, Flynn, Quinn, Guichon and O'Neill, D., and those of C: Madden, Richardson, Fink, Rev. H. Dube, Dozois, Lahaie, Braithwaite, Pratt and Côté.

With the Minims, A team, consisting of Lamonde, Côté, Desrosiers, Gelineault, Leclerc, Belisle, Quenneville, Bourgie and Gregory won the championship of their league.

The second team had several outside games, and although it did not win them all, yet the good ball it put up was a great treat for the spectators.

On Victoria Day, Small Yard relay team—Ribout, Harris, Nagle and Villeneuve—upheld the honor of the Junior Department and won the cup in one of the prettiest races of the great meet. We expected it would be thus.

One of the best events of the whole year was the Boarders' Field Day at Britannia-on-the-Bay, June 2nd. Everything connected with the outing was a great success. The trip thence and back was most enjoyable. The programme of sports was run off to perfection with plenty of ambitious competitors in each event. Then the supper was superb. There was both quality and quantity, so that nobody was sent away hungry. The winners of the different races, etc., were as follows: Senior 100 yard dash, Cornellier 1st, Pratt 2nd, Voligny 3rd; junior 100 yard dash, Dozois 1st, McNally, E., 2nd, and Braithwaite 3rd; senior 220 yard dash, Pratt 1st, Richardson 2nd, and LaRoche 3rd; junior 220 yard dash, El. McNally 1st, Braithwaite 2nd, and Dozois 3rd; throwing the baseball, senior, Milot 1st, Richardson 2nd, and Cornellier 3rd; junior, Lamonde 1st, O'Neill, D., 2nd, and McNicholl 3rd; senior three-legged race, Cornellier and Pratt; junior three-legged race, O'Neill, D. J., and DesRosier; free-for-all boot race, Richardson 1st, McNally, E., 2nd, and Brisson 3rd; free-for-all peanut race, O'Neill, D., 1st, Madden 2nd, and Richardson 3rd; senior hop, step and jump, Cornellier 1st, Brady 2nd, Martin 3rd; junior hop, step and jump, McCabe 1st, McNicholl 2nd, and Dozois 3rd; senior broad jump, Cornellier 1st, Richardson 2nd, and Brady 3rd; junior broad jump, Braithwaite 1st, McNicholl 2nd, and Dozois 3rd; putting the shot, senior, LaRoche 1st, Madden 2nd, and Voligny 3rd; junior, Brisson 1st, McCabe 2nd, and Hansberry 3rd; senior high jump, Voligny 1st, Fink 2nd, and Brunet 3rd. Suitable prizes were given to the winners. Much of the success of the day was due to the three prefects who had everything organized beforehand. Fathers Denis and Dube were our visitors, and they helped considerably in carrying out the programme of sports.

Flowers never before grown in the United States will form part of the decorative features at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle next summer.

Grains, fruits and vegetables grown in Alaska will be a feature of the exhibit from the Northland at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition next summer.

